

The Visva-Bharati Quarterly

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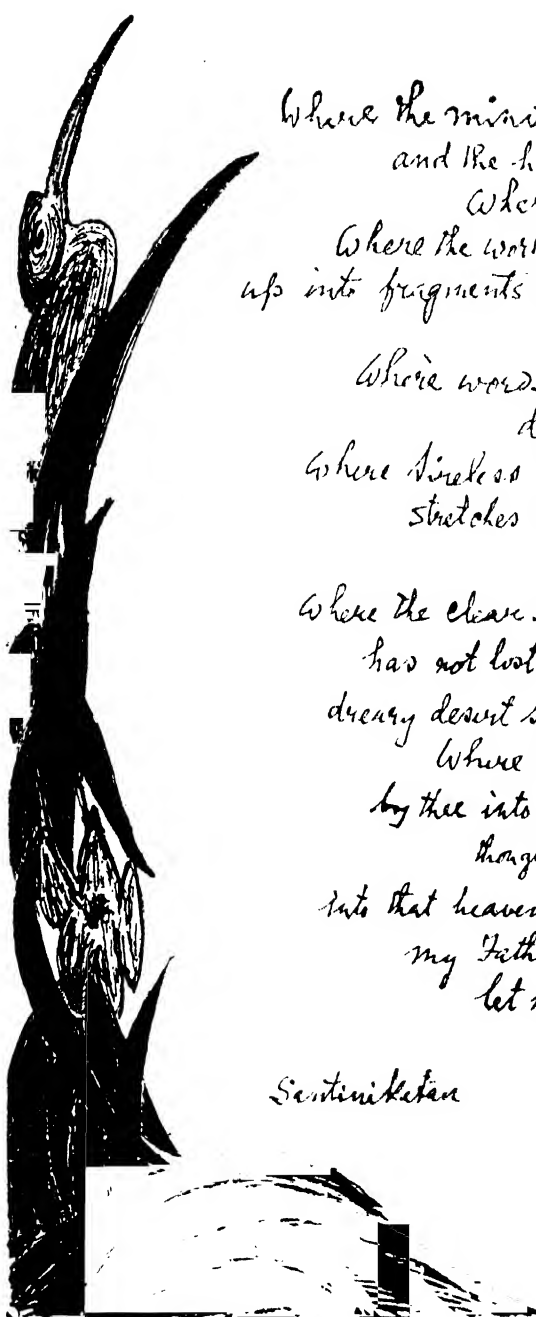
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Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken
up into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;

Where words come out from the
depth of truth;
Where tireless striving
stretches its arms towards
perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward
by thee into ever-widening
thought and action —

into that heaven of freedom,
my Father,
let my country awake.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan

THE VISVA-BHARATI QUARTERLY

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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Rabindranath Tagore

THE difficulty which exists in the minds of most men in connection with the religious teaching of the young seems to be that, while they have a traditional belief in religion as being a desirable thing, the desire for it has not become true in their own every-day life. So they feel the want of it, but they want it cheap. They wish to spend on it no more effort than the surplus left over after all other requirements have been secured.

There are many cheap things in the world, which may be procured with the minimum amount of trouble. But if any one comes and asks how to get a thing of price for nothing, the suspicion is forced on me that he is seeking to be instructed in the art of forgery, or in that of shop-lifting. I cannot suppose that he does not know the high road along which the legitimate commerce of the world finds its way : I have to conclude that he is unwilling to spare the time, or undergo the trouble, required to traverse it.

There are circumstances in which the imbibing of religion should be as easy for children as taking breath. But this very taking of breath may be put beyond the doctor's aid by the slightest of obstructions. In fact, if the patient is conscious of an effort in breathing, that itself is a bad sign. It is the same with religion. When spiritual feeling permeates a community, then the religious life is spontaneous ; it naturally finds its creative activity and moral expression. The problem of the religious education of children does not then separately arise, because their subconscious mind grows in an atmosphere rich with the sense of divine presence.

From the dimmest period of his history man had a feeling, however vague, that the apparent facts of existence were not final ;

that his supreme welfare depended upon his being able to remain in perfect relationship with some great mystery behind the veil. In the depths of his consciousness, man has ever carried the conviction that he is on the threshold of a new life, that his being is to be liberated from nature's womb into a realm of mystic existence which is still unknown to him. As this to him was always a supreme fact, of far higher importance than merely to carry on his physical life in the material world apparent to the senses, he submitted himself to special education at the hands of those whom he considered to be wise.

These wise men were given special privileges and protection. They were released from the duties of bartering and warfare. They had the leisure to train their minds for the pursuit of knowledge. They became the teachers of the community. Under their influence, all departments of knowledge came to be grouped round religion as a centre. This state of things remained possible, so long as the sphere of knowledge was circumscribed, the seekers after knowledge few, and the groups to which the teachers belonged narrow.

But in the West, conditions changed with comparative rapidity. With the progress of material conditions, the desire, opportunity and facility for learning, all became wider. Knowledge ramified in countless directions and its accumulated burden grew heavy. Eventually, each department of knowledge, conscious of its own mature strength, sought independence, and at last education shook off its allegiance to religion.

One other reason of this severance of ties between religion and education was the fact that religion, whose obvious realm was the spiritual world, and which had cultivated a mental attitude fit for its own subject, claimed to extend its power of divination over the domain of physical nature. It loaded itself with creeds and dogmas, which not only obstructed the path of natural truth but also of moral progress. It was cumbered with legends that ignored all evidences of history and teachings of science. It assumed infallibility and divine inspiration even in matters which have their ultimate reality in universal physical law. Till at last, the rational mind of man was driven, for the sake of its own safety and of the dignity of truth, to assert its right in its own domain.

The mother's womb is not a final world for the child : it even becomes an evil if, when the child is mature for liberation, it still persists in trying to keep its charge enveloped within its shelter. But, at the same time, the relationship of the mother's love ought to be

more real and strong after the child is born into the outer world. Only in lower creatures is this bond of love snapped almost immediately after birth.

The same truth holds good in man's education, which has to be delivered from the physical envelopment of religion. But if the spiritual bond, which such emancipation should bring with it, does not grow stronger and become more subtly overspread, then it becomes a great calamity for the orphaned spirit. And so, education in the West, while still arrogantly proud of its liberation from religion, is occasionally becoming conscious of an emptiness which mere knowledge cannot fill.

Our educated communities in India, at the present time, are faced with the same problems which beset the peoples of Europe. Our intellect and our will are forcibly attracted outwards, and our soul is left dormant in a world of emptiness. Owing to our absorption in the external, we have not even the time to realise the gaping disproportion between our inner and outer life. Such religious activity as still remains to us represents the inertia of habit; it continues because we ignore it by our conformity which is too lethargic to question itself.

Meanwhile our present secular education is busy plying the axe at the root of orthodox beliefs. In our sacred books, as well as in those of Europe, we have medieval theories of creation and antiquated views about history and geography. These are so mixed up with the doings of the gods and goddesses, that no amount of special pleading will serve to keep them apart. Whenever the modern pandit tries to bring science to his aid for justifying his sacred *Shastras*, he only confirms the difficulties he sets out to remove. For when once science is called in, as an arbiter, the methods of empty advocacy can no longer prevail.

To say that the *Varaha Avatar* was not a real boar at all, but simply a symbolic way of accounting for earthquakes, is only a polite way of showing the door to the *puranic* myth. Not only in the case of the *puranic* stories, but also in that of *shastric* injunctions and social practices, adjustment to modern knowledge and experience becomes impossible. It is hopeless to bring science, history or modern business requirements, within the old scriptural pale. In these circumstances, there cannot but ensue, in India as in Europe, a fight to the finish between modern secular teaching and orthodox religious teaching. Indeed, whether we are conscious of it or not, such a struggle is already in progress in our country.

It is possible for the orthodox to stand outside the conflict altogether. If they do not object to blind belief, or loose thinking, if, in their view, a strenuous endeavour to apprehend the truth is not an essential requisite in the formation of human character, they need not face the problem at all. But, in the case of us unorthodox moderns, who are as much Hindus as the most ancient of them, and at the same time have acquired a scientific culture in which we believe, the question acutely presents itself : "How are we to give the mind of our children a definite religious direction ?"

It is not enough that it should rain ; there must be a reservoir to store the water, and channels for its proper distribution, if it has to be fully utilised. Similarly, the preaching of spiritual truth may soften the mind for the time, but the effect will only be fleeting ; and when the mid-day waxes hot, or the house is on fire, spiritual comfort will not be available. Moreover, the mind also is fluid like water, and merely one-sided support cannot hold it up. But have we moderns the equipment for constructing an all-round support ? For, however much we may bewail the fact that the character of our children is getting lax and cannot find shelter in any ideal, our modern education forbids us to revert to the still worse disease of orthodoxy as a remedy.

In the Gita, it is said that achievement is in accordance with the idea. We must therefore begin with a clear idea about our religion itself. If we are harbouring the expectation, that while everything in our manner of living may be allowed to remain as usual, religion can be made to blossom from it, then we must requisition the services of of that clever fraternity, who profess to make gold out of brass.

What then is this Hinduism of ours, when it reveals itself in its purity, like the sun when it rises above the obscurity of the mist and the tangled obstructions of the jungle on the lower horizon ?

I have already suggested its definition, when I said that man has a feeling that in him the creative manifestation of life has come to the end of a cycle, ready to ascend to one still wider and higher. When life first evolved its physical senses from the depth of amorphous darkness, it came to a wondrous world of forms, and this adventurous spirit of life is yet urging the spirit within man to develop an inner vision which will lead him through these endless forms into a world of infinite meaning, where he will cross the boundaries of the senses to a freedom which is ineffable.

Hinduism believes that this unfoldment of man's inner being

and revelation of the realm of spirit will gradually happen to him, when he realises his relationship with the Infinite through a life of self-control and self-sacrifice, when he feels the longing to adjust his activities to a faith which takes this world, not to be a mechanical combination but to be spiritual, and his own soul not an arena of ravenous passions, but a musical sphere of beauty and truth, that has its harmony with the keynote of creation.

The mistake made by Orthodoxy was, that when it tried, by means of ritual and observance, to confine within bounds the infinite, in order to suit some temporary convenience, it pulled tight the knot of the wrap, but let slip the treasure from within its folds. By not hesitating to truncate an idea, in order to make it fit in with the practical world, a great part of it may apparently be retained, but in reality its vital essence is destroyed. In this way, time and again, man cheats himself most with regard to that which he prizes most.

Thus have been formed two classes of pious men, one content merely to play at achievement with the object of its striving, another seeking, in retirement, away from those very objects, to keep its empty achievement pure. But such a situation can never last. When insensate indifference is everywhere, all doors closed, all lights out, and darkness and emptiness left so supreme that man in his desperation clutches even at them for support, the messenger of salvation, in some mysterious fashion, finds his way there and stands at the door unexpected, unrecognised, and looked upon by the cowering multitude as an enemy.

This was what happened in our country. It had come to this pass that our heaped-up, dead traditions had threatened to smother our consciousness of the Infinite, making petty our daily life, breaking up our communities into a hundred different sections, reducing our manhood to a narrow provincialism. We had ceased to be aware of the rule of the One, and were kept distracted by the tyranny of the many. In the nightmare, by which we were oppressed, we viewed the world as peopled with nameless terrors from whose depredations we sought to preserve our aimless lives, as far as we might, by charms and amulets, votive offerings and propitiatory sacrifices.

When thus the timidity of our minds, the weakness of our efforts, the diffidence in our intercourse, the narrowness in our outlook, the crass ignorance which pervaded every department of our lives, were dragging us down to the depths of our doom, a great shock from outside fell upon the tottering walls within which we were pent.

Those of us who were awakened by the shock realised, in an agony of returning consciousness, what it was we had lacked, what the darkness was which enveloped us, what meant the all-pervading lethargy, the joyless death-in-life, with which we had been stricken. Our very sky had been screened off, all access denied to light, the life-giving breezes from the Infinite shut out, a hundred barriers of artificiality set up against intercourse with the Universal. The cry went up from our heart : "We want freedom,—freedom from the mechanical, from the dark, from the dead!"

This cry is the cry of all humanity. It is the same all over the world. Here, man has hidden his true welfare behind the veil of antiquated custom ; there, in his attempts to grow bigger by acquisition and accumulation, he has allowed his self to eclipse that which is greater than self ; everywhere, whether it be by inert slothfulness or by unmeaning activity, he has been lost to the sense of his greatest good.

From its very birth, (and every time it has gained fresh life by shaking off the bonds of orthodoxy,) Hinduism has been characterised by its efforts to rescue itself from the depths of such forgetfulness, to rouse the faculties of man to their greatest power by making men realise themselves in their relation to the Infinite. The unshackled Hindu mind has always proclaimed this freedom of joy as the true object of man's religious striving. And whenever any particular scripture, temple, philosophy or ritual has usurped the place of such grand freedom, it has done so contrary to the spirit of truth and necessarily therefore of true Hinduism.

This much already becomes evident, that religious teaching of this character cannot consist merely in prescribing formulas to be learnt by heart, or rites to be repeated. At the same time, the difficulties due to the absence of that kind of definiteness which comes from outward forms, must not be shirked. We must not allow ourselves to be moved by regretful longing for those facilities of sectarian religion, be it Hindu or any other, which make the problem easier. What is the good of trying to make religion easy ? Dust is easy to get, not gold.

Just as health is a condition of man's whole body, so is religion of his whole nature. Health cannot be given in the same way as money is put into one's palm. But it may be induced by bringing about suitable conditions. Religious teaching, likewise, cannot be left to a school committee to be put on their syllabus along with

arithmetic and Euclid. No school inspector will be able to measure its progress. No examiner's blue pencil can assign it proper marks. An appropriate environment must be created in which religion may have its natural growth.

Men, who have attained realisation, have themselves told us that the way is *na medhaya, na bahuna srutena*, not through the intellect, nor vastness of erudition. That is to say, religion is not a thing to be taught and learnt, in the ordinary meaning of those terms. But no great man, up to now, has been able to tell us exactly how he arrived at his enlightenment. Seers have simply exclaimed: *Vedamahetam*, I have known Him: *ya etad viduramritaste bhavanti*, those who know Him attain immortality. How He comes to be known is a truth of such intimate mystery, that it is not even patent to the knower. Had any seer been able to disclose the mystery, the problem of religious education would have ceased to exist.

It is true, there have been cases of enlightened men who have advised a definite religious procedure for their disciples. One set of these has said: "Purify your mind: avoid sin: make your inner self worthy of receiving the enlightenment, which shall come from within." Others have counselled the recourse to outward observances. Some of the latter prescribe the performance of rites; some enjoin the repetition of formulas, or meditation on symbolic images. But history has shown us how, whenever the religious effort is thus directed outwards, the door is thrown open to error; the imagination runs riot; the disciple, fascinated by the alluring comfort of lazy credulity, loses his way. Thereupon ensues self-delusion and the deluding of others. Nevertheless, there can be no question that many of those who give such advice have gained truth themselves. It would be wrong to charge them with a deliberate desire to mislead. At the same time, the fact that they have gained realisation for themselves does not preclude their being honestly mistaken. It is one thing to have arrived at enlightenment, and quite another to have a correct analytical idea of the path by which it was reached.

Take the case of a man who has an extraordinary digestion. If a poor dyspeptic should ask him about the mystery of his good appetite, he might in all good faith give the credit for it to the cigar which he is in the habit of reducing to ashes after every meal, quite unaware that his digesting is done in spite of it; nay more, having become accustomed to smoking after dinner, he might really feel that, in the absence of the cigar, his digestive apparatus fails to

display its wonted enthusiasm for its duty. We are told that the German poet, Schiller, used to keep rotten apples in his desk, because he found the strength of their aroma stimulating to his poetic faculty. In reply to the question of some admirer, as to how his poetical ideas came to him, he might, for sheer inability to assign a better reason, have put it down to the rotten apples.

The same is true of many popular habits and customs, which far from being the cause of a people's genius, rather weaken it and hamper its fullest expression. But while many wise men recognise this and seek to combat the tendency to make too much of such habits, there are others, born and bred therein, who cannot get rid of a certain dependence upon and affection for them. Though, as a matter of fact, the latter have become great only by inwardly transcending such habits, they do not realise that fact. On the contrary, even if they are driven to admit that such popular customs are not essential to a people's spiritual perfection, they persist in justifying them as having been initially useful in the case of their own temperament. The result of this is that lesser men, who have no inborn genius, imagine that they too have achieved greatness because of their adherence to the same customs; they wax intolerant, and cannot concede greatness to be possible where these observances are absent. For them, truth and conformity to custom become one and the same thing.

Attainments, which do not have their origin in external habit, but are the result of the unfolding of the inner nature of man, cannot be gained by artificial methods. They depend on favourable conditions. If religious feeling is not considered a mere sectarian accomplishment, but rather the fulfilment of humanity itself, then it must have a suitable environment for its exercise, and sufficient leisure for its growth. The surrounding light and air must be so ample that the soul may gain fresh life with every breath it draws. This amplitude is what the forest universities of ancient India offered for the spiritual education of her children. The ideal of perfection preached by the forest dwellers of ancient India runs through the heart of our classical literature and still dominates our mind.

The forest *Asrama* was the sacred abode, where human activity, in cadence with that reposefulness which is in universal nature, mingled in the discipline of man's pure disinterested endeavour. The spirit of the universe and the soul of man united to build up a temple for worship. This worship itself was service, unfettered by

the bonds of self-seeking. It is this spiritual unity which was set forth so truly and so purely by the great thinkers and teachers of ancient India in their forest *Asramas*; and it is this same ideal which we need for our religious growth today.

The religion of the modern time which does not ascribe any particular form to the subject of its worship, nor attributes any special efficacy to particular rites, but rather believes that outward observances carry with them a certain danger to man's intellect as well as to his moral nature,—such religion cannot be expected to keep a permanent hold over the minds of men by the mere preaching of its ideals.

The atmosphere of the *Asrama* is needed if the religious spirit in the modern age is to find its inner harmony and its living power. For, in the *Asrama* life, such a harmony exists. There are no artificial barriers between man and nature. Men and women and little children come naturally to regard bird and beast, tree and creeper, as their kith and kin. The subtle allurements and endless appurtenances of worldly comforts do not constantly distract the mind. The search after God is not merely an act of meditation, but is continued throughout the daily life in acts of sacrifice and compassion. Conscience is not imprisoned by any personal consideration of expediency. Its urgency is ever towards the higher ideal of universal good as the only final sanction.

There are truths which are of the nature of information, that can be added to our stock of knowledge from the outside. But there are other truths, of the nature of inspiration, which cannot be used to swell the number of our accomplishments. These latter are not like food, but are rather the appetite itself, that can only be strengthened by inducing harmony in our bodily functions. Religion is such a truth. It establishes the right centre for life's activities, giving them an eternal meaning; maintains the true standard of value for the objects of our striving; inspires in us the spirit of renunciation which is the spirit of humanity. It cannot be doled out in regulated measure, nor administered through the academic machinery of education. It must come immediate from the burning flame of spiritual life, in surroundings suitable for such life. The *Asrama*, the Forest University of ancient India, gave for our country the answer to the question as to how this Religion can be imparted.

It was in the *Asrama* where the harvest of religious thoughts,

reaped in a great period of Indian History, was garnered in the Upanishads. These had nothing to do with any institution ; they never harboured any creeds, nor built rigid walls round them of logical consistency ; and therefore people brought up in the atmosphere of some sectarian religion consider the texts contained in them merely as so many seeds of religious philosophy. But there can be no doubt that these seeds came out of the fruit of a true life of religion, fully lived. Such religion contains the true spirit of liberation in its essence of spiritual truth because it is free from the bondage of sect.

What is remarkable about the religion of the Upanishads is that, though it was worked out by individuals who were not tied to each other by a common bond of conformity, a natural cord of unity nevertheless runs through their different thoughts of all variety of shades. For myself, I believe in such freedom of spiritual realisation, and I feel that the habit of obedience produced by the constant guidance of fixed creeds and ever-watchful sects enfeebles the spiritual instinct of man and gives rise to materialistic ideas and practices disguised in religious phraseology.

What is most remarkable in the history of our religion is the fact that the people belonging to the despised community in this country, banished from the barricaded shrines of worship exclusively owned by the prouder castes, have reached a religion which with its simple dignity transcends all boundaries of caste arrogance. These people had no scriptures, no schools, no temples ; they only had their unfenced atmosphere of freedom kept pure by the helpful contempt of the learned orthodoxy, and their unsophisticated devotion naturally came to the altar of *advaitam*, the One Supreme, comprehending the souls of all beings.

Let me conclude my paper with the translation of a characteristic poem by a Baul poet by the name of Madan whose courage to decry the conventional paths of the pious as leading to spiritual futility is made evident in this song.

Thy path, O Lord, is hidden by mosque and temple:

I hear thine own call, but the *guru* stops the way.

What gives peace to my mind, sets the world ablaze,—

The cult of the One dies in the conflict of the many.

The door to it is closed by many a lock, of Koran, Puran and the rosary.

Even the way of renunciation is full of tribulation:

Wherefore weeps Madan in despair.



Benode Mukherjee

SACRED AND PROFANE SCIENCE

Translated from the French of René Guénon by Ananda K.
Coomaraswamy¹

IN civilisations of the traditional (*smārta*) type, intellectual intuition takes precedence ; in other words, the purely metaphysical doctrine (*veda*, *śruti*) is the essential, and all else is connected with it consequentially or by way of application to the various orders of contingent reality (*avidyā*). This is conspicuously so in the case of social institutions ; on the other hand, it is equally true of the sciences, that is branches of knowledge pertaining to the relative, which branches of knowledge can only, in civilisations of this sort, be regarded as merely dependent upon or in a way as extensions or reflections of the absolute and principal knowledge (*jñāna*). Thus the true hierarchy is always and everywhere preserved. The relative is not indeed considered to

1 From *La Crise du Monde Moderne*, Paris, 1927. The translator holds that no living writer in modern Europe is more significant than René Guénon, whose task it has been to expound the universal metaphysical tradition that has been the essential foundation of every past culture, and which represents the indispensable basis for any civilisation deserving to be so called. In Guénon's view (shared by the translator) Europe has diverged from this path ever farther and farther since the thirteenth century ; only since that time have Europe and Asia been truly divided in spirit. The true contrast is then not so much between Europe and Asia as such, as between Mediaeval Europe and Asia on the one hand, and the modern world on the other. Europe and Asia can meet, and can only meet in complete accord, upon the common ground of the metaphysical and purely intellectual tradition, upon the basis of what is called in our terms *sanātana dharma*, though it is by no means to be understood that this "wisdom uncreate, the same now as it ever was, and the same to be for evermore" (St Augustine) belongs to the Indian, European, or any other part of humanity exclusively.

The present translation may serve to introduce to Indian readers the work of this author as a whole. Of Guénon's other works, *L'Homme et son Devenir selon le Vedānta*, probably the best account of the Vedānta available in any European language, has been published in English under the title *Man and his Becoming*. Other volumes include *Introduction générale à l'Etude des Doctrines hindoues* ; *Le Symbolisme de la Croix* ; *Les Etats multiples de l'Etre* ; *Autorité spirituelle et Pouvoir temporel* ; *Le Roi du Monde* ; *L'Esotérisme de Dante* ; *L'Erreur spirite* ; *Le Théosophisme, Histoire d'une Pseudo-religion* ; *Orient et Occident* ; *La Crise du Monde moderne*. M. Guénon is also a constant contributor to *La Voile d'Isis*, a monthly magazine devoted to the "Unanimous and Everlasting Tradition" in all its forms. All of these books can be obtained from Chacornac Frères, 11 Quai Saint Michel, Paris, Ve.

have no existence,¹ which would be absurd ; it is considered to the extent it deserves, but it is kept in its proper place, which can only be secondary and subordinate ; moreover, even in this relative field there are very different degrees of reality, depending upon the greater or less distance which separates the matters considered from the realm of principles (*tattva*).

As regards science, then, there are two radically different and even mutually incompatible conceptions, which we may refer to as respectively the traditional, and the modern. We have often had occasion to allude to these "traditional sciences", which existed in antiquity and in the Middle Ages, and which continue to exist for ever in the East, though the very idea of them is altogether foreign to the Westerners of our age. It must be added that every civilisation has been in possession of "traditional sciences" of some particular kind proper to itself ; for here we are no longer in the order of universal principles, where pure metaphysics alone applies, but in the order of adaptations (*upaya*) ; and here, just because it is the realm of contingency that is in question, we have to take account of all the mental and other conditions of the particular peoples ; and we can even say, to take account of such and such a period in the existence of such a people, because there are times when "readaptations" are required. These "readaptations" are merely changes of form, affecting nothing in the actual essence of the tradition ; as regards the metaphysical doctrine, only the expression of it can be modified, in the same way that one language is translated into another ; whatever may be the forms it assumes in order to express itself so far as expression is possible, there is absolutely only one metaphysics, just as there is only one truth. But when we turn to applications, the case is naturally altered : with the sciences, and likewise with social institutions, we are in the realm of form and multiplicity ; and therefore we can say that different forms establish what are really different sciences, even if these sciences have to a certain extent the same object. Logicians generally think of any science as fully defined by its object, but this is to err on the side of over simplification ; the point of view from which the object is regarded must also form a part of the definition of the science.

There is an indefinite multiplicity of possible sciences ; it may

¹ It is, in point of fact, the relative alone that strictly speaking ex-ists (*sthā*) or becomes (*bhā*). (Translator).

happen that several sciences are concerned with the same things, but under such different aspects, or again employing methods so different or with such different ends, as to be nevertheless really distinct sciences. This may happen, in particular, in the case of the "traditional sciences" of the various civilisations, which although they are comparable amongst themselves, and not therefore necessarily alike, in many cases cannot in fact be referred to by the same names. It is evident that the difference will be much greater, if instead of comparing the "traditional sciences", which are all in any case fundamentally of the same character, we make a general comparison of these sciences with science as the term is nowadays understood ; at a first glance, it may sometimes seem that their objects are the same in both cases ; and yet, so different is the knowledge of the object afforded by the two sciences, that after a closer examination one hesitates to affirm an identity, even in any single respect.

Some examples may be useful to make clearer this matter ; and to begin with, we take one of very wide application, that of "physics" as understood respectively by the ancients and by the moderns ; moreover, this is a case in which there is no need to go beyond the western world to recognize the profound difference that separates the two conceptions. The term "physics" in its original and etymological acceptance, means merely the "science of nature", without any further limitation ; it is then that science which has to do with the most general laws of "becoming", for "nature" and "becoming" are essentially synonyms, and it was thus that the Greeks, and notably Aristotle, understood it. If there be more special sciences concerned with what belongs to the same order, they will be then merely "departments" of physics, proper to this or that more narrowly defined field. There is something significant then in the change of meaning which the moderns have imposed on this word "physics", using it as the exclusive designation of one particular science amongst others, all of which are indifferently sciences of nature. This fact is connected with the fragmentation which, as we have already remarked, is one of the characteristics of modern science ; it is connected with the "specialisation" that has been developed by the analytical spirit, and pushed so far as to make it impossible for those who have been influenced by it even to conceive of a science dealing with nature as a whole. Some of the inconveniences of this "specialisation" have been noticed, especially the narrowness of view that is one of its inevitable consequences ; but apparently even those who have felt this most

strongly, have nevertheless resigned themselves to consider it a necessary evil, a result of the accumulation of detailed knowledge which no one would be able to survey at once ; they have not understood, on the one hand, that these detailed knowledges are in themselves insignificant, and are not worth the sacrifice of a synthetic knowledge which, even when it confines itself to the relative, is of a much higher order ; nor on the other hand have they understood that the practical difficulty met with when we attempt to unify their multiplicity arises solely from the fact that we are forbidden to connect them with any superior principle, and inasmuch as we persist so obstinately in proceeding from below and from without, although the opposite procedure would be necessary were we seeking for a science having a real speculative value.

If we compare the old physics, not with what the moderns call by this name, but with the totality of the natural sciences as now actually established (to which it really corresponds), it is then to be observed as the first difference, that there is now a division into manifold "specialities" which are so to speak mutually strangers. However, that is merely the most external aspect of the question, and we must not imagine that we could reach an equivalent of the ancient physics by combining all the special sciences. The fact is that the point of view is quite different, and here we see emerging that essential distinction between the two conceptions, to which we referred above. The traditional conception, we affirm, connects all the sciences with the principles of which they are the particular applications ; and it is precisely this connection which the modern conception does not admit. For Aristotle, physics was only "second" in regard to metaphysics, that is to say that physics depended upon metaphysics, and was essentially merely the application of superior principles to the realm of nature, which principles are reflected in the laws of nature ; and we might say the same of mediaeval "cosmogony". The modern conception, on the contrary, pretends to make the sciences independant, by denying all that transcends them, or at least by declaring "unknowable" and refusing to consider it , which is practically the same thing as denying it. This negation had long been in existence before any one thought of setting it up as a systematic theory under names such as "positivism" and "agnosticism" ; for it may be justly said that this negation is really the point of departure from which the whole of modern science proceeds. Still, it was hardly before the nineteenth century that there was seen the spectacle of men who gloried in their ignorance—

to proclaim oneself an "agnostic" is just that,—and presuming to forbid to all others a knowledge of what they did not themselves know ; which marked one further stage in the intellectual decadence of the West.

In trying to make a radical separation of the sciences from any superior principle under pretension of assuring their independance, the modern conception robbed them of all deep significance and even of any real interest from the point of view of knowledge, and this can only lead to a deadlock, since it imprisons them within an inevitably limited field.¹ The development that takes place within this field is by no means, as some imagine, a deepening ; on the contrary, it remains altogether superficial, being no more than that dispersion in detail which we remarked above, no more than an analysis as sterile as it is laborious ; an analysis which could be indefinitely extended without taking a single step on the road of true understanding. Moreover, it must be confessed that generally speaking it is not for its own sake that Westerners are devoted to these extensions of science ; what they have in view is not a knowledge, even of the lower order, but practical applications ;² and to be convinced of this, needs only to observe how easily most of our contemporaries identify science with industry, and how many men look upon the engineer as the true type of the man of learning. But that is another matter, with which we shall deal later.

Science as thus established in the modern way has lost not merely in depth, but we might also say in solidity ; for while a dependence on principles would involve a participation in their unchangeability, so far as the object considered allowed, a science limited entirely to the world of change can find there nothing more stable than itself, no fixed point on which to rest ; not based on any absolute certainty, it reduces itself to probabilities and approximations,³ or purely

¹ It may be observed that something of the same sort has been brought about in the social order, where the moderns have endeavoured to divide the temporal from the spiritual. No doubt these are two different things, inasmuch as they are related to different domains, just as in the case of metaphysics and the sciences ; but by an error intrinsic to the analytical spirit, we overlook that distinction is not the same thing as separation ; consequently, the temporal power loses its legitimacy, and the same may be said of the sciences, in the intellectual field.

² Even when knowledge is sought for its own sake, the impulse in general is founded in what was aptly called by Abelard, *turpis curiositas*. (Translator).

³ It is notorious that the "laws of nature" propounded by modern science are nothing but predictions representing a statistical probability. (Translator).

hypothetical constructions which are the creation of individual fancy. So even if it happens by chance that modern science, by a very round-about route, arrives at some result which seems to agree with certain data of the old "traditional sciences", it would be a great mistake to see in this a confirmation of them, of which indeed they have no need; and it would be waste of time to try to reconcile the totally different points of view, or establish an agreement with hypothetical theories which may, very likely, be altogether discredited a few years later. ¹ The matters dealt with by this science necessarily indeed belong to the realm of hypothesis, whereas for "traditional science" it was very different, because these matters presented themselves as the certain consequences of truths known intuitively and therefore infallibly, in the metaphysical order. ² It is too a singular illusion, peculiar to modern "experimentalism", to believe that a theory can be proved by facts, whereas in reality the same facts can always be just as well explained by several different theories; and certain proponents of the experimental method, Claude Bernard for example, have themselves recognized that they could only interpret their observations by the help of "preconceived ideas", without which the facts remained "brute facts" without any meaning or real scientific value.³

While we are speaking of "experimentalism", the opportunity may be taken to reply to a question which may be posed in this connection, as follows: "Why have the properly experimental sciences undergone a development in modern civilisation, such as was not paralleled in other civilisations?" It is because these sciences are those of the sensible domain, those of matter, and at the same time those which lend themselves to the most immediate practical applications; their development, accompanied by what we take the liberty to call the "superstition of facts", therefore closely corresponds to specifically modern tendencies; whereas, on the contrary, former ages did not find enough of interest

1 The same holds good as regards the religious point of view in the case of a kind of "apologetic" which pretends to reach an agreement with the results of modern science—a perfectly illusory labour, and one that constantly needs to be done over again and which moreover offers the curious danger of seeming to ally religion with changing and ephemeral conceptions, of which it should be altogether independant.

2 It would be easy to cite examples; we mention only, as one of the most striking, the difference between the conception of ether in Hindu cosmology and in modern science.

3 From the standpoint of traditional philosophy, "mere facts" are regarded as absolutely unintelligible in themselves; experience leading only to an "estimative knowledge", such as animals have (Translator.)

in these sciences to lead them to devote themselves to them to the point of neglecting knowledge of a higher order. Understand, it is not our intention to speak of any kind of knowledge whatever, even of a lower order, as illegitimate ; what is illegitimate, is the abuse that follows when matters of this kind absorb the whole of men's activity, as is the case at present. It may even be conceived that in a normal civilisation the sciences established by experimental methods would, like the others, be related to principles, and thus provided with a real speculative value ; and if in fact this has not been the case, it is because attention has been directed by choice in the other direction, and also because, even when it was a matter of studying the sensible world so far as it seemed to be of interest to do so, the traditional data made it possible to undertake such a study by other means and from another point of view.

We remarked above that one of the characteristics of the present day is the exploitation of everything that until now had been neglected as a thing of too little importance for men to devote to it all their time and energy, but yet must also be developed before the end of the cycle, inasmuch as these things existed amongst the possibilities destined to be realised within it ; this is the case in particular of the experimental sciences which have arisen during the latter centuries. There are also some modern sciences which really represent, quite literally, "residues" of the old sciences, no longer understood ; it is the lowest part of these latter sciences which, in a period of decadence, is isolated and detached and crudely materialised, and then provides the point of departure for a quite different development in a sense agreeing with modern tendencies, so as to end with the establishment of sciences which have no longer anything really in common with those that came before them. It is then, for example, untrue to say, what is generally said, that astrology and alchemy have become modern astronomy and chemistry, even though in this opinion there is an element of truth from a purely historical point of view, namely that element of truth to which we have just referred ; if in fact the latter of these sciences proceed from the former in a certain sense, it is not as is pretended by way of "evolution" or "progress", but on the contrary by degeneration ; and this requires some further explanation.

Let us say first that the attribution of a different meaning to the words "astrology" and "astronomy" is a relatively recent thing ; the Greeks employed these two words indifferently to denote the whole that both now refer to. It would seem then at first sight as if this

were a case of division by "specialisation", established between what were at first only parts of one single science; but what is here peculiar is that one of these parts, that namely which represents the most material aspect of the said science, has been independently developed, while on the contrary, the other part has disappeared entirely. This is so far true that we no longer know what the old astrology really was, and even those who have tried to reconstruct it have merely fallen into absolute contradictions, either through trying to find in it the equivalent of an experimental science, resorting to statistics and the calculation of probabilities, thus proceeding from a position which could not in any sense have been that of antiquity or the Middle Ages, or by merely trying to restore an "art of divination", which represents hardly more than an aberration of astrology when it was dying out, and in which there can be recognized at best a very inferior application hardly worthy of consideration, as can still be remarked in oriental civilisations.

The case of chemistry is perhaps still clearer and more typical; and as for the modern ignorance of alchemy, it is at least as great as it is of astrology. True alchemy was essentially a science of the cosmological order, and was at the same time applicable to the human order, because of the analogy (*anurūpatā*) of "macrocosm" and "microcosm"; further, it was constituted expressly in order to allow of a transposition (*parāvṛtti*) in a purely spiritual sense, which gave its teaching a symbolic value and a higher meaning, making it one of the most complete types of "traditional science". It was not this alchemy that gave birth to modern chemistry, with which it has nothing in common; modern chemistry is a deformation of alchemy, a deviation in the strictest sense of the term, a deviation from which there arose, perhaps already in the Middle Ages, the misunderstanding of some who, unable to penetrate the true significance of symbols, took everything literally, and thinking it was all a matter of material operations, plunged into a more or less disorderly course of experiments. It is just these people whom the alchemists called in irony "bellow blowers" and "charcoal burners" that were the true fore-runners of the modern chemists; and so it is that modern science has been built up with the aid of the debris of ancient sciences, with materials which these rejected and abandoned to the ignorant and "profane". Let us add that the so-called restorers of alchemy, such as are to be found amongst our contemporaries, are merely prolonging this same deviation, and that their researches are as far from tradi-

tional alchemy as are those of the astrologers of whom we spoke just now from the ancient astrology ; and that is why we have a right to say that the "traditional sciences" of the West are really lost to the moderns.

We restrict ourselves to these few examples ; it would however be easy to give many more, taken from slightly different orders, but showing everywhere the same degeneration. One might demonstrate in the same way that psychology, as now understood, that is, the study of mental phenomena as such, is a natural product of anglo-saxon empiricism¹ and of the eighteenth century, and that the corresponding point of view was for the ancients to such an extent negligible, that if they happened to consider it incidentally, it would never have occurred to them to make a special science of it ; all that might be of value in such a science was for them transformed and assimilated in the higher points of view (*darsana*).² In quite another field it might be shown likewise that modern mathematics represents, so to speak, nothing but the shell of Pythagorean mathematics, its purely "exoteric" side ; the ancient idea of numbers is no longer even comprehensible to moderns, and that is because here also, the higher part of the science, which together with its traditional character, gave it a real intellectual value, has altogether disappeared ; and this case is quite analogous to that of astrology. But we cannot survey all the sciences in succession, for this would be tiresome ; it seems that enough has been said to make intelligible the nature of the change to which the modern sciences owe their origin ; which change is the very opposite of "progress", and represents a veritable decline in intelligence. And now we shall return to more general considerations regarding the respective roles of the "traditional sciences" and modern sciences, and the profound difference that distinguishes the destinies of each.

Any science whatever, as traditionally conceived, is less of interest for its own sake than inasmuch as it represents a prolongation or secondary branch of the doctrine, the essential part of which, as aforesaid, is purely metaphysical.³ In effect, notwithstanding that any science

1 The well known method of "muddling through". (Translator).

2 It may be remarked that the curative results which modern psychology attempts to bring about were in the case of a religion such as Christianity obtained in connection with Confession (also a Buddhist practise), or in the case of a metaphysics like that of Hinduism by means of contemplative exercises directed towards an untying of all "the knots of the heart". (Translator).

3 This is, for example, expressed by such a term as *upaveda*, applied in India to certain "traditional sciences", and indicating their subordination to the Veda, the sacred knowledge of the highest order.

whatever is assuredly legitimate, only provided it occupies the position that really belongs to it by its own nature (*svabhāva*), it is easy to understand that for whoever is in possession of a knowledge in a superior order (*ya evam vidvān*), the lower knowledge necessarily loses much of its interest, and can retain this interest only in so far as it is so to speak a function of the principal knowledge, that is to the extent that on the one hand it reflects the principal knowledge in some given plane of the domain of the contingent, and on the other, to the extent that it is capable of leading up to this same principal knowledge; which in such a case can never be lost sight of or sacrificed to more or less accidental considerations. These are the two complementary roles proper to the "traditional sciences": on the one side, as applications of the doctrine, they allow of a mutual linking up of all orders of reality, an integration of them in the total synthesis; and on the other, they are, for some at least, and according to their individual aptitudes, a preparation for a higher knowledge, a sort of stairway to the latter; and in their hierarchical arrangement, according to the levels of existence to which they belong, they form then, as it were, so many steps by the help of which it is possible to raise oneself to the purely intellectual level.¹ It is only too obvious that the modern sciences cannot in any manner fulfil either of these roles; that is why they are and can be only a "profane science", while the "traditional sciences", because of their adhesion to metaphysical principles, are effectively included in the "sacred science".

The coexistence of the two roles referred to does not imply any contradiction or vicious circle, whatever those may suppose who look at the matter only superficially; and we must insist somewhat upon this point. We might say that there are two points of view, the one downward and the other upward, the first corresponding to a development of knowledge starting from principles and proceeding to more and more remote applications, the second corresponding to a gradual acquisition of this same knowledge by a progress from lower to higher, or if you will, from without to within. It is not then a question of whether the sciences ought to be built up from below or downwards from

1 In our study, *L'Esoterisme de Dante*, we called attention to the symbolism of the ladder, the steps of which, in various traditions, correspond to certain sciences and at the same time to states of being. This necessarily implies that these sciences, instead of being regarded from the "profane" point of view of the moderns, were capable of a transposition which endowed them with a properly speaking "initiatory" significance.

above, not a question of whether in order for them to exist at all we must take our departure either from the knowledge of principles or contrariwise from that of the sensible world ; this question, which can be asked from the standpoint of "profane" philosophy, and really seems to have been asked in this field, more or less explicitly by Greek antiquity—this question, we say, does not exist for the "sacred science", which can only proceed from universal principles. What really deprives the question of all utility, is the premier role of intellectual intuition, the most immediate of all means of knowledge, as well as the highest, and absolutely independent of the exercise of any faculty of the sensible or even the rational order.¹ The sciences cannot be constructed with validity, as "sacred sciences" unless by those who first and foremost are in full possession of the principal knowledge, and are thereby exclusively qualified, in accord with the most rigorous traditional orthodoxy, to effect all the adaptations that may be necessitated by circumstances of time and place.² But, when the sciences have been thus built up, their teaching may follow an opposite direction ; they are in a certain sense "illustrations" (*pratika*) of the pure doctrine, which may for some types of mind make it more easily accessible ; and just because these "illustrations" have to do with the world of multiplicity, the almost indefinite diversity of their points of view may correspond to the no less diversity in aptitude of individual minds, whose horizon is limited to this same world of multiplicity. The paths by which knowledge can be reached may be extremely varied on the lowest level, and become more and more unified only as one rises to higher levels. No one of these preparatory steps is absolutely indispensable, for these are only contingent means (*upaya*), having no common measure with the end to be attained ; it may even happen that some, in whom the contemplative tendency predominates, may attain to the veritably intellectual intuition at one stroke and without the help of any such means ;³ but that

1 Cf. St Augustine, speaking of the purely intellectual or speculative understanding, "The eternal mirror leads the minds of those who look therein to a knowledge of all things better than in any other fashion". (Translator).

2 Those, in other words, who in India are referred to as Brahmins, and through whom there has been a direct transmission of the undeviating truths. (Translator).

3 That is why, in Hindu doctrine, the Brahmins are required to direct their thought always towards the supreme knowledge, while Ksatriyas should apply themselves to the study of the different successive stages by which this supreme knowledge is gradually reached.

is a rather exceptional case, and more often it is what we should call a matter of convenience to proceed in the ascending order. To make this clear we might also have employed the traditional image of the "cosmic wheel" (*cakra*) : the circumference has no real existence except in relation to the centre ; but those beings who are at the circumference must necessarily start from that position, or strictly speaking from the point thereon at which they actually find themselves, and follow the ray to reach the centre.¹ Furthermore, because of the correspondence between all orders of reality, the truths of a lower order can be regarded as symbols of those of the higher orders, and may thus serve as "supports" (*ālamba*) by which to reach the latter by analogy ; ² it is this that endows a science with superior or "anagogic" significance, a meaning deeper than its own, and such as to make it veritably a "sacred science".³

Any science, whatever its object, may take on this character, if only it has been constituted and is regarded in the traditional spirit ; then there is occasion only to take into account the relative degrees of importance of the various sciences, according to the hierarchy of the different planes of reality with which they are connected ; but whatever their degree, their character and function are, as traditionally conceived, essentially the same. What thus applies to all science is equally true for every art, since art can have a properly symbolic value which enables it to serve as a support for meditation (*līlāyālamba*) and because its ascertained rules are, like the laws enunciated by the sciences, reflections and applications of fundamental principles ;⁴ and so there are, in all normal civilisations, "traditional arts", which are as much unknown to the modern Westerners as are the "traditional sciences".⁵ The truth is, there is really no such thing as a "profane

1 On this symbolism of the wheel cf. my "*Kha* and other words denoting Zero, in connection with the Metaphysics of space", *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies*, 1934. (Translator).

2 Cf. *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa*, VIII, 2, "This world is in the likeness of that world, and vice-versa. (Translator).

3 This is, for example, the role of the astronomical symbolism that is so often made use of by the various traditional teachings ; and this serves to indicate the true nature of such sciences as the old astrology.

4 Cf. *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa*, VI, 27, "It is in imitation of the *divya śilpāni* that any *śilpa* is gotten here" ; *Nāṭya śāstra*, 11, 5. (Translator).

5 The art of the mediaeval builders may be cited as an especially noteworthy example of these "traditional arts", for the practise of this art implied a real knowledge of the corresponding sciences.

field" set over against a "sacred field"¹; there is merely a "profane point of view", which is strictly speaking nothing more than the ignorant point of view.² That is why "profane science", that of the moderns, may properly be called, as we indicated above, an "ignorant manner of knowing"; a knowledge of a lower order, wholly bounded by the limits of the lowest reality, and ignorant of all that exceeds those limits, ignorant of any end superior to itself, no less than of any principle that might assure it a legitimate, however humble, place in the hierarchy of integrated knowledge; irrevocably shut up in the relative and limited field in which it pleased it to affirm its independence, and thus by its own act cut off from all transcendent truth and supreme knowledge; this is but a vain and deceptive science, which is really worthless and leads nowhere.

This discussion may have made it clear how great is the poverty of the modern world in all that concerns science, and how that same science of which it is so proud is nothing but a deviation and like a falling away from true science, such as for us is wholly to be identified with what we have called "sacred science" or "traditional science". Modern science, proceeding from an arbitrary limitation of knowledge to one particular order, viz, the lowest order, that of the material and sensible, has by the very fact of this limitation and its immediate consequences lost all intellectual value, that is at least if we allow to "intellectuality" the full meaning of the word, and decline to share the "rationalistic" error, decline, that is, to identify the pure intellect with reason, which amounts to the same thing as denying intellectual intuition altogether. What underlies this error, like so many other modern errors, what

1 That sacred literatures make no real distinction of "sacred" from "profane" love, and freely employ erotic imagery to express the most exalted intellectual intuitions is, for example, an occasion of bewilderment to those who do not understand that nothing is good or evil in itself, but only according to our use of it, and at the same time are blind to the analogy that links all levels of reference. (Translator).

4 To be assured of this, it suffices to consider such facts as the following: that one of the most "sacred" sciences, cosmogony to wit, which finds a place as such in all Scriptures, including the Hebrew Bible, has for the moderns become the object of the most "profane" hypotheses; the scientific field is really the same in both cases, but the point of view is entirely different.

lies at the root of all such scientific deviation as we have expounded, is what may be called "individualism", which is really the same thing as the anti-traditional (*nastika*) spirit, the many manifestations of which spirit in every field is one of the main factors of the disorder that prevails today.



1. And similarly, has been the basis of all the "artistic deviation" through which the arts of the present day have lost all real value and significance. (Translator).

A SCHOOL OF MANKIND

Paul Geheeb

IT may seem very out-of-date to speak of a School of Mankind. It was the fashion at the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th, to talk much of humanity and citizenship of the world ; but the history of the last hundred years seems to prove that humanity is as yet only an empty, abstract concept dwelling in the brain of a Kant, a Herder or a Schiller. Nevertheless, as Nietzsche once said : "The decisive happens in spite of the facts" ; and just because the idea of such a plan seems to us out-of-date, there is nothing our age needs so badly as a School of Mankind.

One ideal remains fixed before our eyes : that of the economic and cultural co-operation of mankind bound together in one brotherhood. Such a macrocosm should be mirrored in its essential features in the microcosm of the school community.

In considering all human and cultural evolution we must start with the individual. Human growth is first of all a completely individual matter. Pindar's saying, *Become what thou art*, expresses the final aim of all human development. Goethe formulated the same ideal in the verses :

"Gleich sei keiner dem andern ; doch gleich sei jeder dem Höchsten.

Wie das zu machen ? Es sei jeder vollendet in sich."

(Let none be like another ; yet each be like the Highest. How can that be ? Let each be perfectly himself.)

Thus too the development of mankind is primarily a matter of individual peoples, individual nations. Each of us is first of all a Swiss, or a German, or a Frenchman, and develops as such. All education is conditioned by nationality, is dependent upon geography, economics and political form of the particular nation. Every civilised state requires universal education to protect the child from abuse by the family or the society, and to assure to the individual free development and education, thus treating the individual as an end in himself. Happy the nation whose leaders wisely confine themselves to this task and allow full freedom to the individual for cultural development, following the conception outlined by Wilhelm von Humboldt in his

early work entitled "Ideen zu einem Versuch, die Grenzen der Wirksamkeit des Staates zu bestimmen" (An Essay on the Limits of State Activity).

National education is inevitable in so far as every child grows up surrounded by the scenery and culture of his country, the unifying element of which is both historically and organically the mother tongue. For almost a quarter of a century I was the director of the Odenwaldschule, and during that time I have often been much puzzled to answer the question frequently asked as to the measures we took to instil in our children a love of their country. An educational colony, living in glorious German scenery and introducing German children in the first place to the riches of German culture, what further can it do to inculcate true patriotism?

Nevertheless, just as in such an "educational province" we experience daily the normal tension which exists between the individual and the community,—the two foci of all cultural development,—so we should get our young people to experience in practice the further tension that comes from the relation of the nation to mankind. It is not enough, in order to achieve this, that a national school should accept children of other nations as its guests, so to speak, in the way the Odenwald school did (about a fifth of the pupils of the Odenwald were foreigners). In the School of Mankind, as far as possible, all the great cultures of the present day would be represented,—not only the western cultures, French, Anglo-Saxon, German, Slav, but also the eastern ones, especially the Chinese and the Indian,—each with its own separate working community, consisting of worthy representatives of the particular culture as teachers and as children belonging to the race and nation in question. These communities would exist side by side in the school with equal rights and would mutually enrich one another. In course of time it should be possible to attract fine educationists from the different countries as well as children of the most diverse nations, and thus build up each separate community in such a way that it embodied worthily the national culture and could introduce the newcomer to it in an attractive way.

Imagine then a school in the form of a Landerziehungsheim (country boarding school), made up of five or six of such cultural communities, each of which consists of an average at first of twenty members, teachers and children, belonging to a particular nation. These independent communities would find their happy synthesis in

the consciousness of representing ideally the culture of Mankind. The government of the whole would rest in the hand of a small committee consisting of a representative of each community. It is possible that for a time there might be one person who held all the threads of government in his hands. It will not be hard to overcome language difficulties. In no case should one language dominate. Besides a thorough study of the mother tongue, it would be taken for granted that three languages would be learnt, English, French and German. Each community would be an independent group, living if possible in a separate house. School assemblies, religious worship, common meals and many other occasions would suffice to unite all these national communities into one harmonious whole. The basis of organisation would be not the language but the cultural unity. Another principle of division would however be introduced by the attempt to form working groups in particular subjects consisting of members of different nations in so far as insurmountable technical differences, such as those of method, do not exist. Such groups of boys and girls belonging to different nations would not only work in the shops at carpentry, book-binding, weaving, etc., but would easily be formed for the natural sciences and also for courses in the general history of civilisation. When a child belonging to one of the great cultures entered the school he would normally join the community of his own nation. In other cases the decision would depend upon such factors as attitude and inclination and upon the question as to which community would help the child's development most. Account would also, of course, have to be taken of previous training and knowledge of the language. The more firmly grounded a child was in the culture of his own nation (to lay this foundation would be the chief task of each national community), the closer and more fruitful would be his contacts with other foreign communities.

I know that in many lands this idea of a School of Mankind hovers as a vision and a hope before the eyes of an increasing number of young teachers; they look with longing for its realisation. The ubiquitous microbes of nationalism and fascism have caused a most happy reaction; for unnumbered millions have become aware of the desire to establish above the mutually distrustful nations, bristling with arms, a community of Mankind serving a common ideal. The evil moral consequences of the world war have increasingly convinced men during the last twenty years of the value of education in the sense of character formation. The economic crisis, besides, which

might lead many superficial observers to think that soon nobody will have any money left for education, has made numberless parents realise that they can leave their children no better and safer heritage than as complete an education as possible,—one that shall equip them physically and mentally, technically and morally, to face the terrible problems of the modern world. From all countries, therefore, children should flock to this School of Mankind once it is founded. Expensive boarding schools, which provide the spoilt children of rich parents with comfortable lives and much service as the result of little effort, have no right to exist to-day. The kind of school we are thinking of presupposes that the principle of education for self-government shall be bravely carried through to its ultimate consequences. It would be a school community in which each member, from the youngest to the oldest, contributed to the support of the whole, every one being responsible for it according to the extent of his powers and mental development. All could take part in the necessary work in house, garden and field, so that a simple and externally unassuming life, not requiring any servants, would be accepted as the normal and desirable way of living.

My late friend Dr. Becker, at one time Minister of Education for Prussia, once outlined the problem of education in the present cultural crisis in a short article of great insight towards the end of which he sketched the spirit of such a community as I am contemplating in the following words : “Only when one recognizes in others—no matter of what nationality, class, or religion—the Eternal and Divine that one feels in oneself and for which one claims the respect of others, only then will the state of mind exist on which the temple of a new humanity can be erected. By the united effort of nations working together an international organisation can be created, but one can only create the international spirit by a new understanding as between man and man. One must have the courage to adopt an attitude of mind which allows to others all that one demands for oneself. True internationalism rests upon the basis of national education. Only upon such a foundation, utopian though it may seem, can anything fruitful be done. For all national education aims at bridging over and reconciling class antagonisms and religious intolerance. Where such national education starts from the purely human standpoint, as it must to be effective, it inevitably serves the cause of international reconciliation at the same time.”

When Kant in 1714 published his “*Idea of a Universal History adapted to World Citizens*”, he felt confident that reasonably intelligent

political leaders would never again allow a war to break out. Since then we have become convinced with H. G. Wells that world peace is fundamentally an educational problem, although we are equally well aware that educators work more slowly than diplomats and armament firms. But of our final success we remain assured. For we are of the faith of Schiller:

“Von der Menschheit—du kannst von ihr nie gross genug denken ;
Wie du im Busen sie trägst, prägst du in Taten sie aus.”

(Of human kind you can never think highly enough ; For on the way you think of it your humanity itself depends.)



THE HIGHEST BRAVERY

[*The following passage from a speech to students by Mahatma Gandhi is worthy of close study today. C. F. A.*]

TO kill and to be killed in fighting an enemy are acts of bravery, but to stand the blows of your adversaries and not to retaliate is a greater form of bravery, and that is precisely what India has been training herself for. This struggle through non-violence can be described as a process of purification, the underlying idea being that a nation loses its liberty owing to some of its own weaknesses, and immediately we shed our weaknesses, we regain our liberty. No people on earth can be finally subjected without their own co-operation, voluntary or involuntary. It is involuntary co-operation when for fear of some physical hurt you submit to a tyrant or a despot. I made the discovery, at an early stage of the movement, that for success in such a movement character must be the foundation. We also found that real education consisted, not in packing the brain with facts and figures, or in passing examinations by reading numerous books, but in developing character. I do not know to what extent you students lay stress upon character, rather than upon intellectual studies, but I can say this, that if you explore the possibilities of non-violence you will find that without character it will prove a profitless study.



A SURVEY OF THE CONTINENTS

C. F. Andrews

MY life began in Europe and then I was drawn to go to Asia and after that to Africa. Then my steps turned to Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands which I have visited twice over on long journeys. And then still later I came to North America and went across that vast continent as far as Vancouver on one side, to Halifax on the other, passing down afterwards through the West Indies to South America. Thus it is possible for me to say that there is not a single continent of the earth, except the Antarctic, that I have not lived in, with such an experience as to have found out something of its secret.

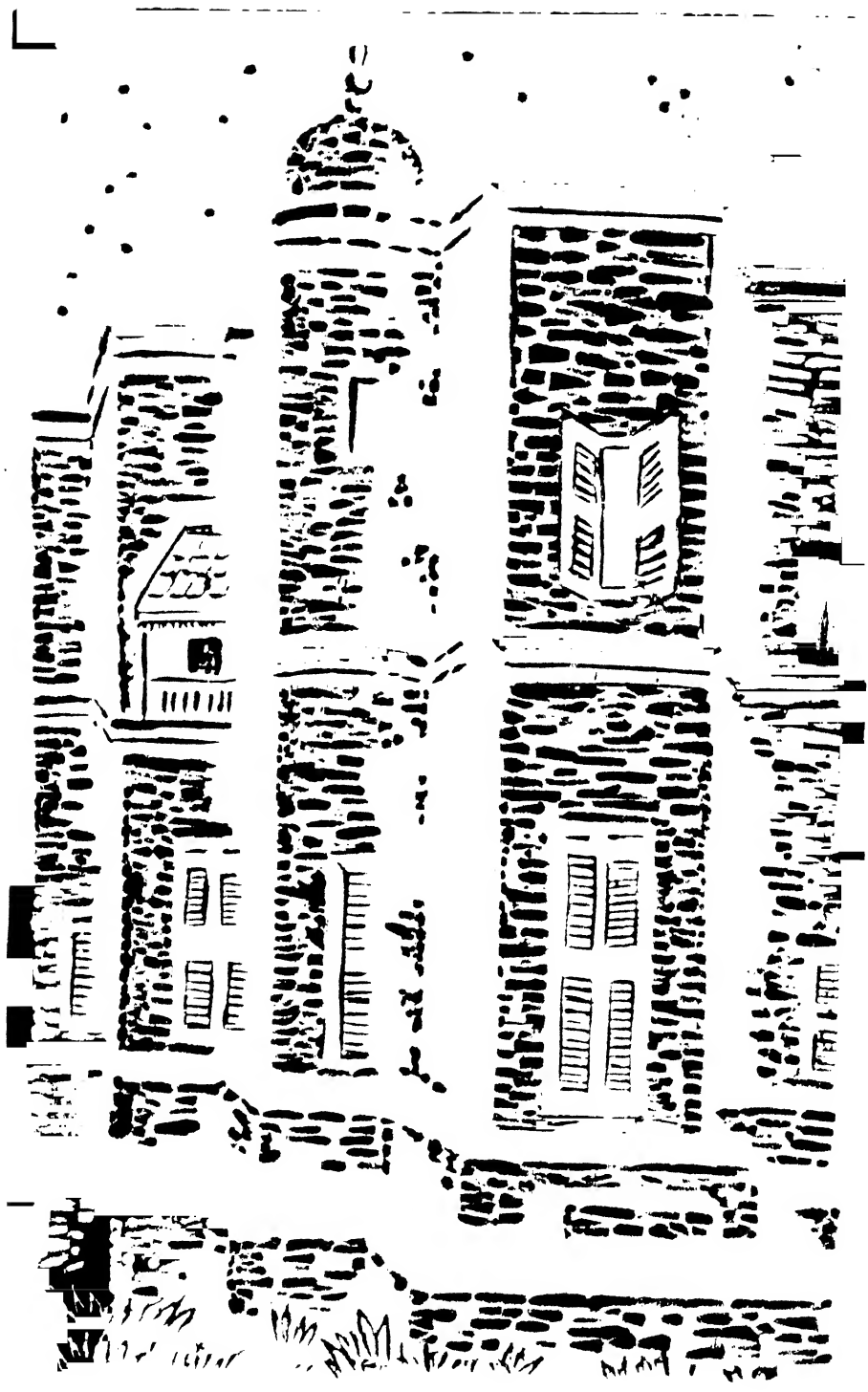
In order to tell my story, I shall begin, not in the order of my own experience, but rather from the point of view of the history of the world ; and here, Asia takes the first place without a rival among the great Continents. For Asia was surely the Mother of the human race ; and through many historical generations, it was from Asia rather than from any other Continent that there went forth words of spiritual wisdom and supreme religious message. If I had to take the key-note and secret of Asia, I should name it at once in a single word "Religion", using that great word in the sense of the realisation of the unseen spiritual world which moulds and fashions our human lives. The two personalities, who have left the deepest impression on human history, Gautama the Buddha and Jesus Christ of Nazareth, were both born in Asia. So was Muhammad, the Prophet of Islam. It is also a striking fact that has often been repeated that every great Founder of religion was born in Asia. For there is not a single universal religion in past human experience that did not spring from Asia.

India stands in the very centre of Asia, as one of its greatest countries ; and India is the home of many religious movements. There was one man born in India, to whom I have already referred, whose religious genius is only second to that of Christ, namely Gautama, the Buddha. He lived five hundred years before Christ, and taught men and women in those early days to forgive one another instead of retaliation ; to follow their conscience with pure minds and to sacrifice life itself for the good of humanity. Gautama, the Buddha, has not yet come to full recognition in world history. What he really did for our race is not yet understood. In the West, we have hitherto not learnt

North America owes its own original modern civilisation to Europe. There were material civilisations before Columbus came, but they did not survive. This earlier population perished before the irresistible advance of the Spanish conquerors. Therefore, just as in Australia and New Zealand one of the European races is today working out a new destiny, so also in North America the European races combined have found a new field of human experiment. What then has appeared to me the one outstanding feature of North America as I have tried to explore and appreciate it ? How does it differ from Europe ? How does it also differ from Australia ? I have found this question very hard to answer. But at last it has seemed to me that North America is going to give us a new, creative and architectonic view of human life,—that is on one side material, based on solid earth, but stretching up to the skies in its ideal aspects. I have never forgotten the sight which first greeted me in the New World, when I opened my eyes outside New York Harbour and saw those soaring buildings reaching up to heaven and yet based on rock as firm and as strong as the eternal mountains.

South America, I have left to the last. There can be no doubt left in my own mind, that it stands for racial equality and racial fusion. Amid much that has been crude and reactionary, in its past history, there has been this one factor which has stood out like a beacon pointing the way to a weakening down of barriers of colour and race in the future when all humanity shall be one.





INDIA AND CHINA :

Their union through Buddhism

Kshiti Mohan Sen

NOT to know one's own self truly is indeed a misfortune ; for ignorance is always dangerous, and ignorance of self most of all. But to achieve a state of sober self-enlightenment our own unaided efforts are not sufficient ; we need the help of some outside agency. This latter, we may compare to a mirror which must be used for finding out what we look like. If the mirror is not sufficiently plain and clear, the reflection of our face will stand distorted in it. Hence the instrument through which we may really complete our knowledge of ourselves can be nothing other than a good friend. It is through the mirror of his heart spoilt neither by self-interest nor any other sordid motive, that we may know our own selves in a proper manner.

For the history of their own culture the Eastern countries are nowadays to depend considerably on the Western peoples ; the patience and industry displayed in this subject by scholars amongst the latter are worthy of great admiration. But a few questions may be asked here. Does this mirror always keep sufficiently clean and smooth to reflect the true picture we want ? Does it not occasionally allow itself, in spite of its best features, to be distorted by the bias of motive and interest ? And should we continue to depend on this appliance which may often be defective ? To our great regret we cannot give to this question answers that will be flattering to the appliance. The relation between the East and the West is, at present, certainly not very much of love and friendship. All this has spoilt the great chance of mutual understanding which might have borne unique results. We cannot help wishing that things had been otherwise.

We may, however, still try to see if we can yet find a friend who will help us in discovering ourselves, I believe such a friend exists in China whose relation to India in the past is a matter of great pride for the peoples of both these countries. So much about outside help. We should not, however, lay all the blame at the door of the defective outside agent. The defect of our own vision should also be given its

due share of censure. Our own biased vision may stand in the way of our knowing India properly. A real danger occurs when our prejudice and narrow outlook seek to discover in India an image of our own creation and identify the ancient Indian culture solely with the activities of the Vedic or Indo-Aryan people. We shall discuss here this altogether distorted view and try to discover the powerful forces which throughout her long history have gone to develop India's best ideals and traditions which have never ceased to find admirers and votaries in the world.

The specialists are almost unanimous nowadays in holding that India had a culture vast and manifold even before the Vedic or the Indo-Aryan people entered this land somewhere about 2000 B. C. Along with this fact must be remembered that other and different races entered India in later times and made the land their home. Thus in the investigation of the history of the religions and spiritual experiences of the Indian people we are to come across traces of different strata which belong to different races and times. The history of Indian religion is in striking contrast to that of the invasion of Australia and America by European culture, which did not stop till it practically killed the local culture and religion, and, sometimes, the entire population. Never do we meet in Indian history with any such attempt to exterminate the old heritages of a people. It may be that such a thing was not possible or it was not necessary at all ; but it must also be admitted that the motive for such action was wanting in the ancient Indian culture which never did crave for a dead uniformity, a love of which seems to have characterised the spread of Christianity by Europeans. Before the zealous advance of their religion in different lands the older cultures and religions had to vanish without leaving any palpable traces, and the growths, in later times, of acute disorders have thus been averted very effectively. Nothing analogous to this has happened in India and it is for this reason that we are nowadays face to face with various social and religious problems which can be and are utilized with advantage by parties whose interests are hostile to the best aspirations of India.

Even before the coming of the Vedic people, religious forces, one after another, came to India from the outside but they did not try to annihilate one another. On the contrary they lived together as neighbours. Many were the religions and cultures which flourished side by side and bestowed on Indian civilisation a wealth of culture, unique in variety, broadening the religious mind of her people.

The fact that various cultures, together with their peculiar religious ideas and practices, have met together in India, has made the land a very suitable place for the study of comparative religion. But this situation, unfortunately, is not at all favourable to the growth of political power. Yet we find throughout her history India generously giving shelter to all religions that came within her borders. It cannot be said that there was any weakness at the back of it. For in most cases her hospitality was sought when the guest was in an extremely helpless condition. For example, soon after the rise of Christianity, at a time when it could scarcely dream of any political backing it enjoys at the present day, there came to southern India some Christians who were cordially and hospitably received, though India has had a strange reward for this act of goodness. For, a school of western scholars is now resolved on proving that all the best and most beautiful doctrines of Indian religious systems were the gift of these new-comers.

When in the name of Islam, plundering hordes of Arabs swooped down upon Persia and tried to make an end of the old religion of the land, a band of fire-worshippers, the forefathers of our Parsees, came to India and found a ready asylum. For centuries India has cherished them in her bosom like her own children. Even if some Parsees do not care nowadays to recognise their debt to this land of their adoption, India can never be said to have been found wanting in her duty to them.

A similar story of India's generosity towards foreign religions is met with in the history of the Jains. The wife of Vastupala, famous equally in Jain legends and history, caused shrines to be built for the adherents of different religious sects even when they were not Jains. Among these were not only seven hundred Brahmanic temples but also eighty-four mosques. Now, all this favour was shown to Islam when as a political power it was yet insignificant in India. Yet in what vandalic manner the Turkish kings, professing Islam, treated the followers of different Indian religions, every close student of Indian history knows.

But to return to our subject, when the Vedic people came to India the older religions and cultures of the land began to assume, as a result of its contact with this new force, various novel forms. Even in the absence of any direct evidence, we can make such an assumption ; for had there been no influence of the pre-Vedic cultures the civilisation of the Indian Aryans could never have attained the unique

development we witness in historic time. There are Aryans outside India, but Indian Aryans differ from them all in possessing a number of religious ideas and spiritual achievements to which the former were strangers. And, besides this, among Indian Aryans of later times we find some wealth of ideas and achievements which we do not find among the early Vedic Aryans.

All these phenomena cannot be explained by postulating a course of natural development. For in later time came in certain ideas and practices which were against the spirit of the Vedic religion. On a close observation of the latter we find that the Vedic people have for a long time tried to shut out certain things which were never allowed in the vicinity of their sacrificial circle and which have lived because they have lived through the common people and their speech (*prakṛita*).

Besides this we see that the germs of these developments are still lingering in one shape or another, among the non-Aryan tribes, and all this gives us ground for our belief that the great pre-Aryan share in the making up of Indian culture is not purely hypothetical. Recent discoveries in Harappa and in Mohen-jo-daro supply corroborative evidence. It is among these archeological finds, placed by specialists in the third millenium before Christ at the latest, that we find the evidence of the existence of Yoga and allied practices. Thus it is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain our old idea about the pure Indo-Aryan origin of Indian culture.

In the earlier part of the Vedic age which represents a purer Indo-Aryan culture we do not meet with some of the richest developments of Indian spiritual ideas which appear later. Few are aware of the fact that concepts with which we are so familiar in our daily life and practice—concepts like *atma*, *paramatma*, transmigration, liberation, *nirvana*, *yoga*, renunciation, non-violence, etc. are unknown to the early Vedic literature. Love, devotion and compassion, that we find referred to, are of so very ordinary kind that they might well be regarded as quite different from the same names which occur in the Upanishads and the later parts of the Vedas. It may be that these later developments are not totally due to pre-Aryan influence and were the product of a clash and synthesis of the two cultures; in any case an exclusive Indo-Aryan claim to them may no longer be maintained. With all our effort to recognise the proper share of the pre-Aryan contribution to the evolution of Indian culture we can not claim that only the choicest things came from that source. Quite a great part

of the popular view on religion, together with what we may call various superstitious beliefs, is to be traced to pre-Aryan culture ; for example the worship of Sakti and other goddesses, the different *tantric* rites, phallus worship and the worship of animals, trees, rivers and bathing places surely came from that source.

As the sacrifice formed the core of the Vedic religion the sacrificial ground was the place around which the Vedic culture and education flourished. On the other hand the pre-Aryan people had their *tirthas* or bathing places as their centres of culture and religion. All this was due to a belief in the sanctity of water which existed in India long before the Aryans came and an evidence of which is to be found in the relics discovered in Mohen-jo-daro.

Thus from a very remote time we meet with the followers of the Vedas as well as the Tairthikas who were connected with *tirthas*. Buddha, Mahavira and other great teachers belonged to the latter group and were opposed to the teaching of the Vedas. The Jains call their teachers Tirthankaras (makers of *tirthas*) and they identify their *tirthas* with the highest spiritual doctrines which are notoriously free from the Vedic teachings. Masters of Indian philosophical systems like Kanada and Kapila have been called adepts in such heretical doctrines.

According to the Vedas the gods are superior to man ; while the Tairthikas are for giving the highest attention to man, to the exclusion of the deities. The highest aim of the Vedic people was the ideal of a house-holder's life in this world and pleasures of a heavenly life in the next, while the ideal which inspired the Tairthikas is a life of renunciation here and final liberation (*nirvana*) or complete cessation of worldly desires hereafter. They believed that the true religion began with practising the control of our passions and this latter led to the realisation of perfect poise and harmony within oneself. An exposition of the method establishing this harmony has been given by Gotama Buddha and other great men like him. In fact Buddhism is not an accidental phenomenon in the religious life of India. It was the good old principles, like love and non-killing, that Buddha gave life to by his noble character and career. Viewed in this light Buddhism is organically connected with Indian tradition, which in its best aspect, gave emphasis to things human.

Thus in later Vedic time Indian religion began gradually to come under the influence of yoga, bhakti and other kinds of mysticism which are already manifested in the older Upanishads, and a very

marvellously rich development of Indian religion followed. The richness of ideas in a culture presupposes a great variety of them. But variety in this matter led to the growth of different schools of opinion, the result of which was not altogether happy. We wish very much that a synthetic outlook could discover the essential unity among the apparently different opinions, but due to some weakness inherent in human nature it became otherwise : some of the schools were discriminated against and were considered inferior. Thus variety brought in strange inequality. It was in this manner that followers of some of the schools gradually came to be out-casted. But India did not accept this condition without a protest. The mission of her great men like Rama, Krishna, Buddha and Mahavira has always been to unite all people by removing the artificial barriers of inferiority. To them only India pays an eternal homage and not to conquerors on the battle-field. Most of these great men were Kshatriyas (warriors) who together with the Brahmans (priests) enjoyed an intellectual life. Now some amount of intellectual life is necessary for getting at new truths and for accepting them. Thus compared with others the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas were favourably placed. But of the two groups the Kshatriyas had a better opportunity in this matter ; for unlike the Brahmans whose mind was prone to be narrowed down by the mechanical repetition of ritualistic practices, they had a mind disinterested and comparatively free. It was probably for this reason that as philosophers the Kshatriyas are found to be occupying the very front rank in the ancient history of India.

Surrounded on all sides by various pre-Aryan cults, which were followed by a numerically strong section of the people, the Vedic religion was in constant fear of being lost. Probably for this reason it was ever busy in defending its boundaries. Hence it became narrow and exclusive and had no chance of assimilating others. In contrast, the later religions which were characterised by yoga and bhakti and spiritual knowledge were inclusive and many outsiders had been assimilated by them ; for example, in Buddhism, Jainism and in the various sects of Siva and Vishnu, many alien people such as the Scythians, and the Huns had been taken in from a very ancient time.

This in brief has been the course of stratification in Indian culture. Let us have a more detailed view of the different strata. The Aryans came down to India to find already existing a great civilization of remote antiquity. A glimpse of this civilization, far superior to any thing of the kind possessed by the Aryans, is to be had

in the archaeological discoveries of Mohen-jo-daro which have revealed to our wondering eyes the traces of magnificent town-planning, roads, palaces, drains, sewers and reservoirs of water, highclass craftsmanship, jewellery, sculptural designs and the execution of human figures and of plant and animal life as they existed in the pre-Aryan India over three thousand years before Christ. We do not know whether the demon Maya of Mahabharata, the reputed builder of Yudhisthira's council-hall, was in any way related to the authors of this civilization. The wonderful description given in the Ramayana of Ravana's city Lanka, with its magnificent palaces, parks and other objects, seems also to carry us back to some rich pre-Aryan culture.

How was it that the pre-Aryan people enjoying a richer and superior culture succumbed to the Aryans? An answer to this is possibly to be found in the fact that the latter possessed horses and armours, which were unknown to these pre-Aryan Indians. In spite of their inferior numbers Aryans were well organised and were good fighters and thus they could win. Pre-Aryan Indians had to come under the influence of the conquerors' culture, but the course of the older culture could not be totally arrested and had its revenge later. It lived, and, silently and gradually, absorbed the culture of the Aryans who thus sustained a subtler defeat at the hands of the people they conquered.

The Aryans ascribed leadership to their gods while the pre-Aryan folk were for relying on man. Their heaven was placed in this world and not in the next. According to them, a heavenly bliss was attainable within oneself by the practice of self-control and quietude.

Possibly as a result of the synthesis of the two different views, man gradually came to realise Soul within his own frame and the Universal spirit within the entire creation. Realization in either case, however, glorified man, the contents of whose inner life were far superior to any heavenly wealth. As 'guru' (the spiritual guide) was to lead to the path of this kind of realization, he was deemed greater than a god. In fact the position of guru was unique. Thus in the present case gods were to stand below human beings. Even the Universal spirit which was but an abstract idea became gradually humanized into Paramesvara, and this humanization is to be noticed in the conception of Siva, Vishnu and the Adi-Buddha of the Mahayana Buddhism. There is no wonder that this human conception of the Divinity gave emphasis to practices of *bhakti* (devotion), *prema* (love) and similar other qualities.

We do not know what Buddhism was in its beginning, but as it spread through ages to different regions the followers of this religion became divided into many sects. This differentiation, however inconvenient to the modern student of its history, rebounds to the glory of the people who lived in those times and regions. For, any principle, if it is living, must adapt itself to its surroundings, and an absence of such adaptation must be attributed to its barrenness which is far from glorious. The man who keeps wealth and knowledge enclosed within a dead material case, without any chance of development, is scarcely worth the name.

The chemical analyst is concerned with inert objects but the biologist deals with life, and will handle only living beings. Those who like the analyst, interest themselves in the words of the Buddha in their pristine purity, will have to look for them in dead canonical writings, for in the hearts of the living people no such things will be found. As Buddha's principle of religion ingrained in Indian nature developed like living things and assumed various forms, the Vedic religion gradually came to be absorbed by them. This is but one of the many instances. New religions of popular origin very slowly overpowered the Vedic mode of worship. A knowledge of this fact, however painful to the upholders of the theory of Vedic origin of Indian culture, will appear natural enough when seen along with the biological phenomenon that one living thing eats up another. Though in our daily life we may invoke every now and then the authority of the Vedas, very penetrating researches will be necessary to discover any traces of those holy books in our present-day social and religious activities.

To return to the expansion of Buddhism, this Indian religion on its arrival in China gradually gave rise to various sects in response to the varied local conditions. Lack of such development would have been discreditable to the great and ancient Chinese culture which in that case might have been charged with intellectual and spiritual barrenness.

The present-day religion of India, in spite of its very slight Vedic colouring, is saturated with the spirit of Buddhism. Raja Rajendra Lal Mitra, one of the greatest Indologists of the last century, was the first man to hit upon this truth, but the great Brahmin scholar who has established this on firm basis of incontrovertible fact was the late Mahamahopadhyaya Hara Prasad Shastri. Writings of this eminent scholar and his followers on the Dharmapuja and allied subjects contain invaluable information on this point.

In 1924 while Rabindranath Tagore was in Peking, a deputation of Buddhists came to meet him at his residence in Tse Jah Hutung. Among them were great and leading Chinese, like King Su, Chang Wen Hsiong, H. T. Hsü, Tng Ben Chun, H. T. Li and others who asked the poet about the number of Buddhists in India. In reply the Poet said that Hinduism in its growth had absorbed Buddhism so that the latter existed equally among the modern Hindus. In fact the development of the Indian religion has been such that it would not be correct to call it either Vedic or Buddhist. The story of this development has its parallel in the course of the Ganges. Starting in quest of the source of the holy river, we come upon a streamlet which is very insignificant in itself but having been joined by various other streams it has gradually assumed the size of a big river. Now even the most orthodox among the Hindus are willing to accept the entire Ganges as sacred in spite of their clear knowledge of the various tributaries which feed the great river and make it what it is.

In Christianity too the same process of development has been at work. And this fact is very well known to students of Europe's cultural history. Most of the customs, rituals and festivals connected with Christianity are very scarcely connected with what Christ actually said and did. But some of the Western Orientalists in their treatment of Eastern religions are apt to forget these facts.

Just as the waters of the various streams after coming in contact with the Ganges no longer retain their own separate names and come to share the geographical situation of the great river, the various pre-Vedic and Vedic elements which came to the Indian religion could no longer retain their individual character and came collectively to be called Indian religion. As "Hind" means India, "Hindu" etymologically means Indian ; thus Indian religion is equivalent to Hinduism.

In its homeland too Buddhism has changed from age to age and has many sectarian divisions. This sort of change or development was inevitable. But the difference between the present-day Hinduism and the various Buddhist sects of those days could not be so sharp as the differences between those sects themselves. In China too Buddhism has naturally changed a great deal and it has divided itself into many sects, but the present-day Hinduism probably does not differ so much from the original Buddhism as the Chinese Buddhism does. Hence the Buddhists of China should have no reason to consider Hindus as belonging to a different religious faith. It has already been mentioned that a religion is bound to change according to time and

circumstances. Absence of such change reflects discredit on the people who profess that religion; and the historian who fails to appreciate the inner unity in the apparent diversity worked by time and circumstances, does not deserve the name.

It can scarcely be imagined nowadays how much fighting and bloodshed characterised the relation between the different Christian sects of the middle Ages, made notorious by their Inquisition and similar inhuman institutions. But in spite of this some Christian writers, knowing full well that the Hindus and the Buddhists taken together will far outnumber the Christians, very cleverly try to forestall such a step by starting a discussion about the history of the various quarrels that took place in the past between the two great religions of Indian origin and conclude with an air of disinterestedness that the Hindus and Buddhists are too different from each other to be classed together. But they ought to know that the bitterness with which the various Christian sects fought each other throughout medieval Europe can scarcely be paralleled by any clash that ever took place between the Buddhists and non-Buddhists of India. The nominal conflicts that have occurred from time to time between them are to be compared with quarrels between different members of the family who are related in blood. And this kind of clash has no peculiarity about it, for different sects of the Hindus such as Saivas, Saktas and Vaishnavas and the adherents of different Schools and sub-schools of Indian philosophy too have often had quarrels among themselves, which were equally intense. In spite of these occasional instances of intolerance against one another's faith we find epigraphic evidence of different sects demonstrating benevolence towards their rivals, for example, we find inscriptions, recording the donation of a Saivite King for the building of Buddhist temples, grant of land for Vaishnava temples by a Buddhist monarch, the building of a Buddhist temple by a Vaishnava King; instances of the building of Brahmanic and Islamic shrines by a Jain woman have already been mentioned. Can we gather any such instance from the whole of European history before modern time? But this sort of mutual regard among the different religious sects was no uncommon thing in India which in modern time has developed an unfortunate spirit of antagonism among the different religious sects, due no doubt to the machinations of some interested groups.

Queer ideas about the Chinese religion are current in India. Even a very short stay in China has made us conscious of the great in-

justice we have been, for a long time, doing to a great people. Similar has been the case in China with regard to India and her religion. But one very hopeful aspect even of this very deplorable situation is that it is only the educated persons (who gather their informations mostly from printed things) and not the common people of the two countries, that entertain wrong ideas about one another. Hence it may be hoped that if some lively intercourse between the two countries is established and carried on in proper manner then all the misunderstanding will be a thing of the past. It may be mentioned in passing that oriental peoples have mostly very strange ideas about one another for reasons hinted above and our best efforts should be devising means for mutual understanding.

Indian teachers who in early times carried Buddhism to China did not consider it to be anything that could be isolated from India's culture, her philosophy, literature, various arts, crafts and sciences etc. It is for this reason that we see there many non-religious things carried to China along with Buddhism. The great Chinese people too did not care for their non-religious character and have very carefully translated and preserved many important works on these subjects and have improved upon the arts and sciences they received. This idea may not be very pleasing to our orthodox people, who will probably say that due to its contact with an alien environment the purity of Indian culture has been lost. But the historian of cultures will not listen to such silly things, for he knows full well that time-worn and rather devitalised culture can be strengthened only by introducing some fresh blood in the shape of a culture like that of the Chinese not too incompatible. Thus we have every reason to welcome back our Indian culture, now enriched by contact with the Chinese in their land.

If this culture had remained without any change whatsoever even after its long sojourn in a continent possessing a vast ancient civilization then it would have been a very deplorable thing indeed. Lack of any spiritual contribution from a country which was sanctified by such great teachers as Lao Tse, Confucius, would have been a puzzle indeed.

IBN 'ARABI : A GREAT MYSTIC

M. Ziauddin

IBN 'ARABI stands out from amongst the rest of Muslim Sufis as one unique in greatness of personality. It is difficult to give an idea of his peculiar greatness in a few words. To know him well one must first have a thorough acquaintance with the essential elements of Sufism with all its metaphysics. Among the multitude of saints that Islam has produced there is perhaps none who has left such a distinctive stamp on Muslim thought. He ranks foremost, not only among those who have founded original schools of Sufism, but also among those who through their personal spiritual experiences have brought Truth nearer to human life and understanding. Ibn 'Arabi tried to keep the truth of his realization in harmony with reason. Absolutely sure and definite to the last detail in the exposition of his spiritual understanding of things,—in which sphere he stands on the same level as the prophets of God,—he had, what most prophets have lacked, the fullest intellectual grasp of his position in the sphere of logic and common sense. With men of God, this has been rather a rare quality. A man thus constituted could not avoid being a blending of traditional faith and rank heresy. This blending is so perfect that you cannot distinguish the man of faith without setting off the great heretic in him.

Muhyi'l-Din Muhammad Ibn 'Arabi was born in 1165 A. D. at Murcia in Spain. In 1202 A. D. he visited Hijaz (Arabia) and lived at Mekka for a long time. He visited some of the important cities of upper Arabia and died at Damascus in 1240 A. D. He wrote about three hundred books. Two of these, The *Fatūhāt* and the *Fuṣūṣ* are particularly well known. This present account is mainly based upon the latter.

Ibn 'Arabi's system is known as *Wahdatul-wajūdiyyah*, that is, the system which upholds the Unity of Being in Creation. The Creator and the created are essentially one. Creation continues to exist so long as God continues to know it in Himself.

Ibn 'Arabi divides religion into two classes : The Natural and the Artificial. What he considers to be the natural religion of "beings" is their surrender (*islām*) to the Will in Creation. Man's natural religion consists in his natural habits and inclinations which are always

in perfect accord with the Will working in them. Hence man's religion is his nature, divine or otherwise, and he is pious who is true to his nature as man.

Human nature is varied and manifold ; it comprehends in its fold the brute and the angel with all the intermediate gradations. Admitting all these gradations for practical purposes, this division would have to be considered an imposition of the judgment of our analytical mind on nature, which in itself is whole and undivided. Actions brutal or angelic are natural and just, as long as they are in obedience to the law of their nature, their original impetus. Therefore it is not possible to be unnatural and yet be religious. Since behaviour is always in obedience to the potential forces working in all creatures, they always act in harmony with the inner urge of their being—the law of their nature. Very often, as in the case of man, there are forces in the same individual which contradict themselves, and while these contradictory elements have the same tendency of appearing in action, which affords them the satisfaction of realizing themselves, yet those that actually show themselves in action, do so in exact obedience to the law which controls their entire being. Nothing ever occurs just accidentally. The law that rules all movement is "the creative will of Allah—on which are moulded the natures of beings," (Koran), who all follow their natures.

God's Will is the law. Action in accordance with that law proceeds, consciously or unconsciously, through the medium of beings. To act submissively is the vital tendency of all beings, their religion, as Ibn 'Arabi would like to put it. The creator materialises His knowledge by the working of the power of His will, in the objects He visualises into creation. Man realizes his latent powers through actions and is thus, simultaneously with God, creating his own nature, his religion. In so far as man tries to realize God through actions, bodily or mental, he, in fact, helps God to realize Himself. God's creative function is thus, indirectly, ascribable to man himself.

Artificial religion is the path that man strikes out for himself. Take for example the wilful renunciation of the world by a hermit. Ibn 'Arabi calls such an individual course artificial, not because it is actually an artificial one, (that definition would directly contradict his conception of the natural religion), but only because it does not conform to the universal rule of life ; it is destructive and cannot be conceived of as natural to man. Such a course is strictly individual and leads man to the negation of life and goes diametrically opposite

to the universal plan of action which God has undertaken to work out. However that might be, renunciation of life being a negative aspect of the Will that accepts life, Ibn 'Arabi has to admit it in the general scheme of the natural law of Religion. God may affirm Himself, he reflects, in the most negative gesture of His devotee. And when devotees of such exclusive ways of worship find the Divine revealed in their hearts, they naturally begin to extol their individual "path" of worship. Ibn 'Arabi says the followers of individual paths too follow the Will of Allah in their persons. Hence all individual approaches to Him, however unconforming to the traditional faith, are to be considered justified in the eye of the law of Religion—The Will of Allah.

This brings us to the consideration of the so-called lawful and unlawful actions in religion, the ethical consideration of the behaviour of man. As long as our ethical criterion for judging actions as good or evil exists, or as long as our utilitarian value of the useful and the not-useful exists, one must regard some actions as good and some bad. Religions ascribe virtue to actions that follow the commands of God as recorded in Scriptures, and sinfulness to those that do not. Ibn 'Arabi as a faithful believer admits actions to be good or bad as judged by the Koran or the verdict of the Prophet. If these two classes of actions are admitted, the principle of reward and punishment has to follow suit of necessity. Ibn 'Arabi admits all this, but the explanation that he offers is subtle and an original one. His explanation renders all evil actions finally as good, as meritorious. For, "The possibility of every action is potential," says he, "and every action can only reflect what is potential in it." (*Faḥṣ al-Yaḥṣībī*). Meaning thereby that what is potential in human actions is the 'thought-force' of the energy that Allah has set to work in man and beast and stone. Possibilities of actions, governed by their ever-changing circumstances, which are metaphysically speaking, the 'thought-forms' emanating from His Will, only reflect in the mirror of time and space the details of His knowledge. There can be, therefore, no final standard for judging good and evil. The only standard that would work is the bent of the Will realizing itself in the Universe. As this Will happens to be eternally in a state of flux and evolution, man can have no hope of standardising the degrees of Good and Evil. Ibn 'Arabi thinks evil as necessary in this world as good itself. It is only God's mercy that descends through good as well as evil. "Evil in its own nature is pure and pleasant;" says Ibn 'Arabi, "and in the sight of Allah evil is as good as good is evil. Where is that good, which cannot be turned into evil?"

His argument is: "Originally, the creatures as such being non-existent, what is apparent in reality is the 'self-expression' of Allah, revealed in the nature of the basic 'thought-forms' of beings." Will being responsible for all forms and actions, good or bad, Ibn 'Arabi says, "It is He Himself who blesses Himself and inflicts punishment upon Himself" (*Faṣṣaḥat*). This is the only logical conclusion that can be drawn from the theory. *The Virtuous are as much slaves of their nature as the sinful are.* That good and evil natures exist by the sanction of Allah, and that the good and evil elements are equally natural to man, Ibn 'Arabi explains by describing the position of a God-sent reformer with regard to his disciples. He compares the prophet to a physician; and just as a physician in the treatment of a patient tries to assist the vitality of the body in its efforts to resist and finally to eradicate the disease from the body, a prophet, like-wise, does only help his followers to recover their potential powers to act virtuously. And thus, the prophet in his task of reforming his people only submits to the will of Allah in nature, and does not impose anything upon humanity of his own account.

Retribution and reward, according to Ibn 'Arabi, are the natural effects of their causes, natural consequences of actions—*‘aḳābat*, that is, "what must follow necessarily." He defines religion as *‘adat*, that is "habit", or "what reveals its natural content by repeated actions." Hence his conclusion that religion is the tendency of a being to return repeatedly to its original impetus, as does a part towards its whole by internal attraction. Recoiling back to the original source of emanation is the central tendency of all religion. But this is speaking relatively. No recoiling movement or devolution can, in any sense be applied to the Will. It knows no stepping back. What appears to be a backward movement to the original impetus in man, is in reality a progressive unveiling of the Truth in his mind. This progressive unveiling of the truth is an eternal fact; and Ibn 'Arabi delights to reflect that every moment of our life we actually absorb God in our being, we acquire Him by letting Him "think out" the movements of our lives, we do occupy Him by calling on Him to solve our difficulties and fulfil our needs. This process, he says, is eternal, and it is easy to see that as individuals we can never realize Him completely.

As to our knowledge of God, we can only know Him as Creator and never as He is in His being. If we try to grasp Him through

our intellect, we will find that the elements of our thoughts and feelings that mould our mental attitude and form the body of our beliefs about God, are unceasingly in a state of flow, disintegrating and gathering together ever to evolve into newer forms of beliefs, from newer angles of views, with fresher combinations of ideas. To attain Him completely and once for all would mean, nothing short of complete disintegration of the basic metaphysical 'thought-designs' of our individuality. If you see in this state the *nirvana* of a Buddha, it contains all the essentials of *pralaya* too. While *Alghazzālī* believed in the possibility of man's being able to realize God in His Absolute Being, which he defined as *Ṣifr* (zero), Ibn 'Arabi denies it. He says: "If the qualities of our own being were removed from our conception of God, He would cease to be our God." We are bound to give Him the qualities of our senses, of our 'thought-images' and by qualifying Him thus with our "self", *we make Him our God*. That is why He cannot be known to us unless we know ourselves." Without the conception of the creature no creator can be intelligible to us.

"Whatever is not-God (*ma-sawā*)", says Ibn 'Arabi, "is His shadow." Whatever is not-God is nevertheless dependent upon Him. Another analogy is that of a mirror and the reflection in it.

Whatever is not God is like a reflection of Him absolutely bound up with Him. Hence, we are after the universe, so many reflections of Him. And He is in ourselves like a tree in its seed, like oil in the flame of a burning lamp, inseparably connected with Him. The shadow projected out of a thing indicates not so much the presence of the thing as its absence. Whatever is not-God does not in fact exist ; it is simply the lack of existence marking out the range of non-existence. Is creation then the negative side of God ? Is it a structure of shadows, a cosmic monument to the disappearance of God from the Universe ? Does it stand there to negate the presence of the Creator's Will ? Ibn 'Arabi does not believe the world to have come out of nothing. He finds that God Himself has descended into this creation, through His knowledge. Therefore, whatever is apparently not-God must necessarily exist in His knowledge, as part of His knowledge. In fact, whatever is not-God does not exist at all. We being the product of His knowledge are of the stuff of His Wisdom. We are His thoughts. "The truth of our existence is lodged in Him."

While expressing Himself, God divides His knowledge in

countless ways, limiting it in each conceivable limit. So much so that "wherever there is a thing limited it is He who is in fact limited. He pervades the creation in time and beyond time. Had it not been like this, existence would not have been perceptible to us *Excepting His no other form is capable of taking a form.* He is the Witness and the witnessed. He is the soul in the Universe."

Unlike most Muslim thinkers, Ibn 'Arabi declines to admit that the creation takes place out of nothing. The world did exist in one form or another. Creation, according to him, takes place among the things themselves and not in God. What God does is that He wills the already existing possibilities of matter to make themselves manifest and matter obeys. Thus, Fate means that God willed a certain thing to appear. We must remember that this pre-existence of things was in God's knowledge as part of His attributes. When things were fated to take the form of the creation, they were to follow the natural limitations of their 'selves', that is, their Divine 'thought-forms' and the possibilities in them. God's knowledge of things is likewise strictly confined to the natural limits of things. The *Qadr*, that is, "the effective fate", is simply defining the time of 'events' in space. These events connected with things take place according to the conditions preconceived in the nature of things themselves, in their 'thought-forms.' Nothing is ever added to or subtracted from the original "ideas" of things. Thus fate means with Ibn 'Arabi the preconditioned state of objects as it existed in the knowledge of God. This state is termed "*sirr*", the innermost secret of existence.

Hence God's position with regard to His creation is clear, it is not that of a juggler. Ibn 'Arabi compares Him to a judge, who decides the fates of the contending parties according to laws that pre-exist his award of judgment. He decides in favour of the existing laws. God is thus exactly what Materialists call Energy, which evolves itself in its normal course. This energy would seem to correspond with the 'thought-forces' or 'thought-forms' of Ibn 'Arabi.

Conforming to the same rational interpretation of fate as law, Ibn 'Arabi applies it to our religious conception of morality. Basing his judgment on the Koranic verse: "And Allah is on His straight path, guiding all things as He leads them by their foreheads"; he declares, "there is no possibility for anyone to go astray. None ever goes astray, none is ever cursed by Him." Another argument to the same effect is also quoted from the Koran. "His mercy and bliss compasseth all." Allah being "on His straight path", the Universe is ever in motion,

nothing stands still even for a moment. There is in fact no path but the one He treads on. Who can then have the audacity to go astray ? Which way would one go astray ? "His Face is whichever way you turn" (Koran). It is He who leads sinners on His straight path that leads to sin.

Yet the light that leads astray
Was light from Heaven. (Burns)

All this follows as logical necessity, Ibn 'Arabi does not shirk the consequences. Even when he ascribes sin to the sinning nature in man, he does not forget to ascribe virtue also to the virtuous part of human nature. And then both these aspects are said to be essentially the basic 'thought-forms' as existing actually in the knowledge of Allah. Punishment and reward proceed from causes as their natural effects, thus 'willed' in the knowledge of God. In God's eye, both sin and virtue stand on the same ground. In Ibn 'Arabi's peculiar style: "By sending sinners to Hell, Allah sends them to the place where they come very near to Him (the cause); and thus Hell undergoes a transformation for the sinners ;—owing to what they have deserved, they get the pleasure of coming in the proximity of Allah, for they were sinners and criminals". What the sinners thought to be "Hell, was in fact the distance they had conceived between themselves and their Lord." To be quite clear on this point, he proceeds: "And Allah has not bestowed this pleasant and high state on them as His favour, no, they have acquired it through the 'truth of their selves' (*haqā'iq*) and through their deeds which they had performed ; and they had been on their straight path of action, for their foreheads were directed by the hand of that Master who has that quality (of guiding). And these people had not got that way of their own accord. They were led that way by force—till they reached the very "proximity of Allah," (*Fuḥūḍiyyah*). This proximity in Koranic terminology signifies the highest bliss.

The sinners and the virtuous are both blessed by Allah, by returning straight to Allah, as He declares in the Holy Koran : "All things return to their origin". As the origin of all things is Allah Himself, every thing is blessed by returning unto Him.

And men are two kinds : those that know their path and know their destiny too ; and those that are ignorant of their goal. Their path is one ; it is the one that the Will has forced them to walk on. "They know the Truth who see that God Himself is the path ; for in truth men do walk in Him ; and what is more He alone is 'known.'

He is the Wayfarer. The creation is nothing other than Himself." "Now then", says Ibn 'Arabi, "consider the nature of the truth of your 'selves', and thereby realize the nature of your path." With Ibn 'Arabi, *kāfir* (the heretic) is only he who does not see Him. The principal cause of our ignorance is the extreme nearness of Truth to us. Ignorant is he who would know Him later.

Ibn 'Arabi, as must be clear from what I have said above, believes in a personal God. He identifies God with the "conception of the believing individual" ; beyond that God is ever unknown.

Every one believes in a God after his own heart. And a few also assert Him by apparently denying Him. In the heart of the believer God reveals Himself in the form dearest to him. Ibn 'Arabi says, "if He were to reveal Himself in a form unknown to His believer, His believer would flee from such an unfamiliar 'self-expression' of his Lord. And his turning back from such a spectacle would be quite in keeping with usual standard of human behaviour. For this refusal to acknowledge the strange God indirectly means respect shown to the God of his belief. A believer does not believe in a God other than the one he has framed in his heart. *Hence our Gods are the products of our minds (nafs).* That is why the Sufi is one who tries to get at the universality of knowledge ; he must have a view of all the various conceptions of Godhead as they are reflected in the 'self-knowledge' of Allah" (*Faḥḥūdiyyah*).

The individual, confined within his own mind, can only grasp a small part of the manifold beliefs that exist. Is it possible for an individual to realize the totality of beliefs ? Ibn 'Arabi himself denies the possibility of it in this world, when he says that, "the Day of Resurrection would be the Day that would present such a spectacle," that is, every body on that Day would be able to see the other's "faith-forms" of the Truth. However that might be, what he considers very important is that we must guard ourselves from the danger of excluding our God from the various different conceptions of God that others have. Our conception of Him should never be confined to a single form, because His is an eternal role of "self-expression." He is ever exceeding the limits of His self-expressions. "Guard yourselves," writes the Shaikh Akbar, "from denying Him in forms other than that of your own creed, that you may not lose the greater good ; for, otherwise, you do lose the proper understanding of the Truth. *Truth is never confined in any one form of belief.*" Among the conceptions of the creator, the perfect man must needs occupy the position of a princi-

ple that controls all its different branches and finer details, realizing at once the essence of the principles of all faiths ; for God is ever so much beyond the limits of a single faith. If we try to absorb Him through our mental efforts we will at once discover that the elements of our thoughts and the light of our spiritual sense that go to make up the sum of our belief in Him are unceasingly in a state of flux, expanding, breaking and building up into newer forms. To attain Him completely means simply the complete absorption of the individual in Him.

The man who does not limit himself to any particular conception of the Deity realizes Him in a greater number of forms, in which He moulds Himself. Allah reflects Himself in His Creation in an unending flow of forms, never exclusively confining Himself to any particular object or thought. The seer's knowledge of Him has to be of necessity progressive. Creation is ever evolving, "with each breath the self-same existence changes into a new one. Allah reveals Himself continuously and never is His 'self-expression' repeated." (*Faṣ Shu 'aiba*).

Allah has so willed that our ideas about the God-head are unending in their variety, ever developing into newer conceptions. In such a condition of things it is not possible for even the most ridiculous of beliefs to go absolutely wide of the mark. "It is thus fated," says Ibn 'Arabi, "that no one should ever be able to worship any but Allah. Every one of His 'self-expressions' has a form and is adored by a devotee." (*Faṣ Hārūnī*). Of the Gods man has conceived and worshipped, Ibn 'Arabi is of opinion that Desire is the greatest and the most vital. It is the greatest of the universal forms of His self-expression." Mankind worships this God with a zeal which no other God has ever aroused. None is ever tired of adoring and offering his sacrifices to it. Ibn 'Arabi considers that, as our knowledge of the objects of our desire and hope progresses at a tremendous speed, and is ever evolving towards deeper depths and higher flights we are ever getting nearer the Truth, nearer our God. As we marvel at our success and wonder at the discoveries we make we adore our God. Seated in our hearts, He goes on revealing Himself, ever filling us with wonder and the mystery of His truth. If we had no desires, God never would have been worshipped at all. Desire shows us our way to God. Desire is that dynamic power lodged in our hearts that launches us into the sea or His Being (*Faṣ Hārūnī*).

The desire for woman in man is great. Man loves her as he

loves himself, and so does woman love man. To put in Ibn 'Arabi's style, both are fated to love each other. The relationship of man to God, appears to Ibn 'Arabi the same as that of woman to man. It is through God that man and woman love each other so passionately. "Love between man and woman," says Ibn 'Arabi, "is complete because it is love by soul and body." When man sees his God in woman, it is in fact a view of His God reflected through his own person in woman. *"And God's reflection in woman is complete in the sense that in her alone is God viewed both as the Creator and the created."* The vision of the Creator which is conceived in female form, Ibn 'Arabi declares to be more complete than the abstract vision man may have in his own mind. Because, *"the Creator's vision can never be complete if it does not take account of the feminine principle in the Universe."* Woman stands to man in the same relation in which Nature stands to God. Man's attraction towards woman corresponds to God's attraction towards Nature. Man loves to enjoy the desires of his heart, and through this love he loves the object of his desire. If he were to know whom he loves and who enjoys in him, that moment he will be a perfect Man. Man's vision is blessed by his love—the light of Divine desire simply dazzles him. (*Faṣṣ Muḥammadiyyah*).



•FAREWELL, MY FRIEND !

Do you hear the rumbling of Time's chariot running along
crushing the darkness—

which in its agony shrieks out the stars ?

By the ruthless rush of its wheels, my friend,

I am whirled away from you to a cruel remoteness.

I feel like having been driven across diverse passages of death
and flung up at last on the hill-top of an alien day-break.

The familiar self of mine is torn into shreds

and thrown away by the speed-born wind

leaving no track behind for you to retrace and gather it again.

Then farewell, my friend !

May be some moments will arrive of lonely leisure

in the season of fading flowers and falling leaves,

when you will come upon some remnant of my being

in the corner of your paling remembrance.

May be like yesternight's exhausted lamp

it will still offer its flickering light to your dusk,

or vaguely appear to you like a figure of dream the name of which
is lost.

Yet, not a dream, for it is the truest of all truths that conquers
death—

it is my love.

I leave for you this changeless gift of mine while I am carried away
by the ever-shifting tide of time—

Farewell, my friend !

Nothing you have lost in losing me.

For may it not be possible for you to gather

some clay from my mortal stuff

and mould out of it the image of an immortal divinity

the meditation of which shall not be soiled by the taint of the actual,

or a single blossom from your offering

outraged by the assault of greedy passion ?

I shall no more be there to adulterate the vintage of your dreams

* A translation by the poet himself of his own poem making up the concluding portions of 'শেষের কবিতা', his own novel.

with my own longings soaked in tears ;
and if ever you create a vision in your mind
it will be free from all weight or consequence :
Farewell, my friend.
Do not grieve for me.
My cup of life is not broken to pieces ;
it still waits for its fulfilment
and it shall be my ceaseless endeavour to fill its vacancy.
I know of some devout soul who keeps watch for me in suspense,
who gathers flowers under the full moon for that bereaved time
when night grows dark round me,
who can accept me in an all-forgiving graciousness
through my insufficiency,
and I shall feel content when I surrender myself to him.
But with him my bounties will drip day by day in trickle,
and the favoured moments will slake their thirst
in slow gradual measures.
While what I have given to you is given once for all without stint,
over which you have your boundless dominion of ownership.
O my incomparable lover, my princely giver,
whatever I gave you was of your own giving,
even as you have accepted, I am beholden to you.
Now, my friend, farewell !



ABSTRACT ART

Nandalal Bose

IN response to the queries of some of our students I venture to put forth these few reflections on Abstract Art.

Let us, first of all, understand whether it is possible to paint a concept abstracted from the object without availing ourselves of its form, or forms pertaining to the same.

When we compare two different objects, say, the lotus-wand to human arm, we hint at a certain similarity between the "abstract" aspect of the one to the other. In this manner we may come to feel the abstract nature of the lotus-wand ; but to represent it without the help of some sort of form would perhaps be impossible.

Oriental artists in particular had devoted themselves to the representing of all manner of abstract concepts through the medium of "form", until they almost succeeded in capturing the formless itself. But lately a school of modern European painters are endeavouring to create impressions of particular natural phenomena independently of the forms attending on the same. There are some indeed who recognise the limitations of "form", but this particular school of the ultra-moderns aim at giving definite shape to the formless and the abstract, perceptible to our senses and yet dispensing with "form". If they succeed in their endeavour, they will have achieved a miracle. If they succeed in giving form to the speed of a horse without representing the horse, or if they succeed in portraying music, they will extend our empire over the impossible.

But then mere motion has in itself an element of rhythm, and there is a harmony in contours which can perhaps be shown by deft lines and the play of colours. We may take architecture and carpets as examples. But here too we can never be sure where exactly their artistic excellence lies, nor can we say what exactly they stand for. It appears to me that creators of such art draw most of their inspiration from the shape, character and harmony of the visible objects of Nature, however subconsciously such inspiration may work.

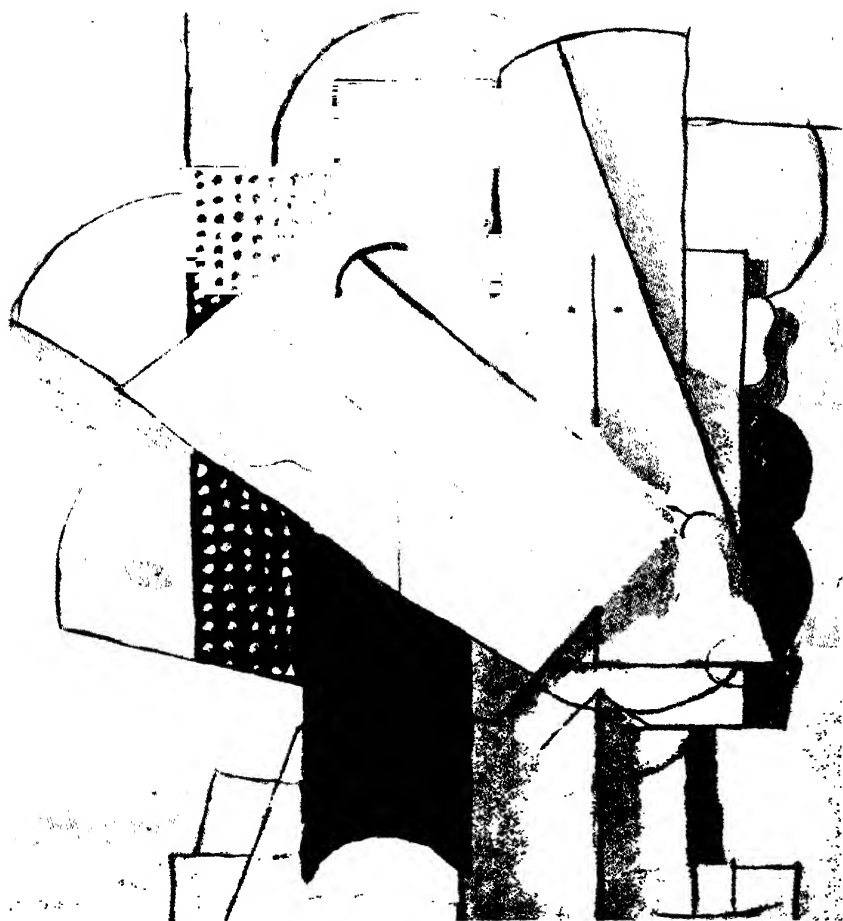
If the artist wants to represent an idea, otherwise inexpressible, by the help of lines and colours, he may as well borrow the form too of the visible objects of nature, which are, after all, constituted



STONE HEAD OF BUDDHA

Sarnath

(The Indian mode of approach in Abstract Art.)



HEAD OF A MAN TÊTE D'HOMME MANNEKOPF
1914

(The Analytic mode of approach in Abstract Art.)

of lines and colours themselves. Only he must not take more than a mere hint from such objects. So that we find there is not much difference from our point of view between the artistic creation of one who avails himself of the forms of objects as in nature and of him who invents his forms by re-arrangements of line and colour. How both of them achieve equally successful results is what we cannot fully explain. Those who claim to explain the inner significance of a work of art merely indulge in intellectual exercises. A picture should interpret itself. We may draw pleasure from it but to explain its subtleties in words is hardly profitable.

The fact is that all good art appeals to us as a whole. Lines and colours have all been assimilated into creating a single impression or a single rhythm, which will allow no division into mere parts. They are attuned to the harmony inherent in the picture, in keeping time to which they have their direction and play. That is why the artist oftentimes has to exaggerate and elaborate certain points and curtail others in the interest of a single unified effect.

To the oriental artist a picture is like a key which opens the door to the world of concepts. A picture to him is not merely a thing to be seen ; it acts as a sort of guide to a region where words are helpless.



A SONNET

Let me recount to thee life's myriad boons :
A being full of glories sudden-paled,
Time-linked to clouded suns and broken moons,
And through enormous shadows darkly trailed.

Dream-solitudes with funeral fires ringed
Round in a deep unbroken toss and leap,
A soul of countless wanderings and winged
Only for flight across slow realms of sleep.

Yea, these are boons, indeed, of high account
Significant with richnesses that reach
Heavenly intensities and lastly mount
Up to a hush unsung by song or speech.

Rung upon rung of loneliness I climb
Towards the Timeless veiled by lonely time.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

SHARAKU

Yone Noguchi

SHARAKU appeared and disappeared unexpectedly,—like a comet in the dead of night. What artistic training made him bear the fruits of his now famous theatrical portraits, and what made him retire from the world of block-engraving, is a question that teases and baffles our imagination.

The psychology of creating an artistic vogue always follows, I think, the customary rule that the creator has first to offend people. Sharaku gives his figures a little side-lock like a sparrow's wing on their newly-shaven green crowns. He draws the strangest eyes like the snail's round shell or a fish-hook placed upside-down. The mouths of his subjects are straight and form a distinct contrast with the eye-brows and the musical instrument he fashions in his symphony of black and white plays a devil's nocturne. If it is true that nature imitates art, many husbands of his time, I am sure, must have thought their wives' eye-brows looked as rhombic as those of Hanshiro or Tomisaburo in his prints, and many wives must have been frightened, as with Ryuzo's Ukiyo Matabei or Ebizo's Kaikoku Shungyoja, at the height of their husbands who almost reached the ceiling. Doubtless Sharaku was largely successful in his creation of a new fashion through offending one's sense of delicacy ; but having missed the final victory as an artist of fortune, he drew back from the line of battle. He reminds me of one who, though he had run up at a breath as high as the eighth station of Mount Fuji, could not attain its summit in the storm.

The prints of Sharaku were all made during the time from the fifth to the eighth years of Kwansei (1793-1796); I think that Ebizo's Kaikoku Shungyoja, a pilgrim wandering about the country, at the Miyakoza theatre in 1796, is his last print. Sharaku worked in the front rank only three years or a little more. I imagine that people of Yedo in the early Kyowa era, that is, a few years after Sharaku's retirement, might have been saying: "There was a fellow called Sharaku. He comes now to my mind, a funny print-maker who drew actors in the most atrocious fashion. He must have offended them ; but they are happily released from this nightmare now that Sharaku has

disappeared. Where is he these days, and what is he doing for a living ? Well, that is not my business." It is not difficult to believe that whatever general interest there was in Sharaku was soon buried in oblivion, and people ceased to think of him. People in general know how to court and truckle to the arts of their times ; but true criticism is a thing beyond their reach. Irrespective of age or country, art when it is truly good, has to wait many years for final acceptance.

It is probable that Sharaku thought he was making his actors look as real as possible ; but our admiration for him lies in the very fact that he was never a photographer who could only present reality as a fact. See how Oniji's Sadakuro raises his inverted eye-brows ! See again how his big nose bends down as if in search of dissipation, and how violently his mouth draws one horizontal line ! Who knows that Oniji had such a wonderful face as Sharaku has depicted ! Sharaku expressed more than Oniji's reality simply because he added an artistic effect, an effusion of his own peculiarity, to the actual fact of the actor himself ; Oniji was only used by Sharaku as a medium to express one aspect of artistic effect. No one would ever forget the Hosoban print, "Yonesaburo Matsumoto" when he had seen it ; it is the picture of a woman impersonator who carries a little wooden stand with a wine cup and bottle. I once commented on it saying: "It was William Blake who saw a wonderful symmetry in the lion. If he had ever seen a picture like this, he would have been surprised to know that even a Japanese has such symmetrical beauty of body." This little full-length figure of Yonesaburo is, I believe, the most distinguished print ever drawn by Sharaku, for his artistic licence has recreated the actor most cleverly.

The total number of prints produced by Sharaku is probably not more than one hundred and forty or fifty ; all of them show how men and women can reveal an extraordinary pose when recreated by an artist. Among the Hosoban full-size figures by Sharaku, there are many examples of human bodies expressing a mystical moment of high feeling with sarcasm or contempt. See how indignant and wily looks Tomisaburo ! I am sure that the lines of the picture, almost metallic with repulsion, curving and falling perpendicularly, would ring loud if we beat them. Ryuzo Arashi is an old man red of face and arm, wearing a black costume and purple sash. Kiku-no-Jo Segawa in green and violet-like indigo blue is ready to dance with a fan in his hand. Komazo's Buddhist pilgrim, wearing a holy robe of grey but carrying a drawn sword, is going to strike his enemy. Kuro-



Oniji Olani as Sadakuro in "Kana Tehon
Clushin Gura." Sharaku. 1794.



The Fifth Danjuro Ichikawa as Kudo in "Gozen Kakari
Sumo Saga." Sharaku. 1793.

nushi played by Sojuro carries a bundle of brushwood and cherry branches on his shoulders, and rests himself leaning against a big axe. I see that there is no end when I begin to cite examples in which Sharaku recreated human bodies by a peculiar art, because I will have to mention every print he produced. But I cannot refrain from pointing out two more particularly distinguished examples in the climax of excitement, which are the full-size figures of Oniji Otani and Ryuzo Arashi ; the former in a green garment, covering his head with a towel and tucking up his skirt, is a personification of cynicism, and the latter in the role of Ukiyo Matabei, a picture of elasticity itself, stretches wide his legs and thrusts out his right hand dramatically. It is not only western critics who are pleased to hear some echo of Greek tragedy and recognise the shadows of giants in these pictures. The figures Sharaku drew, are all Japanese of the end of the eighteenth century, who, however, cannot be different from us in the twentieth century. There is no doubt that the actors in Sharaku's prints were endowed with most distinguished bodies, but I cannot imagine that they had such superhuman forms at the moment of charging upon God's impregnable castle in Heaven.

I think that an artist should be a magician who aims at the recreation of nature ; art in my mind is nothing but the expression of effect, resulting from the symbolising of reality. When Sharaku fixes a line or drop of pigment so that it never breaks the general effect of expression, I find him an ideal artist who can ask for the real appreciation of people in the future. Although Sharaku's works were made some hundred and fifty years ago, they have a power, strangely impressive and absolutely fresh, as of a thing made only yesterday. People who are content with prints of superficial arrangement like those drawn by Shunsho and his followers, or who gloat upon Utamaro's work of lyrical beauty emphasised with dissipation, will be outside the kingdom where Sharaku officiates with the tragic mien of the prophet. Like a prophecy, art when it is good and true, looks to the future for its true friends. I know that Sharaku may be too oily and offensive, and his dramatic revolt may give one a sense of restlessness and fear ; yet who knows but that such art, repulsive as it is, will be of great service when one has to turn one's actual life into a design with meaning? Sharaku was not recognised by people of his day, it is true. If one could approach him to-day, and say : "You are not an artist but a mountebank and a charlatan, your curiosity is heretical,—a witchcraft playing with ugliness in blasphemy

of God's beauty," I think that he would only smile a little, and then answer slowly: "I am sorry that I cannot reply to you with argument; besides, I know well enough that there is nothing more foolish than to defend myself. I only feel small if I am an artistic charlatan or blasphemer of beauty as you say; it is simply that I do not know what to do with myself, and am at a loss. What would you say if your human conduct were criticised only from the point of view of result? I know that you would be dead set against it. The question of life cannot be different from that of art. It is the very work of a critic of art to see the real condition of psychology in which an artist draws or paints; not the result he presented, but his motive is important. It is true that I may seem to you to be an artistic knave; speaking spiritually, I tell you plainly, I am not wearing a 'wig of one hundred days' or painting my face red as actors do on the stage. However my prints appear to you superficially, that is merely the result but not the motive of my art, the psychology of which only a true critic can understand. Even I myself cannot help the result that my work shows by accident; and I am no artist of popular taste with aim set on concrete results. The age changes: The art criticism of to-day cannot be that of to-morrow. What will people say about me fifty or a hundred years from now? Because of my dislike of defence, I am sorry that I have defended myself."

All great personalities know how to exaggerate themselves. Taiko and Napoleon exaggerated themselves. Fuji Mountain exaggerates herself in various fashions. Niagara Falls and the icebergs of the northern Atlantic are anxious to show their own idiosyncrasies by exaggeration. It is the licence of a great thing to see no shortcoming in exaggeration. When we see exaggeration in Sharaku's prints, we begin to appreciate them. Sharaku exaggerates the eyes of Hangoro or Ryuzo or Tomisaburo or Kiku-no-Jo. The noses of Danjuro and Oniji's Komazo are exaggerated. Sharaku exaggerates the hands and arms of Oniji as Sadakuro. But it is not right to cover Sharaku's art with the word of exaggeration, because we know that, when we select one phenomenon from all phenomena and place it in visionary circumstances of mind and gaze on it, we will often be surprised to see how strangely it gesticulates and what extraordinary forms it reveals. It may be that the eyes, nose and hands of actors first exaggerated themselves, and as a realist Sharaku saw them and drew them as they were. But when we see that their peculiar gesticulation was only meant to be seen by Sharaku, I cannot help wondering how great his



Kiku-no-Jo as the Dancing Girl Hisakata
in "Uru-u Toshi Meika no Homare."

Sharaku. 1794



Tomisaburo Nakayama as Ushikai
Ofude in "Olokoyama Oyedo no
Ichizuve." Sharaku. 1794.

power of inducement was ; then, am I wrong to call such an owner of charm an idealist ?

I always speak of the greatness of one's gazing power ; I know that, according to one's power of observation itself, phenomena change their own forms, large or small, square or oval. It is not too much to say that their destinies are in our gazing power. Therefore this power decides the value of artists. Sharaku was great in it. He drew the eyes of Tomisaburo, Hanshiro, Tsuneyo, and Ichimatsu almost rhombically, because at his command they turned a somersault. It is natural that the heavy wigs which woman impersonators have to wear, and the actual condition in which they have to smooth the wrinkles of their faces, make their eyes squint and seem strange ; but it was the mental condition of Sharaku, the artistic whim of his gazing power, that made them loop the loop. He will feel no pain, I am sure, if you call it a heresy of art, wretched paganism ; blame if there is any, should be laid to his gazing power which at once brings forth analysis, and develops into a reconstruction of reality.

An artist is nothing if he cannot reconstruct what he has seen ; to take square for square and egg for egg is the work of a tradesman or schoolmistress. The artist in my mind should be one who lives in the world of the fourth dimension. It is difficult to explain the greatness of Sharaku's prints to a person who has no affinity with him. The theory of wireless telegraphy cannot be told till a proper apparatus is ready. The previous question with the art of Sharaku is whether your mental apparatus is fit for it or not. Speaking in general, the possibility of art is often limited or restrained by lines and colours ; we find that they sometimes do not express anything at all. Artistic expression must not be superficial explanation ; I say that it should be a spiritual key with which we can open the door to the mystery of life. It goes without saying that there is no reason why an artist must draw things to their actual measure. Sharaku drew the eyes of Yaozo like those of a pondsnail, he gave Oniji an eye like a fish-hook upside down, because he thought that such a presentation was better fitted for his artistic purpose. It is under the jurisdiction of the house-builder, of course, to make this door smaller or that window larger.

"Tragic colours" are the words some western critic used, referring to those in Sharaku's prints. The meaning is not quite clear unless it refers to visionary colouring ; this critic may find in the prints some beauty of darkness that belongs to night. But I should say that there are no prints like Sharaku's for revealing the beauty of clarity under

seeming darkness ; the colours Sharaku used are akin to mystery. See Danjuro's half-length portrait ! What harmonious beauty of light red ochre and pale green which supported by the mica background, makes the actor, a gorgeously-dressed spectre or ghost behind the foot-lights, loom up most divinely. And see Omezo's half-length portrait in which you see such vermillion as is left when distillation has taken off all sediment ! If you imagine a cluster of ripe persimmons against the dark autumnal sky, you will understand something of the beauty of this print ; its purity is somewhat classical, but when it suggests some compound psychology running underneath, you will see that the motive is fresh.

Like other distinguished art, Sharaku's work is backed by intellect ; I mean that it is the result of deliberation which promises an eternal symmetry, transcending time and place ; it was not originated in improvised amusement or personal taste. Of course I do not think that Sharaku used intellect playfully to evoke people's curiosity ; if he was an artist of such low order, often irresponsible and always impulsive, the prints he produced would not be more than the toys of temporary fancy. Only an artist like Da Vinci, who refuses to allow sentiment and passion to sweep him away, is able to pile pyramids upon pyramids ; such a worker of artistic miracles owes much to the intellect that helps him to see things deeply. The holy temple of intellect admits only the person who is serious and can turn prayer into art. When I see that among Sharaku's prints there is almost no poor work except a few pieces that he produced at the end, I cannot help wondering what energy he exhausted in work ; nothing is happier for an artist than leaving no miserable thing to the future. Sharaku's prints that remain to-day were produced in some four years, that is from the fifth to the eighth years of Kwansei. I dare say that four years would be sufficient for any artist to finish up his life's work ; the length of time has no meaning, whatever, artistically. One has to spend many years in preparation before commanding a few years of his best work, and the rest of his life is to be given to repeating the work he created during his prime ; therefore the years of preparation or repetition are nothing but an appendix to the most important four or five years on which life depends. Sharaku is fortunate in that we have record only of his best work ; whether he was forced to retire from the world of prints or retired by his own choice, the fact that he worked only four years proved advantageous for him.

I said that Sharaku was a man of intellect, but I did not say that

he was not a man of imagination, because I know that, if imaginative blood, red and hot, had not run in him, he would not have been able to create such work as we see to-day. Into a mould which intellect made he emptied his vigorous passion at that right moment which would not come again ; all the portraits, half or full-length, which Sharaku cast into prints, are branded by the fire burning in his mind. Some western critic tries to interpret Sharaku's work as satanism, and finds in it a restless phantom wandering about in the night, or a wild sarcasm, almost mad, under cold wintry moonlight. Edgar Allan Poe opens "The Masque of the Red Death" with the following words : "The Red Death had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood." If Sharaku had been a writer, he might have said of Oniji's Sadakuro. "The eyes of Sadakuro burned in a fatal fire. His nose trembled with dissipation and brutality. He was the Devil's symbol, doubtless, but had something which we could not hate ; his doings, bad in fact, were not planned intentionally." "Mona Lisa" by Da Vinci might be pointed out as a specimen of artistic passion cast in the mould of intellect ; I do not know if this strange lady was a wanton character, but the little smile that escapes from her narrowed eyes, is certainly mysterious and unique. In enigmatic expression Sharaku's Danjuro does not fall behind her ; see how like a dragon glaring in all directions, painted by a Kano artist, this Danjuro diffuses his mockery around !

After all I think that the great interest of Sharaku's work lies in his expression of double personalities ; I mean that the two personalities of the actors and Sharaku himself appear and disappear there by turns and stir up our curiosity. They are found so often joining their hands and embracing each other, like two lovers under the same umbrella, and sometimes fighting and shouting like husband and wife in a row with broom and duster ; the former sounds a song of harmonious rhythm, but the latter, of course, jars on our nerves. The half-length portraits of Tomisaburo and Komazo are specimens in which Sharaku's intellect uncloaks an inevitable mystery with a surgeon's knife ; when his sense of beauty worked cleverly and best, he did the full-length figures of Tomisaburo and Koshiro as Umegawa and Magoyemon and of Hanshiro and Hikosaburo as Ohan and Choyemon. Sharaku is often coarse, but spiritually, not without delicateness ; his audacious grit is wonderful. With a technique poorer than that of Shunsho and Kiyonaga and Utamaro, Sharaku created

something that they never dreamed of. We must thank him for a key to human mystery and a new world of artistic excitement.

A critic compares Poe with wine of strange colour or fantastic goldware or a complicated pagan dance or artificial moonlight or sweet poison. I do not see why we cannot apply such a comparison to Sharaku who is half demon and half God.



THE MATERIAL OF LITERATURE*

Rabindranath Tagore

TO write for one's own delight alone is not literature. It is sometimes poetically said that as a bird sings in the sheer exuberance of its joy, so is the production of a literary artist a mere act of joyous self-expression—as if the reader is only an eavesdropper ! I am not prepared to admit that the bird's song is not addressed to its fellows,—in any case that is not worth arguing about. But I do assert that the writer needs must have in prospect a set of readers. That is not to say that his work is artificial. The mother's milk is for the child alone, and yet its flow may well be called spontaneous.

Unuttered poetry, self-contained expression, are two unmeaning phrases that have gained currency in certain quarters. But to call a person a poet, who may be gazing at the sky in a rapture as silent as the sky itself, is like giving the name of fire to a piece of wood that is not alight. Poetry is expression ; what is or is not silently passing through a person's mind matters little to the others who are outside it. The same is the case with "self-contained expression" ; guests are not entertained by knowing what is in the kitchen : the dainties must be served to them.

We must therefore take it that literary work is not for the author himself ; and in that view must such work be judged.

We see in outside nature that all creatures are imbued with the desire to live in space and time, and the more they can thus extend themselves through their offspring, the more is their life fulfilled. Ideas, the creatures of our mind, have the same characteristic, except that they do not occupy space ; it is their desire to be felt or thought by other minds, for as long as may be. In what multifarious ways has this been manifest from time immemorial,—in intimations, languages, scripts ; cut in rock, engraved on metal, written on bark or leaves or paper ; with stylus, pen, or brush ; from side to side, or top to bottom, from line to line ! Why ? Simply in order that what one has thought or felt should live in the world of men,—what though house, furniture, and the body itself may die,—perpetuated from mind to mind, from age to age.

When some ancient, decayed manuscript is brought to light from

* Translated from the Bengali (Sahitya—1903) by Surendranath Tagore.

beneath the sand mounds of the Gobi desert, what a world of yearning looks forth from the undecipherable letters of its forgotten language, as of some once-living mind struggling to regain life in our midst. The person who wrote it is no more ; the abode of men in which it was written is no more ; and yet the thoughts that were so embodied in the hope of being nursed into new life from generation to generation, seem pleadingly to stretch out their arms to us.

The message that Asoka, the greatest of emperors, desired to proclaim for all time, he caused to be carved on rocks, expecting that these would endure as they were, on the wayside, repeating the burden of the words entrusted to them to the wayfarers of succeeding ages. And the rocks, ignoring the passing of time, have patiently borne his message. Emperor Asoka, his capital Pataliputra, and that glorious day of India's moral awakening, have alike departed, and yet the obsolete language of those words continues to appeal, as with dumb gestures, to all passers-by. But the message has been crying in the wilderness. Rajputs, Pathans, Moghuls have, in turn, wended their way past, the swords of the Mahrattas have flashed like lightning from one end of the country to the other, but none of these have paid any heed to those gestures. Eventually, from the little island beyond the seas, of which Asoka had never even heard,—where, while his words were being so carved, the Druids were also trying to perpetuate their own urge of worship in speechless pillars of stone,—came men who awakened his message from its stony sleep, and Asoka's desire was at length fulfilled,—the desire troubling his mind beyond all the concerns of his far-flung empire, that what he wanted and what he did not want, what he considered good and what he considered bad, should always be known to all.

Not that I mean to say that Asoka's edicts are literature. I mention them only as an example of one of the most insistent cravings of the human mind. The pictures we paint, the sculptures we carve, the poems we write, the temples we build, all this activity that has been going on in every country, in every age, means nothing if not the striving of the thoughts and feelings of men to attain immortality in the minds and hearts of men.

Ideas that are worthy thus to become everlasting usually differ in many ways from those that serve our every-day needs. Corn gives us annual crops, but if we want long-living trees, a different kind of seed has to be sown. The seeking of such immortality through literature is an endeavour ever dear to man's heart. So, in spite

of the exhortations of our patriotic critics for the production of informative literature, in spite of their complaints that novels, plays and poems are flooding the country, writers persist in writing for the expression of their emotions. For, while that which is useful may fulfil some present purpose, that which has no immediate use stands a better chance of permanent survival.

The object of scientific information, once it is propagated, is achieved and done with. Then new discoveries come and smother the old. That which was unattainable to the teacher a while ago, becomes a commonplace for the pupil. The truth that, when fresh, caused a revolution, ceases even to excite wonder when it becomes familiar. It seems surprising that what even fools admit so easily now, should ever have met with such strenuous opposition from the learned. It suffices us to be told once for all that fire burns, water is fluid, the sun is round, and so forth ; all that bores us if repeated. But emotions do not become stale by repetition ; to feel them over and over again does not tire us. The fact that the sun rises in the east, has ceased to interest us ; but the glory with which each sunrise fills our minds, has remained undimmed since the dawn of the human mind till to-day. Rather does an emotion, felt in ages past and transmitted to us through successive minds, become so much the deeper, and appeals to us all the more directly and intensely. That is why the literature that seeks immortality, has for its subject not knowledge but emotion.

There are also other differences. The subject matter of knowledge can be transplanted from one set of words to another. It is sometimes even made clearer by such subsequent change of expression. And the greater the variety of language in which it is told, the better is the object of its expression achieved. But such is not the case with emotion. Its expression cannot be separated from the form it originally takes. Then again, dicta of science have to be proved by analysis. But the emotion that is expressed has to be transmitted intact. Emotion is not a thing that can be explained, but it must be created. And in order to do so, suggestion and all kinds of literary devices have to be availed of.

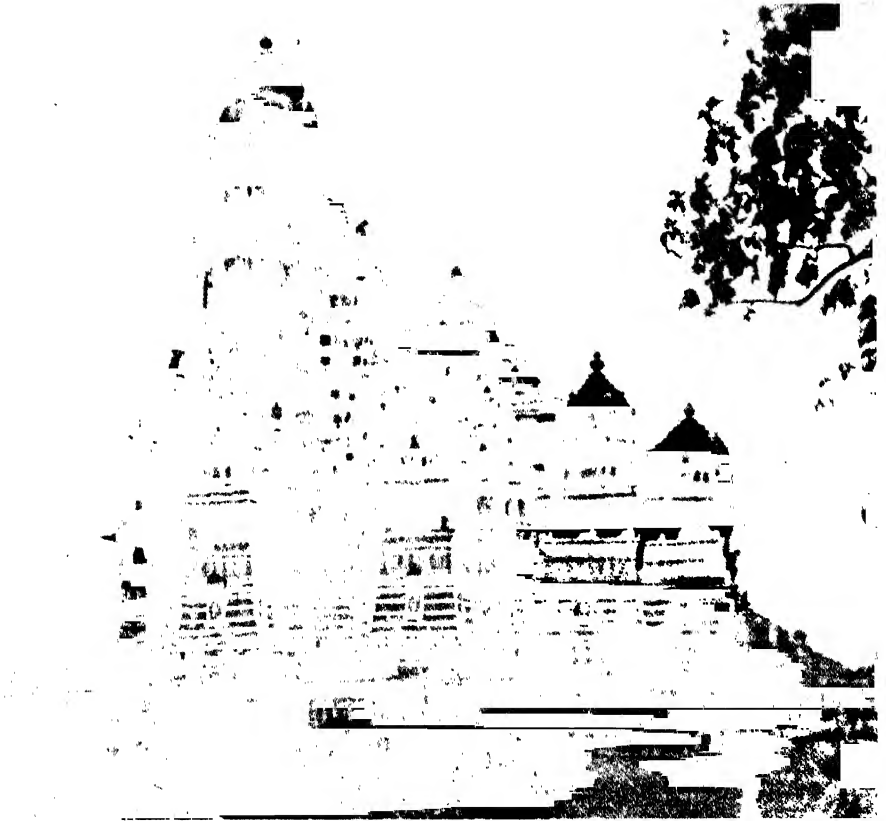
Thus literary expression is seen to be the body of the idea. On the success with which the idea is established in such body, depends the merit of the writer ; on the quality of its body depends the value of the idea, the extent and endurance of its life in men's minds. Living things are necessarily dependent on their bodies ; they cannot,

like water, be poured from one to another. Body and life exist together as one and indivisible, to their mutual embellishment.

The idea, the subject matter, belongs to all men. If it does not occur to one, it will, in time, occur to another. But its particular expression belongs to the writer alone. What this expression is in the case of one, it cannot be in the case of another. So that the author lives in his expression, not in the idea or subject therein embodied. A water-reservoir consists of both the enclosing embankment and the water contained. But the water is not provided by man, it is always there. The merit of the engineer, which is his own, is in keeping it thus permanently available for the use of man. Similarly, a piece of literary work includes both the idea and the form of its expression, more especially the latter, which it is the glory of the writer to have provided as a means of making the former a joy for ever.

So we come to the conclusion that literature proper consists in the appropriation of an idea by the writer of genius in such a way as to make it enjoyable by all. Carbon is everywhere, in earth, water and air ; the plant, by means of its intrinsic power, first incorporates it into itself, and thereupon makes it fit for use by others. So is it the function of literature, first to make special the ideas that are general, and then by that very specialisation to make them of universal significance and value.

If that be so, then that which belongs to the domain of pure knowledge is of itself excluded from literature proper. For the truths that are to be apprehended by our intellect fight shy of the personal factor,—they must be seen in the dry light of reason, independent of individual predilection. Gravitation cannot mean one thing to you and another to me ; different minds and hearts must not be allowed to variegate it with the tincture of their own feelings. It is only those ideas which demand, for their expression, colour and tone and suggestiveness from the artist,—which are unable to gain entry into men's minds unless so re-created,—that are the material of literature. They can only live when given a fitting body by language and form and rhythm. They are not discoveries, not copies, but creations. Once they find their body they cannot be transferred into other forms, other conditions of life. The whole of such embodied idea is dependent on each of its parts. To the extent that any written production does not create such body, it fails as literature.



THE TEMPLE OF MAHADEO, KHAJRAHA

THE TEMPLE OF KHAJRAHA

Nirmal Kumar Bose

THE village of Khajraha is situated in the state of Chhatarpur in Central India. It lies more than sixty miles from the nearest railway station, but can be approached easily now-a-days by means of motor services. The country all around is not particularly hospitable. It is barren, the soil is hard and can hardly support a heavy population. But it is certain that at one time in the past, Khajraha was more densely populated than it is now. For next to Orissa, this place forms the most important centre of temple-building in the whole of northern India; and this could not have been possible unless there were many men to make so much architectural activity either necessary or even possible.

Centuries ago, Khajraha was ruled by the Chandela kings of Jijhoti. The Chandelas never had any large empire to their credit, but they succeeded in extending their kingdom towards the north almost as far as the Jumna. Although their kingdom was small, yet the Chandelas were apparently greater patrons of the Five Arts than either the Andhras or the Palas.

In Khajraha, as it is now after eight or ten centuries of neglect, there are nearly thirty temples of large size, the highest among them being the one dedicated to Kandariya Mahadeva. Many of the temples are excellent examples of the architect's art, but the one named above surpasses the rest in artistic beauty. There are some scholars who consider Kandariya Mahadeva as the very best temple in the whole of north India. Although we may not agree with them on this point so long as Konarak is there, yet it must be conceded that there are good reasons for assigning the next best place in India to the temple of Khajraha.

Compared to Konarak, the temple of Khajraha is like an excellent example of lyrical composition. Konarak is great not merely because of the originality of design, but also because it is so stately in form and so catholic in its artistic sympathies. The architect's purpose was to say that the Sun-God, who is the ruler of all life, manifests himself through the nobler and more refined sentiments of humanity, just as he does through those which we may consider low or might associate with the animal world alone. Such a breadth of conception is always rare; but what is more, at Konarak, the form of the temple, its arrangement of sculptures, the choice of subject, all march in perfect

agreement with the central theme of the whole piece. It is as if the subject matter had found the exact language to express it in consonance with its dignity. There is never any hesitancy in composition, no sign of weakness or of repetition. Even when some of the figures are not perfectly chiselled, one understands that the artist left them so on purpose, for such blemishes did not detract from the unity of the entire structure. One almost feels as if the artist were saying that the unpolished sculptures were not meant to be treated as isolated examples of art. They were space-compositions, and it was not necessary to finish them highly ; for then they might divert the attention of the spectator from the whole to the part.

From this point of view, the architecture of Khajraha appears substantially weaker in comparison. The female figures, which are so abundant here, are undoubtedly better examples of the sculptor's art than, say, at Bhuvaneswar, but they are so good and so perfect that they stand out as individual pieces to be admired separately, and have hardly any meaning when all the figures on one side of the temple are taken together. The figures of Khajraha are meant to be pure decoration set upon the face of the temple. That is why there is no order of arrangement, and so much repetition of the same theme at Khajraha and hardly any at Konarak. At the latter place, sculpture is made the hand-maid of architecture, and never usurps more attention than is its due.

Unlike the temples of Orissa, the temple of Khajraha is built upon an immense stylobate, which is so much bigger than the bottom of the temple itself that it spreads on all sides and leaves a wide path for circumambulation all round the temple. And one thing is very striking about the face of this stylobate. While the face of the temple is profusely decorated, that of the stylobate has been left severely plain in contrast to it. It is as if the architect desired to display the decorativeness of the temple against the plainness of the background. We can imagine him holding a highly jewelled ornament in a plain casket held up before the king for his admiration. He wanted his artistic creation to be admired ; and evidently he lacked that quality of strength and self-confidence which might have made him independent of his audience's applause.

The temple of Kandariya Mahadeva rises in a series of tiers. Orissan temples usually have a set of three or five mouldings to form their base. But at Khajraha the base is repeated, which means that there are two sets of mouldings separated from one

another by a short upright interval. The space between the top of the base and the bottom of the tower is likewise divided into two bands (*bāndhanā*) and three friezes (*jāṅgha*), instead of one and two as in Orissa. The spirit of the temple seems to be of an urgency to reach up to greater and greater heights; and this is admirably illustrated by the character of the ribbed *āmalaka* at the top of the tower. In Orissa, one hardly ever comes across one *āmalaka* on the top¹ of another; but at Khajraha that seems to be the general rule instead. *Āmalakas* are laid one on top of another in a diminishing order of sizes, so that the reposefulness which is associated with the broad and flat *āmalakas* of Orissa is replaced by the feeling of aspiration which is associated with conical structures. This feeling is further emphasised by the importance assigned to the *sikharas* or small towers set upon the main tower itself. At Khajraha, they are more prominent than in Orissa. In the latter place they often lie flat upon the surface of the main tower; but at Khajraha they spring from the body of the tower, but immediately become independent of it and give the whole temple the appearance of an assemblage of crowded mountain-peaks.

All these together serve to make the temple of Khajraha an admirable symbol of the restlessness which is associated with youth, which constantly aspires to greater and greater heights, but which is ever afraid that it might fail to reach the greatest heights possible. It refuses to recognise its own limitations, and when nature sets those limitations, makes a pose of defiance against nature by *repeating* through its succession of *sikharas*, the conquest of height which it has already succeeded in making. Khajraha has no concern with the soil of human life from which it springs; and perhaps, in order to emphasise this isolation of its character, it was made to stand upon a plain and undecorated platform which cut it off completely from its surroundings and gave it an artificialness of setting.

One misses the catholicity of Konarak in the temple of Khajraha, the way in which Konarak accepts all that is good and bad in life, and all that is high and low. Khajraha is too much concerned about its own lyrical movement to be charitable to all the phases of human life; and that is why it will always be considered as inferior to the temple of the Sun at Konarak which is so full of the epic quality. But it will certainly remain as one of the best examples of romanticism in architecture.

¹ The temple of Rajarani being the only example known to the writer.

THE PROBLEM OF "POETIC BELIEF", with reference to Rabindranath's "Sha-Jahan."

K. R. Kripalani

IN so far as poets are not mere purveyors to our poetic palates, that is, in so far as they do not aim directly to please us, or the connoisseurs among us, they may be presumed to please themselves, which raises them to the dignity of aristocrats ; for exercise of self-pleasure in matters of approved quality is the envied distinction of that noble caste. The poets, however, have not been content with such mere distinction. They, and their devotees, have further claimed on their behalf a portion of the absolute glory of those rare ones of this earth who are said to walk in the light of Truth ; holding, as one of them has put it, "the rose upon Truth's lips", if not exactly Truth itself.

This claim, like our other earthly claims, may be admitted, and even upheld, though never proved. Those who admit this claim have, however, created an additional problem for themselves, which may be put thus: How far do poets themselves believe what they utter in their poems ? It is pardonable to wish to be convinced of at least the sincerity of those whom we thus affiliate to Truth. Nor is the question very impertinent or unreasonable, considering that some at least of our eminent men, reputed to be themselves in league with Truth, have, somewhat roughly, and it seems rather snobbishly, rebuked them for their "extravagant" claims. Plato exiled them from his Republic, and, it is said, the Prophet of Islam once passionately defended his verse against the slander of poetry. Bacon, in a pontifical mood, whilst admitting that the "lies" of poets "make for pleasure," dismissed them from any further relevance to the subject of his pronouncement, which was Truth.

We need not, however, be unduly awed by these samples of spiritual or intellectual exclusiveness, for we can cite many more authorities, equally august, invoking poetry as the voice divine. A modern writer* has even gone so far as to express a hope that perhaps one day men will learn to admit that "Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion."

* Mr. Herbert Read in his Clark Lectures at Cambridge, 1930.

It is not necessary to our purpose, however, to alienate that formidable tribe known as philosophers, by making so exalted a claim for poetry at their expense. (Moreover, if all philosophy did prove an illusion, what means are left to us to *decide* on the reality of poetry ?) It is sufficient for our humble purpose to uphold our simple experience that whatever we may, or may not, have learnt of the substance of our being from the philosophers, or of its destiny from our prophets, we would assuredly not have known anything of the exquisite atmosphere of our being in which our mind discovers its hues, save on the undulations of the poet's imagination.

But the old question intrudes itself. For unless we are prepared to level poets to the mere rank of purveyors, we have to learn to measure their sincerity. One consideration, however, makes the problem considerably simpler : and that is, our capacity for sensing directly the sincerity of what we read. Nothing moves us profoundly that has not moved its author profoundly, so that if we take care of our own reactions (which, by the way, is not a very easy thing to do) we are not likely to be tricked by a poet. But we are likely to involve ourselves in grave errors if we do not also take care of the difference between the poet's sincerity as a poet, and his everyday faith as a man in this common workaday world. It seems a poet oftentimes adopts a faith for the purposes of a poem which may contradict his everyday faith as a man and be none the less sincere as a poet. It would be unfair to pin down Wordsworth's faith to the Platonic doctrine of knowledge as recollection, and it would be even more unfair to adopt the logical alternative of choosing to doubt the sincerity of his mood when he wrote down his *Intimations of Immortality*. Poetic belief, that is, may be different from the religious or philosophic belief, which the poet may carry all his life, though it may not be entirely independent of it. And what the poet ordinarily demands of us is not that we be converted to his poetic or his other faith, but that we should share his mood by giving what has been aptly called "poetic assent" to his poetic belief.

The problem is very complex, and it would be presumptuous of me to pretend to discuss it in its full scope. But it might be interesting, even if not profitable, to take a single poem of a recognised poet and try to see if we can suggest a difference between his poetic faith and his real faith (real, only in the sense of surviving in everyday life). Let us take the *Ode to Shah-Jahan* of Rabindranath, a great poem of a great poet. Apart from the exquisite workmanship which proclaims a

superb artist, the poem quivers with a pathos and a hope at once so poignant and so sublime that no question is permitted of its sincerity. The only thing we may be permitted to ask is what in it is the poet's faith and what the man's. (I do not suggest that the poet's may not also be the man's. I merely mean that from the poet's belief we are not entitled to insist that it must also be the man's. It may or may not be.) The best way to arrive at this would be by analysing the mood of the poem, for it is there that they both merge and find their harmonious setting.

We might analyse the mood of the poem thus :

The sight or the image of Taj Mahal invokes for the poet's mind from the pages of history the image of the emperor who knew full well that in Time's relentless whirl nothing is allowed to endure ; and who, therefore, abdicating the vanity of all other earthly ambition, strove to build an immortal monument to the frustrated yearning of the bereaved human heart, thereby making immortal, by the help of Art, the only thing worth cherishing in this life, the luminous tear of the lover's eye. By the help of Art, therefore, the human heart achieves a sort of conquest over death. The sublime heroism of such endeavour moves the poet's mind to exalt the human heart that can command this *Megha-duta*¹ of all times to proclaim in every age the eternity of its love. But this very triumph conceals the inner tragedy of love. The futility of the bereaved human heart, fumbling for consolation in the illusion of Art, cannot escape the poet's sensitive imagination, nurtured on the Upanishads. Love must be redeemed from this futility. And so Shah-Jahan conquers Death—conquers, not coaxes—by conquering attachment. He shall not be chained in the transient, for ever domed in the illusion of the eternal. In rising from earth he has transcended its attachments and is moving in spheres where love is fulfilled for him in ever wider and wider rings up to the gateway of the Dawn, where full illumination awaits the human soul. It is attachment that renders the spirit helpless, not Death. There is therefore no inevitable tragedy in our life, to which it is the mission of Art to reconcile ourselves. Life itself fulfils itself, rising from ring to ring and making Art itself seem pathetic in its captivity in earthly attachment.

To those familiar with the writings of Rabindranath this mood will appear characteristically Rabindranathian. Not only is the Great

¹ "The Cloud-Messenger" of Kalidasa's famous poem.

Sentinel watching over the destiny of Man, but also the Great Herald proclaiming the unending march of his triumph. And we, on our part, are required, for the privilege of sharing this splendid mood, to give "poetic assent" to the idealised picture of Shah-Jahan as a wise, sad spirit, endeavouring to redeem the tragedy of human love with the help of Art ; and further to conceive of this spirit shedding off, along with its earthly garb, all earthly attachment and soaring from sphere to sphere in the transcendent glory of an almost "realised" soul. The conditions of the poem demand this belief from the poet, and the conditions of its full appreciation this assent from us.

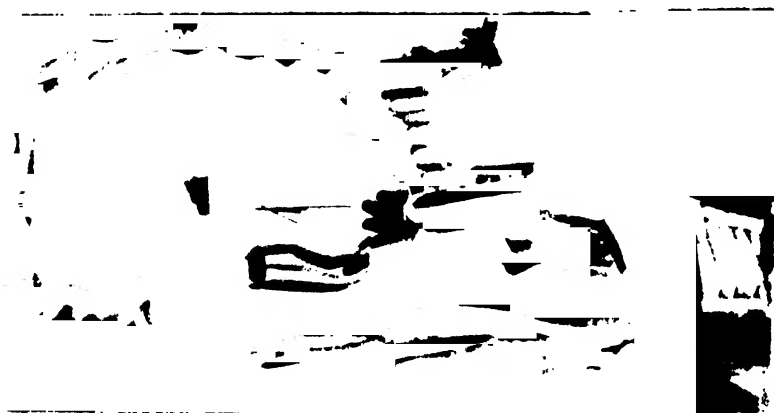
But we yield this assent in our own interest and must not, like simpletons, demand its price from the poet. We need not commit Rabindranath the man, released from the mood of the poem, to this twin belief. It may be that he really believes that the lascivious emperor was a perfect lover and a wise man, and he may also be believing in the individual spirit surviving after death in its upward motion. But he might just as conceivably be believing that at least part of the motive that inspired the Taj was sheer vanity of a man who could afford to turn the wealth of his empire and tempt the gaze of centuries to such glorification of his personal bereavement. And he might further be conceivably believing that the individual, instead of surviving after death as a psychic counterpart of his physical self, and necessarily soaring higher and higher, disintegrates into the elements and merely lives as the subtle poignancy of human association that seems to cling to every sight and object of Nature, "in the promising radiance of the dawn, and in the poignant passage of the wearied eve, and in the light of the full moon when the loveliness of the jessamine spreads its unearthly enchantment, and in those far-off beckonings where the senses are baffled and speech is dumbled." Or he might as likely be having no clear-cut belief in this matter and, like many sensitive spirits, might be hoping rather than believing. We are, therefore, hardly justified in committing his philosophy of life to the passionate fervour of his poetic beliefs. And, in any case, it is an unfortunate habit that some people have of quoting a poet's utterances as arguments. The poet's privilege gives him a free passport to many worlds besides the one of pedestrian common sense, and in each world he adopts the conditions of its atmosphere. We may not intern him in any one of these.

Nevertheless since he carries his own person everywhere and with it his indispensable attendants, which, however, differ from poet to

poet, there is a certain unity in the utterances of a poet. In the poem under consideration, this unity is discernible in the final note of optimism, in the poet's humanism exalted by his unyielding faith in the ultimate triumph of the spirit. This note is a more or less constant attendant in Rabindranath's poetry, whether it is the human spirit moving from world to world after its liberation in death as in "Shah-Jahan", or in this very life, as the parting message of the lover in "The Last Song" suggests :—

"Do you hear the remorseless rumbling of the chariot-wheels of time as they rush through the emptiness of space, filling with fretting the bosom of the darkness? In this relentless rush, my friend, I am caught and whirled away from you, far away. I feel like crested, after myriad mortalities, on the hill-top of a new Dawn. My ancient self is scattered to the winds, leaving no track behind by which I may trace myself back to the old. I could not, if I looked back, discover my dissolved self. Now, then, my friend, farewell !"

The poetic belief cannot be entirely independent of the man's philosophic faith, but there is traceable between them no logical connection. (Psychological connection, of course, must lurk somewhere.) In "Shah Jahan" both the poetic and the philosophic beliefs find their meeting point in this note of triumph, of repudiation of any bondage, even of love, on the human spirit. Rabindranath's is the religion of man, man the individual, and men the race, ever creating and never limited by their creations. We may not limit such a poet to one of his own creations.



LOVERS.

STARS beyond number or imagination
Silent in the sky ;
Shadowy valleys and dark woods over them,
Still, without a sigh ;
A house, lost in vastness and in silence,
With no house nigh ;
A room apart, with not a whisper in it
As the hours steal by :
Sleeping in our star-surrounded darkness,
You and I.

Laurence Binyon.



WISDOM AND COMPASSION.

How magnificent is wisdom !
The bright sun cleaves to heaven,
Universally shining over all living beings.
Happiness knows no boundary.

How magnificent is compassion !
The brilliant moon hangs on the sky,
Universally shining over all living beings.
Happiness eternally exists.

Wisdom and compassion,
As bright as sun and moon,
Ever continue to grow,
Universally benefiting all living beings.

Tai Chi Tao.

The eighth month of the twenty-fourth year of the Chinese
Republic. Nanking.

GANAPATI—(continued)

HARIDAS MITRA

SECTION 8.

IN reality, Gaṇeśa as Vighneśa was originally a deity of malevolent or malignant type, but later on he underwent transformation into a more benignant deity.

In this process of transformation and modification, Gaṇeśa has more than one parallel and analogy in India :

- (1) firstly, in the Brāhmaṇic Mātṛkās, 'Mother goddesses' with whom Gaṇeśa was often associated in religious literature¹ and sculpture² ;
- (2) in the example of Garuḍa, the vehicle, *vāhana* of Viṣṇu ; and
- (3) in the Buddhist Goddess Hārītī.

Each of these analogous examples, betrays like Gaṇeśa, a double character.

The Mātṛkās, varying in number from seven to sixteen, were originally blood-thirsty and had to be propitiated by offerings of sacrifices but later they become patron deities of children. In later times they were often represented in sculpture—each having a child in her lap, which she was suckling. But there is an exception in the case of Cāmuṇḍī who is a mere skeleton and also too furious-looking to have a child in her arms.

In a similar manner, Garuḍa was at first *Pannagāri*, 'the arch-enemy of the Nāgas', his archetype probably being some carnivorous birds that destroy reptiles. But such acts of destruction was found to be incompatible with Garuḍa's character as the *vāhana* of Viṣṇu, who protects the universe. Consequently Garuḍa was humanised in later Gauḍian Art³ and he was even given armlets and necklaces of snakes, *nāga-bhūṣaṇas*. This was to bring out more forcibly the fact—that Garuḍa was fully imbued with the spirit of *ahimsā*, so that serpents had put absolute trust in his harmless attitude.

Yet another deity, the Buddhist goddess Hārītī⁴, was originally of

1. *Katyāyana Smṛti*; in connection with this as well as the next following note, see *ante* section 3, notes 17 & 18.

2. E.g. in Ellora Caves.

3. See Akshay Kumar Maitreya's article, *Garuḍa, the carrier of Viṣṇu: in Bengal & Java*. In *Rūpam*, No. 1. (The Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta.)

4. Alice Getty : *The Gods of N. Buddhism*. (Oxford, 1914) under *Hārītī*, p. 75.

malevolent nature. She was a terrible Yakṣī, an ogress who had vowed to devour all the children in Rājagṛha. We may recognise in her the personification of some infantile epidemic.⁵ She is the Buddhist counterpart of Śitalā and is still worshipped in Nepal as the Goddess of small-pox.

According to Buddhist accounts, the Buddha managed to convert by a stratagem this child-eating ogress. The Blessed One hid under his alms-bowl the best-beloved of Hārītī's five hundred sons. Thereupon Hārītī repented and became a *bhikṣunī*. The Chinese pilgrim I-tsing found statutes of Hārītī in the Buddhist monasteries of North India where she was adored as a 'giver of children'. She was represented with a child in her arms and three or four other ones around her knees.⁶

From the extant images, it seems that Gaṇeśa was at first represented as seated on his haunches — as a transition to the standing position — and possessed with two hands⁷ holding *madhu-karkaṭikā* or *bījaṭpūra* or *jambīra*

5. Both Pūtanā and Kaṭa-putanā (probably corresponding to the Puṭana and the Kaṭa-pūṭana of the Buddhist Vighnāntaka legend) are enumerated among the twelve *Mātrkās* — forms of infantile epidemic, dealt with, in the *Kumāra Tantra*, an authoritative Skt. *Valdyaka* work on child-welfare *Kaumāra-bhṛtya*, ascribed to *Laṅkādhīpati Rāvaṇa*. According to popular tradition, this king was the ancestor of an enormously big progeny—having had one hundred thousand sons and one hundred and twentyfive thousand grandsons! The high antiquity and the authoritative nature of the *Kumāra Tantra*, are proved by the fact that the work was translated into Chinese and the Chinese version is included in the supplementary list of works of the Kiyoto Edition of the *Tripitaka*.

(Skt. Version) *Kumāra Tantram. Laṅkādhīpati-Rāvaṇa-kṛtam Bhāṣā-ṭīkā-saḥitam*. (Published by Sri-Veṅkaṭeśvara Press, Bombay).

Pūtanā is also another well-known demoness, of *Harivaṃśa*. She was sent in disguise by Kāṃsa to kill Kṛṣṇa, while yet a suckling, by feeding him with her poisonous breast-milk; but on the contrary, she was killed herself.

6. A. Foucher: *Notes on the Ancient Geography of Gandhara*, translated by Hargreaves, *Arch. Surv. Ind.*, p. 17.

7. According to the prescribed rules of the *Śilpa-Sāstras*, the images of Deities should have at least four hands. See *Śukra-nīli-sāra*, chapter IV, sec. IV, *Slokas* 274 and 275-78. The two-handed forms of Gaṇeśa might therefore point to a time when Gaṇeśa had not yet attained the position of a God-head or received independent worship.

We may in this connection compare and contrast the two-handed and seated image of Gaṇeśa found at Bhūmāra with a chain of bells. The image is a specimen of Gupta Art of about the Fifth Century A. C.

One of the oldest and exceedingly well-executed life-size stucco figure of Gaṇeśa with two hands is to be found in the Tabo monastery of Little Tibet.

The crude figures of Gaṇeśa, in fresco and on bronze or painted on panels, from Central Asia, are mostly two-handed and a few four-handed. Among the *Āyudhas*, we find the radish, the axe and the pot of sweet-meats, figuring frequently. See Sec. 3 Note 23, *supra*.

Gaṇeśa however seems to have generally occupied a position inferior and subservient to his divine parents — Lord Śiva and the Devī, with whom he is associated as a *Pārśva-devatā*. The almost complete absence of inscribed images of Gaṇeśa, shows that, in general, the *Yajamānas* or the *Dānapatis* (Donors) hardly ever thought as much of Gaṇeśa as they did of the other gods of the *Pañca-devatā* group.

There are, of course, most magnificent and colossal Gaṇeśa images both in Southern and Northern India; but the images in the main shrines, are in every case, even more impressive in beauty and size.

(all three being different kinds of lime, *citra medica*) and *utpala* the lily ; these grow wild and are favourite edibles of the wild elephant.

Gaṇeśa's first *āyudhas* 'weapons, of offence and defence' seem to be the club and the axe, which must have formed some of the first weapons invented by primitive tribes.

Probably with the growth of agriculture, taming of elephants and such other knowledge, the rope for binding elephants *pāsa*, and the instrument for goading *aṅkuśa*, as also the sugarcane, the radish etc. and ultimately sweetmeats *modaka*, and the bead-garland *akṣasūtra* came to be regarded as Gaṇeśa's weapons, in successive turns.

But as the beloved son of Lord Siva, the conception of Gaṇeśa was finally brought in a line with that of Siva ; for, in this fully developed stage, Gaṇeśa is conceived as possessing all the characteristic ornaments and bodily poses of his father *c.g.* the clotted locks of hair, the crescent moon, the tridents *triśūla*, and the five faces, as is evident from the following *Dhyāna Slokas* for Siva⁸ and Gaṇeśa⁹ respectively.

शिवध्यानं—

मुक्तापीतपथोदनीमौक्तिकजवावर्णैर्मलैः पञ्चभि-
 स्त्राक्षरैश्चितमीशमिन्दुमुकुटं पूर्यन्तुकोटिप्रभम् ।
 शूलं टङ्ककृपाणवज्रदहनान् नागेन्द्रघटाङ्कुशान्
 पाशाभीतिहरं दधानेममिताकल्पोज्ज्वलाङ्ग भजे ॥

गणेश ध्यानं—

मुक्ताकाञ्चननील कुन्दधुसृष्टाञ्जलयैस्त्रिनेत्रान्विते-
 नांगाख्यैर्हरिवाहनं शशिधरं हेरम्बमर्कप्रभम् ।
 वृत्तं दानमभीतिमोदकरदान् टङ्कं शिरोऽञ्जात्मिकां
 मालां मुद्रमङ्कुशं त्रिशिखकं दोर्भिर्दधानं भजे ॥

A. S. Ramanatha Ayyar : *Chidambaram and its dancing Lord*, in *Shama'a* Vol. V, No. 3, (Madras, 1925), pp. 157-8 :—"This temple contains . . . a huge monolithic image of (red-painted) *Sindūra-Gaṇapati*, which is reputed to be the biggest in Southern India and to whom a huge bolus of three *Kuṇṇi* of rice is offered daily as *nivedanam*"

One of the biggest and most magnificent Gaṇeśa images in North India, is the *Pārśva-devatā* (Gaṇeśa) of the *Linga-rajā* temple at Bhuvaneśvara, Orissa. It is fourhanded, wearing a *Jatā-mukuṣa*, *Nagōpavīta* and in half-dancing posture. The left ankle wears a hooded *cobra* as a *Vīra-valaya* (Telegu, *Gaja-gaṇḍa-pendarram*). The priests are justly proud of this Gaṇeśa, which is a most wonderful specimen of plastic art. It is the best example of Gaṇeśa, probably in Orissa.

8. *Srī-Rudra-Yāmala*. Paṭala 48, *Rudra-mantra-prākāśa*.

9. *Puraścaryārṇava*. *Taraṅga* 8, *Gaṇeśa-mantra-puraścaraṇam*; and *Tantra-sāra*, (Vasumatī Pr., Cal. 5th edition), pp. 116-17; also N. K. Bhattasali : *Iconography of Buddhist and Brahmanical Sculptures in the Dacca Museum*, (Dacca, 1929), pp. 146-47; the last reference contains this passage :—"A unique five-faced image of Gaṇeśa of the Heramba Class . . . dug up somewhere in the ruins of Rampal . . . is now preserved at the Vaiṣṇava Monastery at Munsiganj, Dt. Dacca."

WHERE CASUARINAS GROW

(To D.W.)

Does Beauty ever die?
Nay, not till earth and sun and sky
Dissolve in nothingness, and poets sing.
No more
Here in these casuarina woods
Beauty's green shadowed solitudes—
Scarlet flamboyantes spring to birth
From the young breast of virgin earth,
And here the ancient seas still bring
Their timeless tributes to the lonely shore.

And the years will blend with unborn years,
And ecstasy and pain and peace and tears
Will haunt man's fleeting days ;
But if in some far
And distant age we tread again the ways,
Grown beautiful—brave moths that flit
From star to star—
Perchance I shall return and softly sit
On this grey self-same stone, and find
Some dream of beauty I have left behind.
And stranger subtler poetry shall stir in these
Same melancholy casuarina trees.

E. H. d'Alvis.



Gita Roy

ARABESQUE.

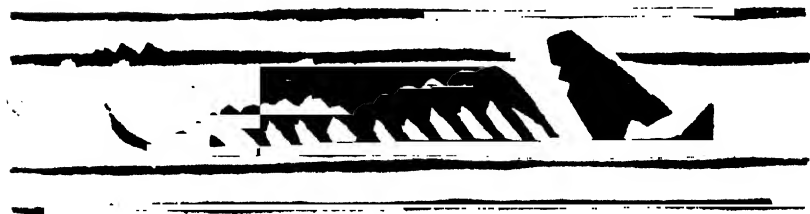
BETWEEN eternities of dream
I woke, and saw the pale stars gleam.
From the bare trees the white mist fell
Like Winter blossom, shroud on shroud,
While the white moon above the dell
Sped through the silver wisps of cloud.
Alone beneath the ancient skies,
Troubled, I reasoned in this wise:
Ten thousand, thousand years have gone,
And men have loved, and men have wept,
While unawakened I have slept
Unborn among the dead—slept on
Among the unawakened dead.
“It is most strange, most strange,” I said.
Then half in anger, half in mirth,
I called upon the drowsy Earth,
“Mother ! Mother ! Tell me why !”
Intent I listened for reply.
Out in the night beneath the trees
Where white mist-blossomed boughs were swaying,
I heard a woodland satyr playing
In modulated silences.

Ranald Newson.

BARCAROLLE.

SWAYING through gloom-shadowed waters and white rising mist,
The silent ship steers through the night with One at the mast.
Startled from slumber great birds rise up from the flood,
Swerve and are lost in the darkness. Nought stirs save the dip
Of hushed oars in the starless waters and unfathomed deep:
Save when the chill wind bears through the night, sombre-domed,
The wail of the doomed: the wail of the doomed.

Ronald Newson.



REVIEWS

Mr. Russell Reviews the Nineteenth Century

Freedom and Organisation (1814-1914) : Bertrand Russell.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL has never claimed to be a historian and does not present the above work to the reader as a narration of the events of a century (1814-1914). It is as a student of human affairs that he has brought his acute and discerning intellect to bear on the events and personalities whose conflicts and co-operations brought about conditions that resulted in the crisis of 1914, and threaten to result in a greater crisis. Whether even in a world where "Chaos umpire sits and by decision more embroils the fray by which he reigns," could be discerned forces and tendencies which the human intelligence could understand, accept and organise for the benefit of man, seems to be the object of Mr. Russell's analysis. Whether, however, the human intelligence is likely to employ itself so rationally, is a question on which the unebriated intellect of Mr. Russell would prefer not to be prophetic, for "high arbiter chance governs all."

The two main forces whose opposition and interaction were the chief causes of change in the nineteenth century are: "the belief in FREEDOM which was common to Liberals and Radicals, and the necessity for ORGANISATION which arose through industrial and scientific technique." Mr. Russell is neither intoxicated with pseudo-mysticism nor harassed by pseudo-scientificism. He would neither believe that mere ideas or inspirations are the chief motive forces of historical change, for the belief in Freedom itself "was recommended chiefly by economic considerations" though it "had also an obvious connection with Protestantism"; nor that all change could adequately be accounted for by impersonal economic forces, for "the part played in history by individuals, which was over-emphasized by Carlyle, and is still exaggerated in our day by his reactionary disciples, tends, on the other hand, to be unduly minimized by those who believe themselves to have discovered the laws of sociological change." Nor should a disinterested observer of human affairs "ignore the part played by what may be called chance."

The book has therefore a varied interest. Biographical impressions of the great personalities discussed make it fascinatingly human—at times a little too human, for the author's curiosity for the purely per-

sonal and private, and his keen, though quiet irony are freely indulged: somewhat perhaps to the detriment of the impartial dignity of the general tone but certainly to the benefit of our enjoyment. Illuminating discussions of the political doctrines that inflamed the imagination of men in the nineteenth century and still continue to do so give to the book the intellectual depth that one has come to associate with all the works of this author. Disinterested survey of impersonal forces which seem to make human idealism either futile, if in opposition, or servile, if in league, creates in one a sense of the awful ruthlessness that directs man's destiny, depriving his will of much of its dignity. And coupled with this sense is an honest sceptic's shrugging of his shoulders at what appears to be an element of frivolous chance. In a word, it is a survey of human affairs by a philosopher who had long ago parted with pedantry for wisdom.

To begin with the human interest first: some of the author's comments on the personalities of the age may be cited. Of the Prince Regent (George IV) he writes: "an elderly beau, much ashamed of his corpulence, but too greedy to take any steps to cure it. Politically, the Prince Regent stood for all that was most reactionary; privately for all that was most despicable. . . . Throughout his whole life, so far as is known, he never succeeded in acquiring the respect of any single human being."

Of Metternich: "Conceit is not peculiar to any one period, but Metternich's special brand of pompous priggery belongs to the epoch between the Napoleonic wars and the Great War. If we are to believe his Memoirs, he was totally devoid of ambition, and remained in public life solely from a sense of duty and the painful realization that others lacked his abilities."

Of Talleyrand: "His conversation had such charm that even in old age he could captivate the prudish ladies of a morally regenerated but intellectually enfeebled century: . . . Undeniably he was a scamp, but he did less harm than many men of impeccable rectitude."

Of the political sagacity of the Great Duke he is content to quote Tom Moor's lines:

With how moderate a portion of brains
Some heroes contrive to get on.

Of the English aristocracy in the early nineteenth century:

"The Tories were, on the whole, less intelligent than the Whigs. Their leading principle, opposition to France and to all French ideas, was one which neither demanded nor stimulated intellectual thought.

... They were, of course, opposed to popular education, freedom of the Press, and seditious oratory. For the rest, they drank their port from loyalty to our ancient ally Portugal, and accepted the consequent gout as a price paid for the performance of patriotic duty. . . . The Whigs were more interesting and more complex. . . . It must not be supposed that all Whig society was as intellectual as the Holland House dinner parties. But on the whole the leading Whigs were people of considerable culture, which they took lightly, and combined with an eighteenth century freedom of morals. Lady Holland had left a previous husband for Lord Holland, and they had lived together for sometime before she was divorced. Melbourne's wife, as all the world knew, had been madly in love with Byron, and had pursued him even more than he liked. Lady Oxford also loved Byron, and her affection was reciprocated. Sir Francis Burdett was another of Lady Oxford's lovers, and her children were known as the Oxford Miscellany. . . . Polite scepticism was common among the Whigs. . . . (But) they always knew where to draw the line and they drew it, emphatically, at Shelley. The prejudice persisted down to my own day, and, I am told, still persists in some circles. When, at the age of sixteen, I became interested in Shelley, I was informed that Byron could be forgiven, because, though he had sinned, he had been led into sin by the unfortunate circumstances of his youth, and had always been haunted by remorse, but that for Shelley's moral character there was nothing to be said, since he acted on principle, and therefore could not be worth reading."

But there was also a less amusing side to this aristocratic life, whose victims were the industrial workers and their helpless children. . . . "The agony of tortured children is an undertone to the elegant conversation of Holland House." In 1819, an Act was passed to relieve some of the horrors in the factories, "but proved wholly ineffective, as the work of inspection was left to magistrates and clergymen. To the relief of employers, experience showed that magistrates and clergymen had no objection to law-breaking when its purpose was merely the torture of children."

This ruthlessness of the early industrial era received its intellectual justification from the doctrine of Malthus and, to a lesser extent, from the Utilitarians. Mr. Russell, however, thinks that Malthus's principle of population is fundamentally sound, although its importance to white races has been destroyed by a variety of reasons. "In Asia it remains important." A judgement which every Indian should ponder.

Gandhiji has also advised the same restraint, but for non-Malthusian motives. But as in France and England, the population has been effectively checked without the poor having been frightened into "prudence", so we may hope in India the population's pace will be stayed without the virtuous being frightened into celibacy.

There are some interesting comments on the Utilitarians: "The intellectual conviction that pleasure is the sole good, together with a temperamental incapacity for experiencing it, was characteristic of Utilitarians. From the point of view of the calculus of pleasures and pains, their emotional poverty was advantageous: they tended to think that pleasure could be measured by bank-account, and pain by fines or terms of imprisonment. Unselfish and stoical devotion to the doctrine that every man seeks only his own pleasure is a curious psychological paradox. Something, not dissimilar, was to be found in Lenin and his most sincere followers. Lenin held, apparently, that the good consists in abundance of material commodities; he was very scornful of all appeals to altruism, and believed, as firmly as the Benthamites, that economic self-interest governs men's economic activities. On behalf of this creed, he endured persecution, exile and poverty; when he rose to be the head of a great state he lived with Spartan simplicity; and from worship of material prosperity he plunged his country into many years of abysmal poverty. Benthamites were not called upon for such heroic action, but their mentality is closely similar." The author's defence of the materialistic basis of Cobden's faith in Free Trade and Pacifism and the opportunity it gives him of laying bare the tortuous idealism of Tennysonian sentimentalists is characteristic. "Like many reformers, he (Cobden) was inspired by common sense. He considered that nations should pursue national wealth, without too much regard to such things as glory and territory. He advocated pacifism, not on any abstract *a priori* ground, but on the ground that wars and preparations for wars are wasteful considered as investments. His explicit argument for internationalism was that nationalism diminished the wealth of mankind. . . . I am not prepared to maintain, as an abstract proposition of ethics, that there is nothing better than material prosperity, but I do maintain, in common with Cobden, that of all political purposes which have had important social effects the pursuit of general material wealth is the best. Nay, more: when well-fed people tell the poor that they ought to have souls above the cravings of the belly there is something nauseous and hypocritical about the whole performance."

Indians would find Cobden's views on British imperialism in India particularly interesting ; more so as they were announced during the Mutiny, "when most English people lost their heads."

"Unfortunately for me I can't even co-operate with those who seek to 'reform' India, for I have no faith in the power of England to govern that country at all permanently ; and though I should like to see the Company abolished—because that is a screen between the English nation and a full sight of its awful responsibilities—yet I do not believe in the possibility of the Crown governing India under the control of Parliament. If the House of Commons were to renounce all responsibility for domestic legislation, and give itself exclusively to the task of governing one hundred millions of Asiatics, it would fail. Hindostan must be ruled by those who live on that side of the Globe. Its people will prefer to be ruled badly—*according to our notions*—by its own colour, kith and kin, than to submit to the humiliation of being better governed by a succession of transient intruders from the Antipodes."

The chapters on Socialism are the most illuminating of all, for here Mr. Russell's sympathy and intellectual profundity—the two most characteristic virtues of his—are both in exercise. The romantic career of Robert Owen, the founder of modern Socialism, is traced with great sympathy ; how beginning as the typical hero of Smiles' *Self-Help*, he rose to a position of great wealth and influence, and how, love of justice proving stronger than love of power, he identified himself with the working classes, and was the first to view industrial problems from the point of view of the workmen.

" 'The working classes,' he concludes, 'have now no adequate means of contending with mechanical power.' Since machinery cannot be discontinued, either millions must starve or 'advantageous occupation must be found for the poor and unemployed working classes, to whose labour mechanism must be rendered subservient, instead of being applied, as at present, to supersede it.' " Owen's experience of religious men led him to pronounce very bold judgement concerning the same. Religious systems, he believed, "have made man the most inconsistent, and the most miserable being in existence. By the errors of these systems he has been made a weak, imbecile animal ; a furious bigot and fanatic ; or a miserable hypocrite ; and should these qualities be carried, not only into the projected villages, but *into Paradise itself a Paradise would be no longer found !*" And this from a man who "was quite a saint ; and than whom few men have been more wholly lovable."

But Marx certainly was not lovable. He was bitter, pugnacious, and intensely jealous of his rivals. His treatment of Bakunin, the Anarchist Communist, was mean and unscrupulous. Nevertheless, "Marx was the first intellectually eminent economist to consider the facts of economics from the standpoint of the proletariat. The orthodox economists believed that they were creating an impersonal science, as free from bias as mathematics ; Marx, however, had no difficulty in proving that their capitalist bias led them into frequent errors and inconsistencies. The whole of economics, he maintained, took on a completely different aspect when viewed from the wage-earner's point of view. His devotion to the interests of the proletariat is perhaps somewhat surprising, in view of his bourgeois origin and his academic education. He had all his life a love of domination associated with a feeling of inferiority, which made him prickly with social superiors, ruthless with rivals, and kind to children. It was probably this trait in his character that first led him to become the champion of the oppressed."

Mr. Russell has very pertinent observations to make on Marx's metaphysics, known as Dialectical Materialism. As regards the materialism of it, he refrains from saying much, since he "could not do so without writing a complete philosophical treatise." He points out, however, that Marx's own conception of Materialism was not without ambiguity. Sometimes it is the "historical materialism" in the sense in which Engels understood it, and sometimes it is little different from pragmatism ; and he "applied the one or the other as suited the purpose of his argument." He contents himself with the remark: "For my part, while I do not think that materialism can be proved, I think Lenin is right in saying that it is not *disproved* by modern physics." His remarks, however, on the Dialectic in History which was a cardinal article of faith (though he would not have liked it to be called an article of faith) with Marx and which he took over from Hegel, are more confidently pronounced, and are worth quoting: "The Hegelian dialectic was a full-blooded affair. . . . The historical development of the world in time was merely an objectification of this process of thought. This view appeared possible to Hegel, because for him mind was the ultimate reality ; for Marx, on the contrary, matter is the ultimate reality. Nevertheless he continues to think that the world develops according to a logical formula. To Hegel, the development of history is as logical as a game of chess. Marx and Engels keep the rules of chess, while supposing that the chessmen move themselves in accordance with the laws of

physics, without the intervention of a player." "Why should the outcome of a conflict in politics," asks Mr. Russell very pertinently, "always be the establishment of some more developed system? This has not, in fact, been the case in innumerable instances. The barbarian invasion of Rome did not give rise to more developed economic forms, nor did the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, or the destruction of the Albigenses in the south of France. Before the time of Homer the civilization had been destroyed, and it was many centuries before a developed civilization again emerged in Greece. The examples of decay and retrogression are at least as numerous and as important in history as the examples of development. The opposite view, which appears in the works of Marx and Engels, is nothing but nineteenth-century optimism. . . . This is a matter of practical as well as theoretical importance. Communists always assume that conflicts between communism and capitalism, while they may for a time result in partial victories for capitalism, must in the end lead to the establishment of communism. They do not envisage another possible result, quite as probable, namely, a return to barbarism. We all know that modern war is a somewhat serious matter, and that in the next world war it is likely that large populations will be virtually exterminated by poison gases and bacteria. Can it be seriously supposed that after a war in which the great centres of population and most important industrial plant had been wiped out, the remaining population would be in a mood to establish scientific communism? Is it not practically certain that the survivors would be in a mood of gibbering and superstitious brutality, fighting all against all for the last turnip or the last mangel-wurzel? . . . I am afraid the dogmatic optimism of the communist doctrine must be regarded as a relic of Victorianism."

Commenting on Marx's theory that class-conflict has been the only motive force of progress, Mr. Russell observes: ". . . since all human development has, according to Marx, been governed by conflicts of classes, and since under communism there is to be only one class, it follows that there can be no further development, and that mankind must go on for ever in a stage of Byzantine immobility. This does not seem plausible, and it suggests that there must be other causes of political events besides those of which Marx has taken account."

Mr. Russell thinks that Marx's metaphysics has encumbered rather than illuminated the real worth of Marx's political conclusions. "The question whether communism is going to become universal, is

quite independent of metaphysics. It may be that a metaphysic is helpful in the fight; early Mohammedan conquests were much facilitated by the belief that the faithful who died in battle went straight to Paradise, and similarly the efforts of Communists may be stimulated by the belief that there is a God called Dialectical Materialism who is fighting on their side, and will, in His own good time, give them the victory. On the other hand, there are many people to whom it is repugnant to have to profess belief in propositions for which they see no evidence, and the loss of such people must be reckoned as a disadvantage resulting from the communist metaphysic."

Another point of attack in Marx's economic interpretation of history is that even if methods of production are the sole factor that determines social and political evolution, what brings about change in the methods of production themselves? "As a matter of fact, methods of production change, in the main, owing to intellectual causes, owing, that is to say, to scientific discoveries and inventions. Marx thinks that discoveries and inventions are made when the economic situation calls for them. This, however, is quite an unhistorical view. Why was there practically no experimental science from the time of Archimedes to the time of Leonardo? For six centuries after Archimedes the economic conditions were such as should have made scientific work easy. It was the growth of science after Renaissance that led to modern industry. This intellectual causation of economic processes is not adequately recognised by Marx."

As regards practical Marxism which centres round class-conflict, Mr. Russell thinks that its weakness lies in underrating the strength of nationalism, and he quotes a long passage from Marx in which the latter scornfully dismisses the aspirations of the Slavs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to free themselves from the German yoke in a tone which unmistakably shows his German bias. "If Marx had had any power of self-criticism, the fact that he could write this passage should have shown him that even Marxists are not exempt from nationalist bias." Finally "Marx, by his teaching, created the class war which he prophesied, but by his excessive glorification of manual labour he caused the division of classes to come at a lower point in the social scale than was necessary, and thereby made enemies of the most important class in the modern economic world, the men who do the skilled work of industrialism. . . . Marxism, by appealing to proletarian hatred, has lost many important possible allies. At the same time, hatred being the most dynamic of human passions, it has generated a movement

more energetic and determined than it could have been if it had had a less degree of fierceness. . . . To appeal to hatred may be the right psychology for winning victory in a war ; so all the belligerents thought from 1914 to 1918. But it is not the right psychology for subsequent construction ; to us, who suffer the aftermath of the Treaty of Versailles, this should be obvious. Marx was not a wholly pleasant character : envy and malice abound in his pages. Unfortunately, much of what was least admirable in his disposition has been copied by his followers. One can not but feel that any war waged in such a spirit must, if successful, lead to a peace as disastrous as that of Versailles. Hatred, indulged beyond a point, becomes a habit, and must seek perpetually new victims."

These are wise words of one of the most chastened intellects of our age and Communists would do well to meditate on their truth. If they imagine that Mr. Russell has written them because he has no sympathy at all with Marx, they might be assured by the following tribute. "Like other founders of doctrines he (Marx) needs emendation in various respects, and misfortune is likely to result if he is treated with religious awe. But if he is treated as fallible, he will still be found to contain much of the most important truth."

The chapters on American Democracy and the growth of American Industry read like romance. There is less scope for intellectual analysis here, while the review of American heroes and adventurers provides ample play for comment and irony. Of Jackson, he says : "He disliked democracy, and admired England. Throughout his career he aimed at making America resemble England. He hoped that plutocracy would develop into aristocracy, and he rightly regarded corruption as the best method for causing plutocracy to prevail over democracy."

For Abraham Lincoln Mr. Russell has genuine admiration. He considers him as "one of the few thoroughly consistent believers in democracy that have ever lived. He believed not only, like Jefferson, in government by the *people* but in *government* by the people ; he never lost sight of the need of authority and submission to the law." About his conduct of the civil war : "To conduct a great war, through years of difficulty and ill success, resolutely, to a victorious conclusion, and to remain throughout conciliatory and calm and large minded, is a feat which was accomplished by Lincoln, but, so far as I know, by no other historical character."

The story of competitive capitalism in America has all the thrills

of buccaneering adventures. Vanderbilt, Drew, Fisk, Gould,—and on a more gigantic scale—Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford, and Morgan ! All of them heroes of a certain kind ; all of them daring, achieving, mastering ; without scruple, without mercy. They believed in free competition, believed so ruthlessly that competition ceased to be itself and became monopoly ! “To the dismay of those who were not successful, the prevailing philosophy turned out to be self-defeating: the competitors competed until only one survived, and that one could then no longer use competition as its watchword.” The change, however, was not due to any conscious willing on the part of these men. For “technical forces were at work which, against the will of almost all the inhabitants of the United States, transformed the economic system from one in which many small firms competed to one in which, in a number of important industries, one or two vast corporations were in almost complete control.”

While in America the economic necessity for organisation in industry was mocking and overriding the claim of the individual to free competition, in Europe the political necessity for national unity was slowly evolving a consciousness in which the individual was to be totally subordinated to the greatness of his nation. Modern militant fascism is the child of these two tendencies. “Two men have been supreme in creating the modern world: Rockefeller and Bismarck. One in economics, the other in politics, refuted the liberal dream of universal happiness through individual competition, substituting monopoly and the corporate state, or at least movements towards them.”

It was Byron who first made Nationalism a truly romantic creed by his advocacy of Greece. Both Mazzini and Bismarck had come under the influence of this romantic Byronism. Mazzini's lyrical interpretation of the mystic significance of Nationality is particularly interesting to Indians because it was directly translated in the Mother-India cult of national revival in Bengal. That our early enthusiasts carried Gita in their pockets—there are some who still do—is irrelevant because there is nothing of Nationalism in that sacred text. Mazzini made Nationalism a *dharma* ; then Gita supplied the necessary fortitude for the effective pursuit of the *dharma*. Says the Italian Patriot: “God has written one line of his thought on the cradle of each people. . . . special interests, special aptitudes, and before all special functions, a special mission to fulfil, a special work to be done in the cause of the advancement of humanity, seem to me the true, infallible characteristics of Nationalities.” Each nation has

therefore a special function in the great ordering of the world by God ; but that of Italy was particularly noble. "The destinies of Italy are the destinies of the world." She was as "radiant, purified by suffering, moving as an angel of light among the nations that thought her dead." She was "the land destined by God to the great mission of giving moral unity to Europe, and through Europe to humanity." And now Abyssinia is bearing the full brunt of that idealism.

The philosophy of German Nationalism, on the other hand, was propounded by Fichte, though carried out later by Bismarck. Fichte taught that "it is first of all the Germans who are called upon to begin the new era as pioneers and models for the rest of mankind." This is proved by the argument that while other European nations have mixed languages, the Germans alone have a pure language. "Mazzini allowed," comments Mr. Russell, "every European nation (except the Irish) to have its own legitimate patriotism, and its own contribution to the symphony of human progress. Fichte is more thoroughgoing : 'only the German—the original man, who has not become dead in an arbitrary organisation—really has a people and is entitled to count on one, and he alone is capable of real and rational love of his nation.' In fact, 'to have character and to be German undoubtedly mean the same.'" Comparing the English political philosopher and the German, Mr. Russell observes : "Bentham held all men's happiness to be of equal importance. Fichte considers that the ignoble man should be sacrificed. Who is to decide which is the ignoble man ? Clearly the government. Hence every tyranny is justifiable, and the extirpation of political opponents can be carried out in the name of national nobility. . . . Nor was it only in Germany that he was admired. Carlyle extolled him, and T. H. Green taught a whole generation at Oxford to regard him as the perfection of ethical purity. Yet there is in the modern world no governmental cruelty, injustice, or abomination which this virtuous professor's principles fail to justify."

But though England herself, as a national state, remained happily free from this perverted "idealism", it was because, says Mr. Russell, all its impulses found sufficient vent in British imperialism as practised in Asia and Africa. "The Empire has been a cesspool for British moral refuse ; Germany had no such outlet, and had to endure its despots at home. 'I wanted to take service in India under the English flag,' said Bismarck in his youth, 'then I thought, after all, what harm have the Indians done me ?' The self-righteous Englishman will do well to ponder this reflection."

The succeeding chapters are an account of how the tendencies discussed above brought the world to the catastrophe of 1914.

This catastrophe was brought about because, on the one hand, industrial technique necessitated co-ordinated control of the means of production, and on the other, the political philosophies that ruled the world limited that co-ordination to the national boundaries, with the result that while the national rivalries remained, industrial efficiency only made them more dangerous. "Economic nationalism, the dominant force in the modern world, derives its strength from the fact that it combines the motives of self-interest, to which Marx and the Radicals appealed, with those less rational motives that inspire patriotism. Cool heads can be won over by dividends, hotheads by rhetorical appeals. By this means, a sinister synthesis is effected between the watchwords of different schools. Competition, yes, for the nation as a whole, sacrifice, yes, to the nation on the part of the individual who has no share in the plutocratic plunder. Wealth, yes, in the service of the national glory ; money-grubbing, no, since the industrial magnate in all he does is helping to make his country great.

"This was the prevalent creed throughout the civilized world in the years preceding the War, and is still more so at the present day. Organisation to the utmost within the state, freedom without limit in the relations between states. . . . By accepting national organisation from the Socialists, and international freedom from the Liberals, the world brought itself to a condition threatening to the very existence of civilization. . . . The same causes that produced war in 1914 are still operative, and unless checked by international control of investment and of raw material, they will inevitably produce the same effect, but on a larger scale. It is not by pacifist sentiment, but by world-wide economic organisation, that civilized mankind is to be saved from collective suicide."

Whether such enlightened self-interest will be availed of by "civilized men", Mr. Russell chooses not to hazard a prophecy. He is content to assert : "In politics, there are powerful forces other than self-interest, but in the main they are worse : they are forces of envy, pugnacity, cruelty, and love of domination. . . . in fact they are the very forces to which 'idealists' give noble names such as patriotism, national spirit, contempt for merely material ends, and so forth . . . undoubtedly, also, there are better motives than self-interest, but these are seldom sufficiently widespread to be politically powerful."

K. R. Kripalani.

Gita-Rahasya or Karma-yoga-Sastra (English translation).

First Edition, Volume I, Poona 1935. Rs. 6/-

THE late Bal Gangadhar Tilak was by no means a merely vigorous leader of public opinion ; he was a profound scholar as well, and he shared his love of Swaraj with his love of mathematics. Public activities took up too much of his time, as is usually the case with our leaders ; and only an enforced stay in Mandalay gave him leisure to put in writing his interpretation of the Gita, the epitome of Hindu faith which has been receiving the best attention of the greatest scholars of the nation throughout the ages. An entry in his notebook in the Mandalay Jail suggests that he had projected ten books at that time : on Hindu Law, Pre-Epic History of India, the Shankara Darshana, Principles of Infinitesimal Calculus, etc. Of these the *Gita-Rahasya* alone came to be actually written ; it will be undoubtedly an acquisition to get access to his jotted notes on his other contemplated works, which, we are told, are still preserved. The commentary in Marathi was actually written between the 2nd November 1910 and the 30th March 1911, with intervals, and in course of 108 days only ! It was published in 1915, and has run through several editions, inspiring translations in Hindi, Gujrati, Bengali, Kanarese, Telugu and Tamil ; but the Hindi version has enjoyed a wider currency than the others and has run through as many as seven editions. It is impertinent to attempt here a criticism of the Lokmanya's Commentary. Its comprehensive understanding has been admitted on all hands, as well as the scholarship which comes out in the course of the exposition. He was conscious that he had emphasised Karma-yoga ; he had done so advisedly, holding as he did that "Karma-yoga, or to put it in another way, the law of duty, is the combination of all that is best in spiritual science, in actual action and in an unselfish meditative Life." He had preached nothing new ; but had merely given the intended emphasis which had been placed there by earlier commentators referred to by Srimad Sankaracharyya in the beginning of the 3rd chapter of his Commentary. In course of his dissertation he has not only referred to the Vedas and the Upanishads but also to the works of the Maratha poets and commentators, to Ramdas and Tukaram, to Jnanesvari and to Vaman (for the work was primarily meant for the Marathi-speaking people), as well as to Kant and Mill, Spencer and Green, and other Western philosophers ; and it may be remembered that his patriotism and his

scholarship were equal to the difficulties consequent on an attempt to write in the vernacular on such a subject, using for the first time or inventing technical terms when necessary.

The volume under discussion contains the translation of the first thirteen chapters of the *Rahasya*. The translator, Srijut Bhattachandra Sitaram Sukthankar is a distinguished graduate of the University of Bombay and has been responsible for a resolution passed by the Maharatha literary conference for translating the best works in Marathi literature into English. He has speeded up his work of translation, and that perhaps explains an occasional inaccuracy, e. g. in the beginning of the last chapter, but one must express satisfaction at the general success of the version which has now placed the Lokmanya's Commentary within the reach of a wider public. At the same time, the book ought to have been kept cleaner and the photos of the translator and the publishers, a full page reproduction of the translator, the pictorial map of the prominent schools of Indian philosophy might have been spared without any positive disadvantage to the book.

It is hoped that the volume will succeed in making accessible India's thought both in India and abroad, and that it will prove a fitting memorial to the great mind that prompted it.

P. R. Sen.

HANSA :

A Monthly Journal in Hindi, devoted to Indian culture—

Edited by Syts. Premchand and K. M. Munshi.

Benares.

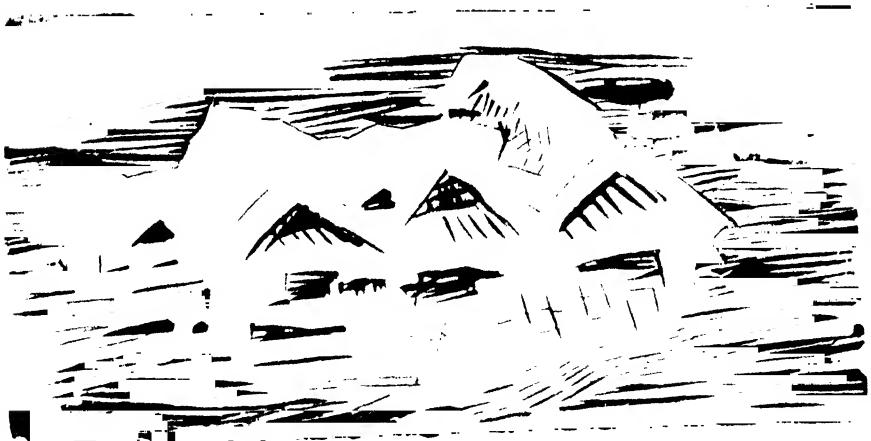
THE HANSA has long been familiar to the Hindi-speaking India as a monthly story-teller, edited by that well-known Hindi author, syt. Premchand of Benares. In October last, however, this Journal underwent a metamorphosis and, with the cooperation of Mr. K. M. Munshi of Bombay, a leading novelist of Gujrat, was made into a vehicle of Hindi cultural renaissance. The first two numbers of this magazine in its new form have been published and disclose a catholicity of interests on which the editors deserve to be warmly congratulated. Besides articles, poems and short stories, originally written in Hindi, a good variety of readable matter has been translated from the various vernaculars of this our strange, myriad-tongued land, including Gujrati, Marathi, Sindhi, Kanarese, Sinhalese, Malayalam,

Tamil, Assamese, etc. An interesting feature of the magazine is, that alongside of the translations of these poems, are given their respective texts in the originals, transliterated in Devnagri script.

Glancing through this interesting and varied collection one gets a glimpse of the awakening that has come over the different provincial literatures of the country. New thought-waves breaking the placidity of our long slumbering vernaculars speak of a common influence. Need there was of some such common medium in which the different tongues overflowed and told their various tales. And HANSA, by fulfilling this long-felt need and providing this possibility of a regular confluence, can claim for itself a noble position in Indian journalism. We cannot help wishing it a long and glorious career.

Both the editors are celebrated names in their own literatures, and men of wide culture and national spirit, and may be relied upon to maintain not only a high standard of literary excellence but also of, what is not less necessary, freedom from vulgar biases, communal or religious.

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Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken
up into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;
Where words come out from the
depth of truth;
Where tireless striving
stretches its arms towards
perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward
by thee into ever-widening
thought and action —
into that heaven of freedom,
my Father,
let my country awake.

Rabindranath Tagore

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ART AND TRADITION

By Rabindranath Tagore

There come in our history occasions when the consciousness of a large multitude becomes suddenly illumined with the recognition of something which rises far above the triviality of daily happenings. Such an occasion there was when the voice of Buddha reached distant shores across all physical and moral impediments. Then our life and our world found their profound meaning of reality in their relation to the central person who offered us emancipation of love. And men, in order to make this great human experience ever memorable, determined to do the impossible: they made rocks to speak, stones to sing, caves to remember; the cry of joy and hope took immortal forms along hills and deserts, across barren solitudes and populous cities. A gigantic creative endeavour built up its triumph in stupendous carvings, defying obstacles that were overwhelming. Such heroic activity over the greater part of the Eastern continent clearly answers the question: *What is art?*—Art is the response of man's creative soul to the call of the real.

But the individual mind according to its temperament and training has its own recognition of reality in some of its special aspects. We can see from the Gandhara figures of Buddha that the artistic influence of Greece put its emphasis on the scientific aspect, on anatomical accuracy, while the purely Indian mind dwelt on the symbolic aspect and tried to give expression to the soul of Buddha, never acknowledging the limitations of realism.

To the adventurous spirit of the great European sculptor, Rodin, the most significant aspect of reality is the unceasing struggle of the incomplete for its freedom from the fetters of imperfection, whereas before the naturally introspective mind of the Eastern artist the real appears in its ideal form of fulfilment.

Therefore, when we talk of such a fact as Indian Art, it indicates some truth based upon the Indian tradition and temperament. At the same time we must know that there is no such thing as absolute caste restriction in human cultures; they ever have the power to combine and produce new variations, and such combinations have been going on for ages, proving the truth of the deep unity of human psychology. It is admitted that in Indian art the Persian element found no obstacles, and there are signs of various other alien influences. China and Japan have no hesitation in acknowledging their debt to India in their artistic and spiritual growth of life. Fortunately for our civilisations, all such intermingling happened when professional art critics were not rampant and artists were not constantly nudged by the warning elbow of classifiers in their choice of inspiration. Our artists were never tiresomely reminded of the obvious fact that they were Indian; and in consequence they had the freedom to be naturally Indian in spite of all the borrowings that they indulged in.

A sign of greatness in great geniuses is their enormous capacity for borrowing, very often without their knowing it; they have unlimited credit in the world market of cultures. Only mediocrities are ashamed and afraid of borrowing, for they do not know how to pay back the debt in their own coin. Even the most foolish of critics does not dare blame Shakespeare for what he openly appropriated from outside his own national inheritance. The human soul is proud of its comprehensive sensitiveness; it claims its freedom of entry everywhere when it is fully alive and awake. We congratulate ourselves on the fact, and consider it a sign of our being alive in soul, that European thoughts and literary forms found immediate hospitality in Bengali literature from the very beginning of their contact with our mind. It ushered in a great revolution in the realm of our literary expression.

Enormous changes have taken place, but our Indian soul has survived the shock and has vigorously thriven upon this cataclysm. It only shows that though human mentality, like the earth's atmo-

sphere, has undoubtedly different temperatures in different geographical zones, yet it is not walled up into impassable compartments and the circulation of the common air over the entire globe continues to have its wholesome effect. So let us take heart and make daring experiments, venture out into the open road in the face of all risks, go through experiences in the great world of human mind, defying unholy prohibitions preached by prudent little critics, laughing at them when in their tender solicitude for our safety they ask our artists to behave like good children and never to cross the threshold of their school-room.

Fearfully trying always to conform to a conventional type is a sign of immaturity. Only in babies is individuality of physiognomy blurred, and therefore personal distinction not strongly marked. Childishness as a mentality can easily be generalised: children's babbling has the same sound-tottering everywhere, their toys are very nearly similar. But adult age is difficult of classification, it is composed of individuals who claim recognition of their personal individuality which is shown not only in its own uniqueness of manner but also in its own special response to all stimulations from outside.

I strongly urge our artists vehemently to deny their obligation to produce something that can be labelled as Indian art, according to some old world mannerism. Let them proudly refuse to be herded into a pen like branded beasts that are treated as cattle and not as cows. Science is impersonal: it has its one aspect which is merely universal and therefore abstract; but art is personal and, therefore, through it the universal manifests itself in the guise of the individual, physiology expresses itself in physiognomy, philology in literature. Science is a passenger in a railway train of generalisation; there reasoning minds from all directions come to make their journey together in a similar conveyance. Art is a solitary pedestrian, who walks alone among the multitude, continually assimilating various experiences, unclassifiable and uncatalogued.

There was a time when human races lived in comparative segregation and therefore the art adventurers had their experience within a narrow range of limits, along the deeply-cut grooves of certain common characteristics. But today that range has vastly widened, claiming from us a much greater power of receptivity than what we were compelled to cultivate in former ages. If today we have a living soul that is sensitive to ideas and to beauty of

form, let it prove its capacity by accepting all that is worthy of acceptance, not according to some blind injunction of custom or fashion, but in following one's instinct for eternal value—the instinct which is a God-given gift to all real artists. Even then our art is sure to have a quality which is Indian, but it must be an inner quality and not an artificially fostered formalism; and therefore not too obtrusively obvious, nor abnormally self-conscious.

When in the name of Indian art we cultivate with deliberate aggressiveness a certain bigotry born of the habit of a past generation, we smother our soul under idiosyncracies unearthed from buried centuries. These are like masks with exaggerated grimaces, that fail to respond to the ever changing play of life.

Art is not a gorgeous sepulchre, immovably brooding over a lonely eternity of vanished years. It belongs to the procession of life, making constant adjustment with surprises, exploring unknown shrines of reality along its path of pilgrimage to a future, which is as different from the past as the tree from the seed. Art represents the inexhaustible magnificence of our creative spirit; it is generous in its acceptance and generous in its bestowal; it is unique in its manner and universal in its appeal; it is hospitable to the All because it has the wealth which is its own; its vision is new though its view may be old; it carries its special criterion of excellence within itself and therefore contemptuously refuses to be brow-beaten into conformity with a rhetoric manufactured by those who are not in the secret of the subtle mysteries of creation, who want to simplify through their academic code of law that which is absolutely simple through its spontaneity.

The art ideal of a people may take fixed root in a narrow soil of tradition, developing a vegetable character, producing a monotonous type of leaves and flowers in a continuous round of repetitions. Because it is not disturbed by a mind which ever seeks the unattained, and because it is held firm by a habit which piously discourages allurements of all adventure, it is neither helped by the growing life of the people nor does it help to enrich that life. It remains confined to coteries of specialists who nourish it with delicate attention and feel proud of the ancient flavour of its aristocratic exclusiveness. It is not a stream that flows through and fertilises the soil, but a rare wine stored in a dark cellar underground, acquiring a special stimulation through its artificially nurtured, barren antiquity. In exchange for a freedom of movement which is the prerogative of vigorous youth, we may

gain a static perfection of senility that has minted its wisdom into hard and rounded maxims. Unfortunately, there are those who believe it an advantage for a child to be able to borrow its grandparents' age and be spared the trouble and risk of growing and think that it is a sign of wealthy respectability for an artist lazily to cultivate a monotonously easy success by means of some hoarded patrimony of tradition.

The genesis of all art traditions must have been in some gestures in the modes and mediums of expression that spontaneously came to men of genius and were followed by others whose admiration naturally pursued the path of imitation. In poetic literature it is our common experience to find that striking phrases and suggestive mannerisms, originating from the writings of some popularly accepted poet, spread fast in a soil of susceptible mentality. However, if the literature has any vitality it is cured of that infection before it develops a poison that is fatal. The malady takes a chronic persistence when it finds its breeding place in an inert period of mental degeneracy. When something in art, which is too peculiar in its presentment, shows an incorrigible tendency to repeat itself we may be sure that it is a sign of the waning life. If it is a fact that some standard of invariable formalism has for ages been following the course of the arts in India, making it possible for them to be classified as specially Indian, then it must be confessed that the creative mind which inevitably breaks out in individual variations has lain dead or dormant for those torpid centuries. All traditional structures of art must have sufficient degree of elasticity to allow it to respond to varied impulses of life, delicate or virile; to grow with its growth, to dance with its rhythm. There are traditions which, in alliance with rigid prescriptions of rhetoric, establish their slave dynasty, dethroning their master, the Life-urge, that revels in endless freedom of expression. This is a tragedy whose outrage we realise in the latter-day Sanskrit literature and in the conventional arts and crafts of India, where mind is helplessly driven by a blind ghost of the past.

And yet we may go too far if we altogether reject tradition in the cultivation of the arts, and it is an incomplete statement of truth to say that habits have the sole effect of deadening our mind. The tradition which is helpful is like a channel that helps the current to flow. It is open where the water runs onward, guarding it only where there is danger in deviation. The bee's life in its

channel of habit has no opening: it revolves within a narrow circle of perfection. Man's life has time-honoured institutions which are its organised habits. When these act as enclosures, then the result may be perfect, like a bee-hive of wonderful precision of form, but unsuitable for the mind which has unlimited possibilities of progress.



ART AND EDUCATION

By James H. Cousins

Notwithstanding the high value that Indian thought from time immemorial has set on objects of art as helps towards spiritual culture, art never got an integral place in either the Hindu, Buddhist or Mussulman curricula. The artist was trained, but not educated. The finished product was more esteemed than its human producer. Even now, at any rate in South India, we acknowledge the ecstasy that the musician creates in us by giving him a garland in the auditorium—and his food on the pial if his name-termination on earth does not permit his having it with those whom he has lifted to heaven.

Plato did recognise creative art in education, though he was rough on certain of the poets. But between him and the twentieth century, educational thought in the Occident took no thought for art. Herbert Spencer, with all the cheek that mere brain can show, turned it away from the emotional nature of the student.

Even as near our time as 1917, an American educationist, Dr. H. H. Horne in *The Philosophy of Education*, had to confess that aesthetical education "is the most neglected feature of our curriculum, and yet it stands as an essential constituent of the child's present and future environment, and is the product of one of the deepest phases of the human consciousness."

It is not far from certain that the neglect of an essential human constituent in the preparing of the young for life will lead to a menacing lop-sidedness in the individuals and in the social organism which they collectively make up; that is to say, it is fairly certain that the neglect of art in education has led to the appallingly inartistic life of humanity and to that most inartistic and inhuman of human activities, warfare.

The problems of human life cannot, we may confidently assert, be solved, and humanity set free from its subhuman obsessions, until a radical change has been effected in the general attitude and way of living. And this can only be done completely by an education that is itself complete in bringing the impulses and desires of humanity under educative self-discipline equally with the mental and actional capacities of the individual.

There is a vague recognition of the need of emotional education in the phrase that is so often used when all else has failed—"What is needed is a change of heart," the utterer usually waiting for the others to do the changing. But the mere sentimentality that the phrase expresses is a feeble thing beside the urges of feeling-necessity. What is needed is (to use a suggestive figure of speech that is becoming healthily frequent in educational literature) the "canalising" of the floods of emotion, that is, the putting of them under control in definite directions, to the vitalising of thought and action, instead of letting them work havoc on their way to futility or to disappearance in "the dreary desert sand of dead habit." The digging of canals in young clay is a much easier matter than blasting them through old rocks. The canalising of the creative impulse in childhood and youth by art is the only educational wisdom.

In a recent article on *Peace and Education*, Dr. Maria Montessori puts this idea in her clear calm way. Touching on the central element in the present world-crisis, war, she asserts that "the cause of war does not lie in armaments, but in the men who make use of them." The fundamental need of the crisis, therefore, in her view—a view which I heartily share, though I do not think that armaments are as innocent as she believes—is an education that will allow humanity to grow up with "a healthy soul, enjoying the full development of a strong character and a clear intellect." This means a complete education; an education based on the assurance, now strengthened by observation, that its completeness will lead humanity away from the manifest anarchy produced by a selfish and predatory education to an instinctive order subjectively imposed on human life by the authority of its own higher nature.

Dr. Montessori's reference to "a healthy soul . . . strong character . . . clear intellect" is not a casual phrase: it is the essence of her experience as an educator. It is her response to the inescapable triangle of external human capacities—the emotional capacity through which the soul-ful qualities of aspiration and creative expression unfold and realise themselves; the dynamic capacity through which the attainments and qualities of the other capacities are fused into the synthetical revelation of character; and the cognitive capacity which observes and contemplates the phenomena of experience gained through feeling and doing.

The most essential of these is the soul. For while the processes of thought and action are related to subjective and objective time and space, and undergo modification that is sometimes felt by the inner nature of the best human spirits to be slower than a crisis demands (as at present in world-affairs), the processes of the deeper psychological capacity called by Dr. Montessori the soul have the immediateness of intuition. Thus, in relation to the problem of war, the cognitive capacities of the heads of various nations are working out pacts and alliances; but their faith in these as preventives of warfare is not absolute, for their dynamic capacity is busy in preparations for feared conflict. But, says Dr. Montessori, "War would not be a problem at all for the soul of the new man; he would *see* it simply as a barbarous state, contrasting with civilisation, an absurd and incomprehensible phenomenon."

She declares that "to conquer war, a sincere and inspired voice would be enough, crying, like Jonah: Be ye converted and repent, or Nineveh shall be destroyed." But the succession of inspired voices that have called on humanity to be sorry for their misdeeds and to turn against them, and have had no better reply than the state of alleged civilisation today, does not appear to confirm Dr. Montessori's optimistic confidence. We are, I feel, nearer actual possibility in her declaration of her discovery that the child, educated in the true way, is "a passionate lover of order and work."

If we put the declaration the other way round, that the child who is liberated through a complete education is a passionate lover of *work* and *order*, we have a statement of a law of human life that is therefore a law of education—the law that life perpetually seeks expression through human activity, and simultaneously safeguards itself against dissipation in futility, by imposing on action, and by imparting to the objective results of action, the orderliness of intention, design, and unity.

This love of work and order is not only true of children who have had the opportunity of free expression: it has been found to be equally true of youths whose activities have been diverted into delinquency and social disorderliness. Given the opportunity to express the energy of life through the order-inducing media of art-crafts, they have recovered the fundamental human necessity of work and order which Dr. Montessori and other wise experimenters in education have observed, and have been transformed into happy and useful citizens,

This being so, it looks as if the swing of the educational pendulum from cramming towards the satisfaction of the real needs of embodied life had only got half-way when it determined to be strictly etymological and set about in good earnest e-ducing the capacities of the individual. It is possible that *conscious* e-ducing (trying to pull out powers whose qualities and ratios of interaction are far from clear to even the most sensitive educator) may be a subtle frustration of the real business that wears the disguise of the word education. What life apparently asks is not for good-hearted people to stand in its way, offering it enticements to being *led forth*, but to have its way cleared of obstructions to its own choice among the paraphernalia of *work* and *order*.

This would seem to mean a handing over of education to childish anarchy. There is, no doubt, as much risk of disturbance to the settled habits and notions of the elder generation (that stands in front of the younger and talks rhetorically of youth being the future) in a sudden change from bad to good as from good to bad.

There is, of course, no risk of such suddenness in educational organisation and method evident anywhere—though the anarchy is with us even now, as seen in an honest look at the state of the world, and an equally honest look at the physique, character, habits, feelings and intellectual stamina of the youth of India who are undergoing the process of education to-day. Dr. L. P. Jacks, whose experience and thought place his utterances as nearly beyond dispute as any utterance can be, lays the responsibility for the disorder in human life today at the door of education in his book, *The Education of the Whole Man*. He says: "... the practice of perfection is not initiated by learning the three R's nor by anything which proceeds from these useful acquisitions. It begins much deeper down, in acquisitions which should be called 'elemental' rather than 'elementary.' For want of a good sound 'elemental' education which aims at developing the fundamental virtue of self-control . . . democracy is moving towards a disaster which elementary education of the book-say and hear-say type will rather hasten than avert."

That "sound elemental education" is, as Dr. Jacks claims, the education of the whole individual as a creator. "The whole man is," he asserts, "a creator. Educate him in his wholeness as such, and the inner vacancy of his being, which hungers for creation, and can never be satisfied with anything else, will be filled."

Now this naming of man as creator (and of course man is here taken as the *homo*, the human being irrespective of sex) is just putting into another form of expression Dr. Montessori's declaration that the liberated child is a lover of work and order. For creation is orderly work—something done, and done under the laws of its own being. These laws are, in some way as yet beyond our analysis, based in nature, and affiliated with universal law. Liberation through creation is therefore the sure way to individual happiness through the release of inevitable creative tension into inevitable conditions governing creative forms, conditions that, because they are the inevitable means to happy achievement, are accepted, and in their acceptance induce in the creator of them "the fundamental virtue of self-control."

"This means that art" (to state in Dr. Jacks' words what I have often stated in my own) "(art always understood in its catholic sense as the most excellent doing of what needs to be done) must find a larger and more central place in educational practice. It means that increased weight must be thrown into awaking and training the sense of beauty, the greatest of our lost inheritances, but the best of all prophylactics against vice, the most vitalising and uplifting of all the positive motives that interest and actuate the whole man . . ."

Dr. Jacks' declaration expresses the two main influences of art-expression on human nature—as preventive of vice in all its forms, and as a curative agent (therapeutic) where vice is already active.

The therapeutic influence of art-expression is useful in the present diseased state of humanity. But the mere application of remedial measures to enable a diseased individual to recover the capacity to repeat the actions that produced the disease, will not lead humanity to any kind of health. The ultimate need is a true prophylactic—not the ingestion or injection of foreign entities into the emotional stream to create a state of armed neutrality, oscillating between periods of warfare between themselves and other foreign entities; but the clear-ridding of the imagination, the emotions, and their mental and physical collaborators, of every disease-producing element through leaving them open to the detergent flood of inspiration and illumination from the lofty springs of man's higher nature.

This process—and it puts a complete education into a sentence—carried out to any degree, will inevitably be accompanied by

some degree of beauty. But beauty is not its objective. The pursuit of beauty can itself become a pander to sensuality. It is thus exploited the world over today in the service of rapacious and ruthless commercialism. Art in education is not as a merely aesthetical matter. It is, in the profoundest sense of the term, a spiritual necessity, and, in the profoundest sense of the term, a spiritualising power.



The Conception and Development of Sunya-vada¹

in Medieval India

By Kshiti Mohan Sen

Men have exhausted all intellectual resources to express the Supreme Truth. They have tried to express the Ultimate Reality through affirmation, through negation, through all other possible means; but have failed to give adequate expression to it.

If we try to define the Supreme Truth through affirmation, it gets limited by the material facts of this universe; and if we try to express it by negation, no positive clue can be given. Therefore some sages have attempted to express it through absolute negation. This paper is a historical study of this great endeavour.

Sunya (शून्य) Doctrine in the Rig Veda

A striking example of such an endeavour we find in the Rig Veda. The seer describes the state before creation and existence with these wonderful words:

“Then there was neither existence (सत्) nor non-existence (असत्) (RV. X, 129, 1).

“Then there was neither death nor immortality” (ibid., 2).

“Then there was nothing besides Him” (ibid., 1).

“Who can know, who can declare, whence has come what is the source of this wonderful creation?” (ibid., 6).

In the Upanishads

Then comes the gathered wisdom of the Upanishads. Isha Upanishad says: “He pervaded because He is incorporeal (अकाश) (Isha Up. 8).

“He provides for all because He is colourless (अवर्ण)” (Svet. Up. IV, 1).

“This great *Atman* is without birth, without decay, without death” (Br. Up. IV, 4, 25).

“The source of all being (भूतयोनि) is all-pervading

¹ (शून्यवाद) Doctrine of Voidness.

(सर्वगत); is at the same time devoid of all qualifications" (Mu. Up. I, 1, 6).

"That Unalterable, they say, is the negation of all attributes" (Br. Up. III, 8, 9).

"But the entire world is held together by the law of that Unalterable" (Br. Up. III, 8, 8).

"Our senses, our knowledge, fail to reach that Primal Source of all" (Kena Up. I, 3).

"That Primal Cause is devoid of all attributes, has no beginning, no end; is supremely great and permanent.

"By knowing Him one becomes free from death" (Katha Up. I, 3, 15).

"He, the Self, is to be described as *not so, not so*, (नेति नेति) (Br. Up. IV, 4, 22).

Here we see how the sages are driven to the way of negation in their anxiety to express the quality of the Absolute; and how very inadequate even that way is.

In Buddhism (Mahayana महायान)

This intellectual formula (नेति नेति) gradually evolved into a positive assertion of a definite state of spiritual consciousness, *Nirvana* (निर्वाण). The fundamental truth of the Buddhists was non-permanence, soullessness, and peace in *Nirvana*.

The doctrine of *Sunyata* (voidness) in Buddhism has been so elaborately studied and surveyed by eminent scholars, that it would be superfluous to discuss its development in this paper. The *Mahayana* literature, itself, has done fair justice to it: in poetic vein by Ashvaghosa, in philosophic dignity by Nagarjuna (नागार्जुन). This much is clear that, as defined by Nagarjuna, *Sunya* is not mere negation.

"This *Sunya* is neither existent nor non-existent, neither both of them nor non-both of them."

Rather the existence of everything has been made possible because of this *Sunyata* (शून्यता).

"He that is allied to *Sunya* is allied to all that is; he that is removed from *Sunya* is removed from all that is" (Nagarjuna, *Madhyamika Sutra* (माध्यमिक सूत्र), 24, 14).

This doctrine was wonderfully expounded by some medieval thinkers: Everything is transient and subject to change, therefore *Sunya*. This *Sunya* alone is truth, this is the highest reality.

Aryadeva has also very successfully surveyed this doctrine. Neither the Yogacharis, nor the Vajrayanis, could proceed with their philosophies without drawing upon it. Philosophers, like Maitreyanatha and Asanga, were Yogacharis. In fact, the *Paramarthalaksana* of Asanga is the *Sunya* doctrine of Nagarjuna:

"Not existent (सत्) nor non-existent (असत्); not thiswise (तथा), nor otherwise (अन्यथा)" (*Mahayana Sutralankara* (महायान सूत्रालङ्कार), (Levi), VI, I. p. 22).

In the Tantras

According to the Gayatri Tantra, *Sunya*-worship alone, without any *nyasa*¹ or *pranayama* (प्राणायाम breath-control), sanctifies everything (pariccheda I).

The Kamadhenu Tantra affirms: "*Sunya*-knowledge is beyond all *Sunya*, it is absolute *Sunya*, it is pure, without any stain or falsehood; its brightness is like unto that of ten million suns" (patala XI).

"One should do the *japa* (जप ritual of meditation) of *Sunya*, which is illuminated in the firmament of the heart" (patala XXI).

While the Jnanasankalini Tantra (ज्ञानसंकलिनी) says: "Paramatma is *Sunya* where mind gets merged" (33).

"*Sunya* element is life" (ibid., 34).

Again: "Meditation is the process of merging the mind in *Sunya*, no other meditation is worth the name" (ibid., 54).

Sunya is thus made the repository of all consciousness. So too, the Supreme God, *Mahadeva*, affirms: "I am *Rudra*, (रुद्र) I am *Sunya*, I am all-pervading, and unqualified" (ibid., 85).

Sunya in the Dharma Cult of Bengal

Sunya-Purana (11th century A.D.?) :—The worship of *Sunya* came to be fully established in Bengal with the *Dharma* Cult. According to the *Sunya-Purana*, the Supreme God is *Sunya-rupa* (ed. by Charu Chandra Banerji, p. 152).

This *Sunya* has been worshipped by Haricandra (ibid., 111, 1). The *Sunya Purana* says: "*Sunya* is a lake which is filled up with the water of *bhakti*" (ibid., 177, v. 10).

1 (न्यास) Assignment of the various parts of the body to different deities, which is usually accompanied with prayer and corresponding gesticulations.

In the *Dharma Puja Vidhana* of Ramai Pandit of Bengal (11th century A. D.?), we see very clearly how this *Sunya*, being *Niranjana* (stainless), came to be identified with *Dharma*. Through *Niranjan* Cult, *Sunya* underwent a very interesting transformation: it came to be identified with *sahaja*, in which form it is to be found in the age of Ramananda. (We find *Sunya*, in its pure form as well as identified with *sahaja*, in Kabir and many post-Kabir medieval saints, none of whom was an idolator. However, we shall discuss them later on.)

In the *Dharma Puja Vidhana* occurs the following question and its answer, as part of *Dvar Bheta* (द्वार भेट) ceremony: "O pandita, where is your abode, whom do you worship, what form do you meditate upon?" (ibid.—Bengal Sahitya Parishat—p. 165).

"My abode is in Balluka,² I adore God without form, I meditate on *Sunya* form, and I worship image with form" (ibid., p. 165).

In the same work (p. 70) we find this beautiful *dhyana* (ध्यान):

"He that has no beginning, nor end; no figure nor form; no birth nor death; who is all pervading and unlimited by purpose; who is stainless and immortal; who is to be realised only through *yoga*—may that *Sunya-murti* be my saviour!"

"In the beginning there was nothing: darkness was everywhere and *Sunya* was all-pervading. Then there was only *Brahma* and no second" (ibid., pp. 199—203).

Again: "In the beginning was only *Sunya*; creation came out of the activity of *Brahma* with *Sunya* meditation" (ibid., pp. 200—201).

Dharma, who is *Sunya-rupa*, has "no form, no body, no *ninad* (I think, *nidan*, i.e. cause), no birth, no image. Salutation to that *Sunya*!" (ibid., p. 90, v. 146).

"*Dharma* is without beginning, without end. He is *Sunya-rupa*, Divine *Niranjana*. Salutation to *Dharma*!" (ibid., p. 91, v. 152).

This *Sunya Dharma* is not a negative entity, for "He is everywhere, and He is the Primal Cause" (ibid., p. 92, v. 157). And though He is *Sunyakara* (शून्याकार) yet He is the "Fulfiller of all desires" (ibid, 75, v. 26). Therefore *Sunya-niranjana* was regularly invoked.

1 (सहज) literally, "inborn", "natural".

2 Name of a river in the south-west of Bengal,

In the *Dharma-mangala* of Ghanarama (ed. by Gurudas Chatterji, 1902) again we see that *Dharma* is *Sunya*, *Dharma* is *Niranjana* (ibid., pp. 2, 169). He is *Hari* and He is *Vishnu* (ibid., pp. 112, 125, 138, 151, 157, 244). He comes to save His devotee in the form of *Narayana*. His abode is *Golaka*; He is *Pandava-sarathi* (पाण्डव-सारथी) (ibid., pp. 233, 234).

So, too, in the *Dharma-mangala* of Mayurabhatta (which is one of the earliest books of that kind), *Dharmasila* (धर्मशीला) has been called *Vishnusila* (विष्णुशीला). Manik Ganguli, too, in his *Dharma-mangala* (1467 A. D.), calls *Kailasa*, the abode of *Sunya*.

In Natha Sect

The medieval mystics accepted *Sunya* in their own way: with the idolators it became sanctified in various kinds of idols or sacred stones; with the non-idolators it remained as a way of expressing the idea of the infinite. It also got mixed up with their own doctrines of *sahaja* (सहज), *samarasa* (समरस), *ekarasa* (एकरस), etc., etc.

We have no space here to deal in detail with *Natha-pantha*. Those who are familiar with this school, know that *Goraksanatha* (12th century A. D.?) was deeply touched with *Sunya* doctrine. In the *Goraksa-samhita* we find: "a devotee, sanctified by *samarasa* remains in ecstasy in *sunya*" (ed. by Prasanna Kumar Kaviratna, 1st edition, p. 183, panchama amsa, 105).

In the *Goraksna Vijaya* by Sheikh Faizulla (15th century A. D., according to Dr. D. C. Sen), there is mention of *Sunya-mantra*. *Sunya-jnana* has also been mentioned (p. 162).

In the Bengali songs of Gopichand, as published by the University of Calcutta, we find *Dharma-raj* called, *Sunya-raj* (pp. 475, 485, 497).

Wherever we see prevalence of *Dharma* Cult, there also we come across the predominance of this doctrine. In Orissa the *Dharma Gita* of Mahadeva Das is regarded as a sacred book. There we read that *Sunya-Purusa* was occupying infinite *maha-sunya*. He was *Nirguna maha-sunya-murti* (निर्गुण महा-सून्य-मूर्ति). Becoming *saguna*, he was transformed into *Brahma*. From him came out *Adya-Sakti* (आद्याशक्ति), the mother of *Brahma*, *Visnu* and *Siva*.

In the *Brahmanda Bhugola Gita* of Balaram Das of Orissa, we read that God was *Sunya-rupa* in the beginning. In the *Saraswat Gita* of the same author, the Creator has been called *Maha-sunya*.

**Jayadeva (1170 A. D.?) and Ramananda
(14th Century A. D. ?)**

In Northern India, during the time of Ramananda, the *Sunya* doctrine got mixed up with the *Sahaja* cult. According to the *Grantha Sahib* of the Sikhs, both Jayadeva and Ramananda were worshippers of *sahaja*. Says Jayadev: "I have become absorbed in His love, I have obliterated myself in Him, and have acquired *Brahma-Nirvana*" (*Grantha Sahib*, Rag Maru). The *Grantha Sahib* has preserved for us the famous *vani* (वाणी) of Ramananda: "Where shall I go? The sport (लीला) is going on within me. My mind likes not to move: it has grown immobile... I was going to worship in the temple of *Brahma*: *Guru* says the *Brahma* is within" (*Grantha Sahib*, Rag Basanta).

Ramananda is here against all ceremonialism. He is a *sahaja* devotee. In the *Sahajananda Grantha* of Bhakta Sundaradas (born 1596 A. D.), we read these interesting verses: "That *Sahaja Niranjana* we find everywhere. In that *sahaja* are all saints held together... Saint Soja and Saint Pipa are immersed in *Sahaja*; Saints Sena and Dhanna are drinking the delight (*ras*) of *Sahaja*. Of *Sahaja* was Ravidasa a devotee; in *Sahaja* alone was the delight of *Guru Dadu*." In the *vanis* of all these medieval saints and mystics, we find *Sahaja* and *Sunya* blending into each other.

Kabir (1398 A. D. ?)

In the *vanis* of Kabir, in particular, we find this blending reaching its full synthesis. Kabir's genius was prolific, and a good deal of his writings are only imperfectly known. To collect all his utterances on *Sunya* and *Sahaja* would need a volume in itself. I shall, therefore, confine my references to one handy volume only, which was published by the Nagri Pracharini Sabha in 1928.

That Kabir's synthetic genius could not get satisfied with the merely negative significance of *Sunya*, is well brought out by his answer to the question he asks in the padavali No. 164: "Where you reside, O *Niranjana*, is there anything positive, or is there only *Sunya*?"¹

¹ कहैं कबीर जहां बसहु निरंजन तहां कुछ आहि कि छुन्य ॥

In reply he warns himself: "A devotee loses his own self if he forgets God and places his love in *Sunya*" (ibid., astapadi ramaini p. 239).

Again: "What is caste? He has created by mixing water and air. With *Sabda* (logos) has *Sunya* been filled up" (ibid.).

Within our body "is the firmament resounding with *anahada* (infinite) music; there the mind is merged in *Sunya*" (ibid., pad 7). "Within our heart are the *Ganga* and the *Yamuna*: *Sahaja-Sunya* is the *ghata* (घाट) where they meet" (ibid., lai anga, 3).¹

"*Sahaja-Sunya* is the ever-growing tree which can absorb the whole universe of land and water" (ibid., parisista-pada, 108).

"*Sunya* is the infinite which is beyond all limitations" (ibid., Parcha Anga, 11).

This *Sunya* is not void or empty; for here is the dwelling place of the "man of heart" (ibid., Gurusikha Hera Anga, 7). "Sri Kamalakanta resides here on the twelve-petaled lotus" (ibid., parisista pada, 17).

"Music is going on in the *Sunya* sphere, and to that music is my mind dancing" (ibid., pad, 72).

"That *rasa* (रस) is available to him who has been initiated by a *sat-guru*" (ibid., pad, 74).

"In that *sunya* sphere have I taken my dwelling-place, that I may ever remain immersed in that *rasa*" (ibid., pad, 154).

"Such a reality is *sunya* that no room is there for imaginings" (ibid., parisista pada, 211).²

"The illusion of life and death ceases if one while living can remain immersed in *sunya*" (ibid., 73).³

But "Says Kabir, the limitations and illusions break, and while living our mind enters into *sunya*" (ibid., 63).

"When the personal *sunya* embraces the universal *sunya*, I will become *samadarsi* (one whose synthetic vision takes in all alike) and will be like wind" (ibid., 24).

"To break the unending chain of life and death, one should enter into *sunya*" (ibid., 91).

¹ गंग जमुन उर अंतरै सहज सुनि स्यौ घाट ॥

² छल गुफा महि आसण बैसण कल्प विवर्जित पंथा ॥

³ जन्म मरण का भ्रम गया.....

जीवत छनि समानिया..... ॥

Dadu (1544-1603 A. D.)

Though born several generations later, Dadu was the disciple of Kabir. He, too, has thrown considerable light on *Sunya*. To him, as to Kabir, *Sunya* as a negation was unacceptable. He cries: "What mean you by giving name to nothingness, which has no reality at all?" (Dadu, *Sacha Anga*, 795).¹

"The whole world is deluding itself by accepting non-existence as a reality" (ibid., 796).

He accepted that subtle *sahaja* infinity which has no form nor any limitation, and which the ordinary man repudiates (*Bhesa Anga*, 26).

He says: "He who reduces his passions to ashes, lives in *sahaja* and meditates on *Sunya*, attains universal receptiveness and becomes unconquerable for ever" (Raga Bitawal, 349).

"In every form, in every soul, everywhere is that *sahaja* immanent. There is the field of the sport of *Niranjana*. No *guna* (qualification) can have access there" (*Parcha Anga*, 56).

In the *Parcha Anga* of Dadu there are fourteen *vanis* (56-68), dealing with *sahaja-sunya* as a lake or an ocean, which is the repository of the supreme *rasa*. Here, however, we shall quote from only two of them.

"By the brink of that *sahaja* lake, I brought my heart at His Lotus-feet. There I found my beloved, the primal *Niranjana*" (No. 60).

"Filled with fulfilment is that ocean of bliss. Its waters are bright and pure. Dadu says, none but the thirsty may drink therefrom" (63).²

"*Sunya* is the ocean of *sahaja*: mind is the pearl-diver" (67).

"God is the Lotus in that *Sunya* lake: mind is the bee" (66).

Considering the difficulty of attaining to that reservoir of bliss by any external means, Dadu asks: "This is a way where no foot may tread: how can any being reach there?" (Dadu, *Lai Anga*, 10).

¹ कुछ नाहीं का नावं क्या जे धरिये सो कूट ॥

² छब सागर दुभर भयां डकक निर्मक नीर ॥

Later on, he answers: "*Para-Brahma* has given the way: *sahaja* meditation on love is the thing essential" (ibid., 74).

"Let the mind dwell in *sahaja-sunya*, which lies between *yoga-samadhi* and *premananda*" (ibid., 9).

The *Dharma Puja Vidhana* (p. 93) of Bengal describes three kinds of *sunya*: (i) *Maha-sunya*, (ii) *Parama-sunya*, (iii) *Anila-sunya*. Dadu also has mentioned three kinds: (i) *Kaya-sunya*, (ii) *Atam-sunya*, (iii) *Parama-sunya*. In *kaya-sunya* the five elements (senses) reside; in *atam-sunya* life gets its expression; in *parama-sunya*, there is union with *Brahma* (*Parcha Anga*, 53).

We also find mention of *Brahma-sunya*, where resides the infinite, unlimited *Brahma*, devoid of form. In *vani* No. 50, of the *Parcha Anga*, we learn that the first three *sunyas* are concerned with the world of form, whilst the fourth *sunya* is *nirguna*. In that *sahaja-sunya* is going on the sport of love. In *vanis*, 54 and 55, Dadu sings:

"*Sahaja-sunya* is the source of all: the sun, the moon and the firmament. In it find their expression, earth, water, wind and fire. Time, passion, soul, mind and its illusion, and form and breath—all have their source in it; that also is the abode of God. That *sahaja-sunya* is with everyone" (*Parcha Anga*, 54—55).

Sundaradasa, who was a disciple of Dadu, also says: "There is no *dhyana* (meditation) like that of *sunya*: it is the best of all *dhyanas*" (*Jnanasamudra*, *Rupatita Dhyana*, 83). "By the grace of God, let your *samadhi* rest in *sunya*" (ibid., *Gurusisya Laksana Nirupana*, 12).

Among the disciples of Dadu was one, *Rajjab* (16th century A. D.), a deeply spiritual man. His principal dictum was:

"Out of 'Nay', nothing alone can come: reality can only come of 'Yea'."

What then is the use of *sunya*? he asks. *Sunya* is the space where life finds its expression and its possibility of growth. Life has been possible only because it is surrounded with the freedom of *akasa* (ether). No life could have existed, had this *akasa* been something less ethereal. And the guru (teacher) who has to open and unfold the inner life of his disciple, must also be like this *sunya* (*Rajjab, Gurudeva Anga*, 56).

"*Sunya* is sunk in the five elements (and senses), and is at the same time free of them" (*Sakhibhuta Anga*, 8).

"Both *sunya* and the Lord are without beginning, without end, and without the middle" (*Hairana Anga*, 3).

"The devotee and the cloud are alike: they both take their *sunya-nectar*" (*Sadha Anga*, 1).

"*Sunya* is filled up with consciousness and there *sahaja* abides" (*Gurudeva Anga*, 85).

"Like the cloud gaining colour against the background of infinity, the ego gains its colour whilst resting against *sunya* and the Lord" (*Sakhibhuta Anga*, 10).

"Lighting, wind, and cloud, they are inconstant. *Sunya* is ever steady" (*Prasidhha Sadhaka Anga*, 11).

"The highest bliss of the personal consciousness is to be merged in the Infinite Consciousness: the personal *sunya* has its fulfilment in the infinite *Sunya*" (*Sajivani Anga*, 4).

Guru Nanak (Born 1469 A.D.)

In the *vanis* of Guru Nanak, too, we find numerous references to *sunya* and *sahaja*, though here we shall quote only a few.

When Pandit Brahmadas asked the Guru what there was before Creation, the Guru replied: "Then there was neither day nor night; nor sun nor moon. His *samadhi* was in *sunya*" (*Grantha Sahib*, Raga Maru).

"He is *Sunya-kala*" (*ibid.*).

"The Yogis meditate on *sunya*" (*ibid.*, Asa Astapadi).

The *Prana-Sangali* (प्राण-संगली), according to the Sikhs, contains Guru Nanak's authoritative statements on yoga. It is supposed to be the record of his conversations with the yogis he met in Ceylon, when he went there to give spiritual instruction to Raja Siyanabha, written by his disciples Gheto and Saido, from memory; although many scholars maintain that the book was written a long time after Nanak. Anyhow, the book tells us a great deal about the yoga doctrines of the Sikhs.

It tells, in the first chapter, how "the Lord unfolded the universe in many colours out of *sunya*" (p. 1).

The second chapter is about meditation on the Supreme Thatness. We read how Nanak had his entry in the *sunya* palace and how he got the priceless jewels therefrom (p. 8).

The third chapter talks of Life and Form emerging out of *sunya* (p. 17). It says: "Everyone is saying, *sunya*, *sunya*. The Lord, Himself, is engaged in *sunya* meditation. When He, in *sunya* meditation, alone is, then who is the *guru* and who the *chela* (disciple)?" (p. 16).

"When the Lord was alone in that darkness, then He, Himself, was the guru, He, Himself, the chela" (*ibid.*).

"In *sunya* alone is the unfailing *sahaja*" (*ibid.*, p. 6, 36).

"He alone is a *sannyasi* who comprehends *sunya*" (p. 9, 58).

"Let the muezzin make us hear that *anahada* music of the call for prayer! Let him bow his head in the *sunya* mosque?" (p. 10, 64).

"In the *sunya* chamber within, the door is made of *vajra*"¹ (p. 11, 69).

Besides these saints named above, there were more than two hundred celebrated saints and thinkers in India, during a period of about four centuries, of whom we know. Most of them have talked of *sunya* and *sahaja*. Here we shall give only a few specimens, which will show us that, in tracing the development of our doctrine, we cannot ignore their *vanis*.

Of them was Saint Akha. He says: "*Sunya* is not light, nor water, nor earth, nor air. It is beyond firmament. There is only—Not That. That *sunya* is without the three *gunas*: it has no concern with virtue and vice. It is not red, yellow, white, black or blue. There is neither movement nor fixity. How then can one describe the *sunya*? O Akha! recognise that God who is like *akasa* in the heart of the guru" (*Anubhava Bindu*, Chappai 6).

Again: "The way-farer is *sunya*, ether is *sunya*, the shadow of the devotee is *sunya*" (*Akha-kṛta-kavya*, II, p. 202).

"That *sunya* is beyond ether: it has neither form nor name. When I looked out for *sahaja-sunya*, I discovered the region of fulfilment" (*ibid.*, p. 202).

"*Sahaja-sunya* is not only not negative: it is a thing to be courted and loved" (*ibid.*, p. 202).

So also Khimji has said: "The intoxicated yogi sat on *sunya*. What sport was going on all around! What was subjective became objective, and everywhere was sport" (Khimji Sahib, *Yoga Vedanta Bhājana Bhandara*, p. 43, pada, 2).

Among the Auls, Bauls, Natha-panthis and the Niranjans of Bengal, we find an abundance of relevant matter which, however, is quite beyond the ambition of this paper to exhaust. Here we must be content with a few references: "*Sunya* is free, like free infinite space. No seed can sprout, no life can move unless there

¹ Literally means, thunder-bolt.

is free *akasa*. *Akasa* is the indispensable space; it is the refuge of the life of movement. It is also the indispensable receptacle of the life of consciousness."

"There is *sunya* within ourselves: there is eternal freedom there. In that *sunya*-chamber, we may meet our Beloved. That is the only fit place for union with the Beloved and for eternal love."

Bauls sing: "Guru must be *sunya*, for he never crushes down the potential life and the spiritual individuality of his disciple. Guru inspires and fosters; never smothers."¹

"Brahma is *sunya* ; *mukti* and *nirvana* are also *sunya*."

"*Parabrahma* may be realised only in *sahaja-sunya* within."

"You may realise Him," says Gangarama, "in your *sunya*-chamber, otherwise all is darkness."

Says Baul Bisa: "Alas! the *rasa* which wells up between *rupa* and *a-rupa* has not been realised by you. If you could comprehend the wonderful Thatness, you would be inebriated and would realise your *sunya* (void) as *purna* (full)."²

A Baul *vani* of North Bengal says: "We can realise our *sunya* if we properly balance our *sadhana* by uniting *Siva* and *Sakti* within us."³

¹ শুক পোষে কিছু পেষে না ।

² বলা বলে বিশা তালকানা,
রূপ অরূপের রয় মাঝে রস,
তার স্বরূপ পাইলা না !
ও সেট বুঝলে তত্ত্ব হইতি মত্ত
দেখতি শূন্য পূর্ণাকার ॥

³ This article in a more complete form has been accepted for publication by the All India Oriental Conference at their last Baroda Sessions,

THE KOPAI*

Rabindranath Tagore

Idly my mind follows the sinuous sweep of the Padma † roaming under a distant sky. On the further side of hers stretches the sand-bank, insensitive to the living world, defiant in its sublime inutility.

On this side crowd the bamboo, the mango tree, the patriarchal banian; the obsolete hut in ruins; the aged jack tree of a massive trunk; the mustard field on the slope of the pond; the cane bush round the ditch by the lane; the remnant walls of an indigo plantation clinging to a silenced time, its row of casuarinas murmuring day and night in the forsaken garden.

The colony of Rajbanshis dwell there near the rugged bank fractured into zigzags, offering a scanty pasture to their goats; in the adjacent upland the corrugated roofs of the market storehouses keep staring hard at the sun.

The whole village stands shuddering in constant fear of the heartless stream.

The proud river has her name in the venerable texts; through her veins runs the sacred current of the Ganges.

She remains remote. The homesteads she passes by are tolerated by her, not recognised; her stately manner has a response in it to the majestic silence of the mountain and the large loneliness of the sea.

Once I had my boat secured at the landing slope of one of her islands in an isolated distance, far from all responsibilities.

I opened my eyes before the gaze of the morning star in the

* A modest, though coquettish river that half encircles Santiniketan.

† A mighty river that thunders midway through Bengal.

dawn, and slept on the roof under the constellation of the seven sages.

The heedless water ran by the edge of my desolate days, even as the traveller walking close to the joys and sorrows of the wayside homes, yet free from their appeal.

Now at the end of my young days I have come away to this plain here, grey and bare of trees, allowing a small detached spot for the swelling green of the shadow-sheltered Santal village.

I have for my neighbour the tiny river Kopai. She lacks the distinction of ancient lineage. The primitive name of hers is mixed up with the loud-laughing prattle of the Santal women of countless ages.

There is no gap for discord between the land and water in her intimacy with the village and she easily carries the whisper of her one bank to the other. The blossoming flaxfield is in indulgent contact with her as are the young shoots of rice.

Where the road comes to an abrupt break at the brink of her water she graciously makes way for the passers-by across her crystal-clear garrulous stream.

Her speech is the speech of the humble home, not the language of the learned. Her rhythm has a common kinship both with the land and the water; her vagrant stream is unjealous of the green and golden wealth of the earth,

Slender is her body that glides in curves across shadows and lights, clapping hands in a tripping measure.

In the rains her limbs become wild like those of the village girls drunk with the *mahua* wine, yet she never even in her wantonness breaks or drowns her neighbouring land; only with a jesting whirl of her skirt sweeps the banks while she runs laughing loud.

By the middle of autumn her waters become limpid, her



Beside Mulherjee

KOPAI

Pl. III.

current slim, revealing the pallid glimpse of the sands underneath. Her destitution does not shame her, for her wealth is not arrogant, nor her poverty mean.

They carry their own grace in their different moods, even as a girl when she dances with all her jewels aglimmer, or when she sits silent with languor in her eyes and a touch of a tired smile on her lips.

The Kopai in her pulsation finds its semblance in the rhythm of my poet's verse, the rhythm that has formed its comradeship with the language rich in music and that which is crowded with the jarring trivialities of the work-a-day hours.

Its cadence fails not the Santal boy lazily tramping along with his bows and arrows; it times itself to the lumbering market cart loaded with straw; to the panting breath of the potter shouldering earthen-wares in a pair of hanging baskets tied to a pole, his pet pariah dog fondly following his shadow; it moves at the pace of the weary steps of the village schoolmaster, worth three rupees a month, holding an old torn umbrella over his head.

Santiniketan,
17 March 1935.

(translated)

MA'ARRI THE FREETHINKER

By M. Ziauddin

*"Untruth has corrupted the world and each wrangling sect exalts its own gospel ; I say, if hate had not been in the nature of man, churches and mosques would have flourished side by side."*¹

Freedom of thought was characteristic of the original Islam. Individual's right to differ in opinion was conceived by Muhammad as mercy of God. The social and religious principles inculcated by him were broad and simple. The whole scheme worked round the fundamental assertion of the unity of Godhead; and round this central point of faith Muhammad called upon humanity to gather and thus be saved from division and destruction. This scheme of bringing into harmony the diverse races and religions and uniting them in freedom, failed in its purpose—because of this very insistence on becoming universal which the older religious systems resisted; and so eventually Islam was forced into a separate cult, asserting its identity against the rest, which it had been its purpose to harmonise into one. However, its inherent simplicity remained intact for some time and kept it extremely tolerant, receptive and comprehensive in general attitude. Apart from the respectful attitude that early Muslims had for the founders of different religious systems, great credit should also be given to them for the spirit of toleration they showed to the freethinkers of their own community.

What is particularly worthy of admiration is that the early Muslims not only tolerated but appreciated, even revered, such an anti-Islamic poet and freethinker as Abul-'Ala Ma'arri. "Remarkable it is," observes Von Kremer, "that, while in Europe, precisely at that time, a bloody war of extermination was being waged against Albigenses, in Islam the poet (Ma'arri) was allowed to avow and sing his note of free-thinking, without let or hindrance."² "It is astonishing", remarks R. A. Nicholson, "to reflect that a spirit so unconventional, so free from dogmatic prejudice, so rational inspite of his pessimism and deeply religious notwithstanding his attacks on revealed religion, should have

1. Ma'arri, *Lusumiyyat*, Cairo, (1891), 11. p. 82.

2. *Islamic Civilization* II, p. 247.

ended his life in a (Muslim) Syrian country-town some years before the battle of Senglac."¹

Abul-'Ala Ma'arri, the blind Arab poet, was a thinker of a breadth of vision the like of which humanity has produced only very rarely. Honest to the core of his heart, he embodied in his person the very fire of the freedom of mind, and was "one of the greatest moralists of all time, whose profound genius anticipated much that is commonly attributed to the so-called modern spirit of enlightenment."²

Ma'arri was born in 973 A. D. and died in 1057 A. D. at Ma'arra, a town in Northern Syria. When about four years of age he had the misfortune of a severe attack of small-pox which rendered him blind. After his preliminary studies at home, under the guidance of his father, he was sent for his education at first to Aleppo and then to Tripoli and Antioch.³ After having completed his courses, he went to Aleppo again, this time to practice the art he had specialized in, namely that of an encomiast. He wrote for some time his panegyrics on courtiers, but soon got disgusted with the business and came back to his native town. Here he joined a public educational institution in the capacity of a lecturer in Arabic poetry and philology at the bare annual income of thirty *dinars*. His students were not slow in realising his greatness, and gave him their enthusiastic appreciation and honour. The reputation thus acquired brought him also the patronage of the courtiers who occasionally rewarded him liberally for the panegyrics he wrote for them. It was during this period that he completed his *Saqt-az-Zand* (*Sparks in the Fire-Stick*).

Finding Ma'arra too small a town for the display of his poetic talents, he came to Baghdad, the capital of the Muslim empire. Here he at once got the opportunity for reciting his poems in the most select assemblies of the *litterateurs* of the capital, who admired him greatly. At Baghdad Ma'arri came in touch with the outstanding representatives of different creeds whom Baghdad had attracted because of its liberal intellectual atmosphere. Here the Jews, Christians, Budhists, Brahmins, Zoroastrians, Manicheans, Mystics, Rationalists, even rank Materialists, had gathered to contribute their share to the

1. *Literary History of the Arabs*, (Nicholson), p. 324.

2. *ibid.*, p. 316.

3. *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, Vol. 8, pp. 222, 223.

commonwealth of human knowledge. Ma'arri was soon fed up with all of them. Before eighteen months had elapsed, he left the capital for his home, with the grim intention of shutting himself away from society and the world. However strong that desire for ascetic seclusion might have been, the poet in him was never conquered and he could never completely sever himself from men and their company. Moreover as his genius had been widely recognized by then, students came to him from all parts of the empire to attend his lectures. At this period of his development he gave up his cherished theme of ridiculing the political and religious institutions. He took up Man instead and meditated on him, apart from any creed and nationality to which he might belong. He saw before him the problem of humanity as such and not that of races or individuals defined by their peculiar limitations and conventions. At this stage of his intellectual progress he completely shook off such remnants of dogma as had escaped his analytic eye till then. This is also the period in which he wrote his best work *Luzumiyyat*. The work is notable for its freedom of vision, its uncommon boldness of expression and originality of style, though very deeply coloured with the saddest hue of pessimism. His poetry is frank and straight-forward, smooth in its flow and vigorous in its enunciation of his ascetic creed. He, however, successfully avoided exciting the fury of the orthodox. He has good deal of that sort of stuff in his poetry which may be said to have been put in deliberately to throw dust in the eyes of the orthodox and to put them off the scent. He admits this frankly: "It is society," he says, "that compels me to play the hypocrite."¹ "I raise my voice to utter absurdities aloud while truth I only whisper in hushed voice."² "Hide thy thoughts even from thy bosom friend."³ Yet Ma'arri was not so cautious as he paints himself to be. For, inspite of all his caution, he pronounced blasphemies loud enough. Nor did he escape the vigilant orthodox eye, though he was never persecuted.

When he discusses the nature of religion Ma'arri's views are astonishingly modern. He considers religion to have sprung

1. *Luzumiyyat*, 11 p. 139.

2. *Ibid.*, 11 p. 36.

3. *Ibid.*, (1890) I., 272.

from the double source of human fear and greed. To him divine revelation could never be a fact; he simply refuses to discuss this point and ignores it completely. Religion is defined by him as a product of the human mind, the result of the education and training by the society and its conventions, which force men to believe in what their forefathers have believed. Ma'arri does not believe in miracles either. His words in *Risalatul-Ghufran* (*The Epistle of Forgiveness*) are as clear as words can be:

"Sometimes you may find a man skilful in his trade, perfect in sagacity and in the use of arguments, but when he comes to religion he is found obstinate, so does he follow the old groove. Piety is implanted in human nature, it is deemed a sure refuge. To the growing child that which falls from his elder's lips is a lesson that abides with him all his life. Monks in their cloisters and devotees in the mosques accept their creed just as a story is handed down from him who tells it, without distinguishing between a true interpretation and a false. If one of these had his kin among the Magians, he would have declared himself a Magian, or among the Sabians he would have become nearly or quite like them."¹

Naturally he does not spare any religion in his general onslaught: "The Muslims are stumbling and the Christians are gone astray," he declares, "the Jews are bewildered and the Magians are misled. Mankind is divided into two groups: that of the enlightened knaves and the religious fools."² At another place he says: "Men live as their fathers lived and behaved, and they follow their religion mechanically as their fathers did before."³ He even doubts the value of their confession of faith: "In all your affairs you blindly conform to your tradition and remain satisfied; even your confession of faith, 'God is One', is a blind conformity."⁴

Ma'arri's remarkable work *The Epistle of Forgiveness* is characteristic of the cynical nature of his genius. That it should have survived notwithstanding its blasphemous contents surprises us most. Only two copies of it exist today, of which one is in the possession of R. A. Nicholson. He has described its contents in

1. *Lit. Hist.* pp. 317, 318; J. R. A. S. for 1902, p. 351.

2. *Lusumiyyat*, II, p. 201.

3. *Ibid.*, I, 248.

4. *Ibid.*, I, 252.

the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1900 and 1902. In it the poet surveys the Paradise and finds it inhabited by the heathen poets of Arabia. Allah, through His mercy which always exceeds His anger, forgives the heretics and lets them enjoy the Paradise of the Faithful. Hence the title of the work: *The Epistle of Forgiveness*. Here the poets are found discussing and arguing with each other in the presence of a certain 'Ali bin Mansur', and behave like perfect Bohemians. The remaining half of the work consists of the opinions of certain freethinkers of Islam whose verses Ma'arri quotes with remarks on their beliefs from the orthodox side which he himself represents.

Ma'arri's genius is critical and destructive; scepticism is its characteristic strain; and yet his views are not devoid of a positive moral background. Strangely enough, he seems to have been essentially religious though the thing he hates most is religion. His morality is based on the dictates of reason and conscience and not at all on any divine revelation. Underlying it all is a characteristic basis of monotheism, if belief in the almighty and inexorable Fate can be called monotheism. "Serve God alone and not his servants, for religion enslaves you while reason emancipates you." ¹ This God is not the God of revealed religion but that of the intellectual necessity.

For guidance in life Ma'arri does not trust anything save reason: "Reason is the most precious gift," he says, "that you have received." ² This is how he explains his position: "Religious traditions of yore have come down to us, which, if they were genuine, would of course be of a great importance, but they are badly attested. Hence consult your reason and heed not anything else. Reason is your best adviser on earth." ³ "Be guided by reason and follow whither it leads you." ⁴ Again: "My reason is indignant that it should be put aside against the opinions of the founders of the Maliki and Shafi'i schools of Jurisprudence." ⁵ "Reason, its thou alone that speakest the truth." ⁶

Ma'arri considers reason to be by its nature antagonistic to

¹ Ibid., I, p. 326.

² Ibid., I, p. 151.

³ Ibid., p. 288.

⁴ Ibid., II, p. 394.

⁵ Ibid., II, p. 150.

⁶ Ibid., II, p. 196.

religion. For "it is not reason that gives birth to religion; religion is given to people by their kith and kin."¹ He cannot bear to see the spiritual mask that religion puts on the face of human tradition and habit. Again and again he points out to us the absurdity of those institutions that create malice and hatred between sections of mankind. "Whenever a new religion gets established, its adherents begin to condemn and revile other faiths: had it not been for this hate that is rooted in the human mind, churches and mosques would have arisen side by side."² Again he points out: "Truth is not to be found in the Pentateuch, and you may praise your Lord and pray, and go round and round the Ka'bah seventy times, not seven times, even then you may remain impious."³

Considering the philosophical view he subscribes to, Ma'arri was naturally sceptic of the absolute nature of holiness that religion tries to attain through rituals and spiritual exercises. "Nothing endures," proclaims the poet, "every thing is doomed to perish, even Islam itself. Moses taught and passed away. Christ succeeded him. Then came Muhammad with his five daily prayers. A new faith will come later, supplanting, outshining this. Humanity is thus hounded to death between yesterday and today."⁴

Religion, like all other created things, is doomed to perish, says he, and he is not sure of the existence of a thing known as 'soul' which might survive death. When all is said and considered about faith, he gives us his confession:

What is Religion? A maid kept close that no eye
may view her;
The price of her wedding-gifts and dowry baffles
the woer;
Of all the goodly doctrines that I from the pulpit
heard,
My heart has never accepted so much as a word.⁵

Yet Ma'arri is not without a strong moral background which he accepts as a sufficient basis for the span of life men are perforce

¹ Ibid., II, p. 403.

² Z. D. M. G. vol. 31, p. 497.

³ Z. D. M. G. vol. 31, p. 483.

⁴ *Islamic Civilisation* (Khuda Bakhsh's translation) II, p. 244.

⁵ *Lit Hist.* p. 321; Z. D. M. G., Vol. 31, p. 427.

to live through. This morality is based on reason and the individual's understanding of justice. He is an agnostic with regard to the nature of soul. If there be a soul, he is not sure if it carries away with it any portion of the mind. If one is to believe in a soul carrying within itself the memory of this life's events, then Ma'arri thinks the mind must accompany it. However that may be, he does not consider the theory of the transmigration of souls plausible either. He seems to have conceived of innumerable cycles of creation renewed after a general destruction of the whole thing. This is obviously an Indian theory of the cycles of *yugas* succeeded by *pralaya*.

Ma'arri believes in the practical value of such moral principles as are rational and withal beneficial to humanity. In his opinion: "Devout is he who, when he is able to feast his desires, abstains from them with courage."¹ Such a discipline is conducive to an enlightenment which progressively elevates man from simple animal life to a higher life commonly known as spiritual. Thus the exercise of virtue reveals the ethereal element in man or brings about the realisation of his spirit, while indulgence in passions drags man to the level of the brutes. But as regards the ultimate value of this moral discipline, as well as of the spiritual realisation that may follow, Ma'arri is frankly sceptic. At places he seems to question the results of strict morality, as when he says: "Among them the best are just like unfeeling rocks that commit no wrong and tell no lies."² (I suppose "the best" are the virtuous men.) Hence the note of futility of the whole thing which rings so strongly in his poetry: "You need not seek to better this world which God Himself never meant to be virtuous."³

Ma'arri's philosophy is decisively agnostic, if not positively sceptic. For him there exists no ultimate truth, no final certainty of knowledge, to which man can attain. All that man can arrive at is, at its best, a guess: "There is no certainty; my utmost effort at arriving at truth results only in mere opinion or conjecture."⁴ Neither is there any possibility of arriving at certainty with regard to the nature of our being. "Colocynth knows not what gave it its bitterness, nor honey knows why it is so sweet;

¹ *Lusumiyat* II, p. 159.

² *Ibid.*, I, p. 95.

³ *Ibid.*, I, p. 110.

⁴ *Ibid.*, II, p. 23.

you ask me but I have no answer to offer, and the man who says 'I know', he is a liar." ¹ No ground for certainty or finality on this earth, neither in argument nor in fact. Facts roll on eternally, the drama of world-history is interminably projected in the infinity of time and space. "Time is like a poem that rolls on eternally." ²

His logic (and probably his blindness too) forced him to adopt an ascetic life. Conscious of the doom of humanity, the wretchedness of the lot of man on earth, blindly led by a blind irrevocable futility, he chose to sing the song of hopelessness: "Whatever time holds within its grasp, it holds in ignorance, no use venting our anger on it." ³

Ma'arri is obviously much influenced by Indian thought. Now and then he makes a direct reference to Indian thoughts or customs. He praises the Indian habit of burning the dead, and argues in its favour. He also appreciates those Indian monks who burnt themselves alive to get rid of their existence. He considers injuring or killing an animal a grievous sin. Ma'arri remained a celibate all his life, and considered procreation a mortal sin in man, which he was proud never to have committed. It is said he desired a verse of his to be inscribed on his grave which ran: "This wrong was done to me by my father, but to none by myself." ⁴ And so he advised his friends: "If you love your children and want to be kind to them then leave them within your loins." ⁵ Marriage is a sufficiently grievous wrong that man can commit but polygamy is still more so; he thinks it is unjust to the wife and disastrous to the husband.

Ma'arri's ascetic principles are almost all to be found in the following poem:

"Sick in intellect and faith, yet harken to my announcement of truth. Show yourself not coarse by eating what has been thrown out of water, and adopt not as your food that which has been slain, consume not eggs, for their yolks are meant to feed developing chickens and not fair women. Practice not deceit upon birds who cannot defend their little ones, for violence is the worst

¹ Ibid., I, p. 103.

² Z. D. M. G. p. 47 : *Islamic Civilization* II, p. 245.

³ *Lit. Hist.* p. 321 ; Z. D. M. G. vol. 38, p. 522.

⁴ *Lit. Hist.* p. 317 : Margoliouth, op. cit., p. 133 of the Arabic text.

⁵ *Lusumiyyat*, I, 397.

of misdeeds. Disturb not the honey-combs of the bees, which they have diligently filled with the scented nectar of flowers. They have not been gathered for strangers, but are intended for presents and friendly gifts. From all these misdeeds I have washed my hands. Ah! only I wish I had thought of them before I became grey."¹

Again:

"Stain not your swords with blood, nor yet plunge your lances in gaping wounds. Delightful unto me are the ways of those that live like monks, only if they do not consume that which others have acquired by toil and effort."²



¹ *Lusumiyat*, I, p. 232.

² *Ibid.*

GANDHI AND LENIN

By Nirmal Kumar Bose

In the midst of the gloom which encircles mankind on all sides, there are always men who struggle with the surrounding darkness, and succeed in saving their souls from its oppressive influence. Of such men in the present age, we can think of two, who bear the marks of having successfully fought that battle and whose lives bear testimony to the enormity of suffering through which they have had to pass. Lenin and Gandhi. Both these men resemble one another in their relentless pursuit of Truth, as well as in their great passion for the poor and the oppressed. Yet, in the matter of their inner convictions and attitudes, the two men stand widely apart from one another.

According to both Lenin and Gandhi, the world's suffering is to-day caused by the existence of an unjust system which allows one class of men to live upon the toil of another. The system not only blights the lives of those who are exploited, but degrades those who live by that act of exploitation. The system has therefore to be broken down if we want to make men happy; in this both Gandhi and Lenin agree. But it is in regard to their methods and the possible chances of the success of these methods, as well as to the mental attitudes which they bring to bear upon their task that the two seem to challenge one another.

Lenin believed that the unjust social and economic system of today exists because it is the exploiters who hold the power of the State in their hands. If once that power came within the control of the exploited, they would so build society anew as to make a repetition of the wrongs impossible. All his efforts were therefore directed to securing such revolution as would bring the State under the dictatorship of the proletariat; which would exercise its powers to remodel man's outlook as well as to make it impossible for any man to deprive others of the fruits of their labour.

Gandhi, however, holds quite a different view. He is radically opposed to the centralization involved in Lenin's scheme. He believes that such centralization is always dangerous because of the chances of corruption at the centre. If it be argued that good

men could be found to occupy the position at the centre, he asks, why should not they be found in sufficient number to run autonomous village units all over the country? Gandhi does not believe that the core of the problem lies in the authority of the State; nor that the evil is due wholly to those who hold that authority. He finds that the State can only exercise its power and abuse it (as it does today), because men are afraid of violence all the while. The governors are cruel, selfish, and violent; while the governed are cowardly and afraid of losing their comforts and material possessions in defence of their rights. Those rights can only be won and maintained if we cast aside all fear of violence from our hearts and, also, if we ourselves labour with our own hands, i.e. do not live upon the labour of others. These two are the fundamental duties which we must fulfil so that we can enjoy the right of living a free and happy life; and conversely, it is the absence of these two which makes it possible for injustice to perpetuate itself.

All of Gandhi's efforts, therefore, are directed towards stamping out the fear of violence from our hearts: violence to our person and violence to our possessions. We must not only be non-violent ourselves but must be *unafraid* of the violence of others. And he proposes to achieve this by a system of constructive work on the one hand, and of progressive non-violent non-co-operation with those who might be in power, on the other. Gandhi believes that although such a type of revolution may appear to be a slow process, yet, in the end, it is the quickest revolution, as it is also the surest. In the very act of breaking down the present order, the masses evolve the necessary strength for self-rule, while all the class-interests which oppose them are automatically rooted out or sterilised in that process.

This difference in method between Lenin and Gandhi is really rooted in a fundamental difference in their respective faiths. For both, though practical, were essentially men of faith. Lenin held that man is a creature of circumstance; so that if he is to be made moral, he should be placed under conditions such that morality and self-sacrifice are stamped upon him through his environment; while any exercise of selfishness is, at the same time, rendered impossible. All his efforts were, therefore, directed towards the building up of an architectural system under which man should develop the habit of living a just and moral life. But Gandhi seems to have little faith in such morality evoked by circumstance. For him such a morality is untrue and, therefore, impermanent. He be-

believes that Man is the master of Form and not Form that of Man. Permanent changes can come only from within, and our principal object should therefore be to help the individual to grow more moral and more heroic from within. Any change in social form must only be an expression and a measure of man's inward progress.

Gandhi is characteristically Indian and individualistic in this respect. All his plans of social or political reform are so designed that men can work them either in company or alone; and more perfectly when alone than otherwise. We may characterize the difference between Lenin and Gandhi by saying that the former builds his hopes upon man as he actually is, while the latter upon what it is possible or what it is desirable for him to be. But whether it is wiser in the end to rely more upon possibility than upon actuality is more than one can say.

Lenin was like a mighty warrior who held aloft a great hope for mankind, while his soul was steeped in the dream of a millennium when no man should live in idleness and all would live in love and employ their talents to serve their community. With a strong taste for reality, he turned to History for a sanction of the hope which burned within him, and there he discovered the finger of Fate pointing towards such fulfilment. It is because of the fatalistic nature of this belief that Lenin could employ the most pitiless means of destruction to overcome the obstacles that hampered him in his march. The path may lie today, so he thought, through violence and hatred, but the day will come when it will be time to lay down the sword or perhaps melt it for building the plough, for then man will have no reason to hate man. But until that day arrives, our path must lie through violence and bloodshed, for that is the inevitable law of History. Lenin was like a workman, passionately hammering away at his anvil in the night, in the red glow of a lamp which burned incessantly before him, while he was entirely oblivious of the dark sky which hung above his head. And in that sky, the cold stars shone with a glitter which knew no compassion for the love and the hate which burned within the bosom of the workman.

But Gandhi, the pilgrim soul, is ceaselessly on the march in a journey which is without end. With the staff of the beggar in his hand, he travels towards a distant light which draws him inexorably towards itself. Hope burns within him and he yields to its impulse, for there is nothing else for him to do. In the inner

depth of his being, he knows that it is not his business to ask if ever the millenium will come or not. All that he is called upon to do, at the present moment, is to submit to the forces of his nature and thus fulfil the task for which he was appointed by God. "To become like the clay in the Potter's divine hand", is his ideal. And that is also the reason why he can say in true humility that his task is the "service of God and therefore of humanity."

Gandhi believes that God never admits us into the design of the future. He has given us no control over the end, and only a limited one over the means; which means is love. And Gandhi claims that he has discovered the secret whereby love could be used to transform one's environment, and free human life from the oppression which is weighing upon it. That secret is to love the oppressors of mankind as oneself, even while we are opposing them by active non-co-operation in order to wreck the system for which they stand. It is a terribly difficult task to which he calls us, to oppose a tyrant even while bearing no malice in our heart against him. But as this is also the noblest path, Gandhi asks us to spare no pains in following it perfectly. All his genius is exercised in discovering this path of love in the midst of worldly conflicts: the results he leaves in the keeping of God.

But weak as we are, our strength fails when we are confronted by the dreariness of this march. We find that this cheerless concentration upon the means only leaves us despairing of our own weakness. So we turn to Gandhi with the question: why is it wrong to be intoxicated with a dream and a hope when darkness presses upon our souls from all around? Gandhi answers: indeed, you should believe in the promise of the day when man shall disdain to enrich himself at the cost of his neighbour and all will live in work and love; but, in the meanwhile, take care of the means.

Secretly, to the chosen few who can bear it, he whispers a less luring truth. To them, Gandhi says, the promise of the dawn is but a bait with which God tempts His creatures into action, along paths which He chooses. And if He so wills, He might anyday sweep aside all our hopes and joys and hurl us into the depths of unutterable misery, for He is above all the greatest tyrant ever known. Our business is to toil ceaselessly at our appointed task, and throw ourselves against every obstacle which oppresses human life, without regard to the consequences. We belong to the gang of workmen employed to keep the road ready

for God's chariot to pass by. Even with regard to his motherland, he says that it is true he wants his countrymen to enjoy political freedom, he wants food and raiment for the hungry millions; but these are only the things with which India will clothe herself before she is called upon, in the interest of humanity, to embrace Death as her divine bridegroom. "My idea of nationalism is that my country may become free that, if need be, the whole country may die, so that the human race may live."

These are indeed awful words. But Gandhi consoles us by saying that the powers of patience which reside within the soul are also unlimited. If we throw aside all our attachment to the body, which is the source of all fear, and have our being in God, who is the repository of all strength, we shall never lack in the necessary strength to bear His message of love in our lives.

This is the prospect which Gandhi holds out to his comrades: no vision of any distant millenium, only the vision of the thorns which we shall encounter in our pilgrim march. He shows us only the way, even while seeking it himself, whereby we can lay down our lives so that humanity may live. And in that path God himself is transformed into the Flaming Sword which leaps and plays over the road of thorns. The sole aim of our existence is to surrender ourselves to that Almighty Being. Our own joys and sorrows sink into the uttermost insignificance, while life and death are transformed into so many milestones on our lonesome march.

This ultimate acceptance of the permanent nature of that which is sorrow and suffering to us, and from which we shrink instinctively in our personal attachment to life, does not spring in Gandhi from any inner morbidity of spirit. It comes from a recognition of the fact that both light and darkness, life and death, are parts of one Universal Being, which we may not accept in fragments. It is this aspect of Gandhi, with its apotheosis of suffering, which has often drawn forth the instinctive repulsion of the poet Tagore, whose admirable temper has now and then been ruffled by the prospect of a flood of morbidity overcoming the land in the wake of Gandhi's political movement. But in Gandhi himself there is not the least trace of morbidness, for his soul has been bathed clean by the tears of humble admission of weakness before God.

If that be the character of Gandhi's philosophy, devoid of hope, of romance, how is it, it might be asked, that men follow him in

thousands even when he asks them to follow on such a dreary road? The secret of this lies, not in his philosophy but in the personality of the man. And here perhaps we reach not only the inner truth of the present revolution in India, but of all great movements in the history of the world. Russia today is inexplicable except in terms of Lenin, the Christian movement is equally so without Jesus, while India's *Satyagraha* is likewise understandable only with reference to the character of the man who leads it today.

A lone man, marching with set purpose upon the road of God, whose heart beats in tune with the sufferings in every human breast, determined to share their sufferings or to sacrifice himself in the attempt to oppose all that oppresses them; such a character holds an appeal far greater than the cold star of truth towards which the pilgrim may be marching himself. It is good to live at a time when such men are born on earth, for their living testimony to the might of the human spirit restores to us courage and life, and gives us the strength to throw off the dead weight of the centuries.



BAPUJI (GANDHIJI)

By Nandalal Bose

DOLLS

By Abanindranath Tagore

We have dolls as playthings for children; marionettes for play-acting of larger size; life-size, and sometimes larger than life, caricatures, effigies and clowns. Toy dolls are about span high, thumb long, and smaller, down to miniature size.

Clay, wood, pith and paper are the materials of which our dolls are made. Toy dolls are first made in the rough by the potter or carpenter, whereupon the decorator steps in to do up the features and put in the colouring, before they finally find their way to the shops. The making of idols for worship is much on the same lines. The potter makes the figure according to tradition, with dress folds, ornaments, and crown, complete. The decorator then adds the colouring of body, features and robes, the tinsel halo and other appurtenances. In the case of the play-acting marionettes, the carpenter makes the body and limbs separately, and the play-actor loosely fastens the limbs to the



body with strings, so that they may be moved as required. The dresser follows, colouring and dressing them up, on the eve of the performance, for the parts they are intended to play. The animals



and birds that are to come on the stage are designed by the carpenter on a common pattern, and subsequently made up to suit the occasion,—the addition of mane or stripes, for instance, converting the same dummy into lion or tiger. This kind of co-operation between the several artists is made to serve all the purposes of the play.

There are mainly three kinds of dolls or toys: (1) Immobile—such as a figure of Ganesh, or a fat woman-figure with a stump in place of legs to be dressed up by the playing child.



(2) Partly mobile—such as palm-leaf sepoys with jointed arms and legs jerked into martial attitudes by strings attached to a bamboo spring; pith birds and fishes, dangling on strings from a supporting frame, swaying to the breeze. (3) Toys on wheels—such as clay carts, wooden or metal horses; etc.



Whistling tin birds or squeaking celluloid babies are beyond the resources of our toy makers. Our marionettes go through their movements in obedience to the string-pulling of the play actor and do their squeaking by proxy through his assistant.

Our old doll types are no longer to be seen in all their variety; some have even changed their forms and decorations to suit modern taste. Some idea of the different kinds of dolls or toys that were in use may be gathered from our nursery rhymes. I give a few examples :



(1) The Moon Doll :—"Moon on her arms, moons on her feet, a moon on her forehead doth shine."

(2) The Car of Thirteen Spires :—"O look sister, how wonderful! the confectioner over the way has made a car with thirteen spires, and a monkey holding the banner."

(3) The Nodding Old Man :—"The aged one's head nods and nods, with a myna perched on top."

(4) Gopal (Krishna) :—"Who says Gopal is flat-faced ? I have brought clay from Sukhchar to make a straight nose for him. Who says Gopal is dark ? I have brought turmeric from Patna to make his complexion shine." etc.



(5) Animals :—"The Shy Cat", "The Royal Elephant", "The Black and White Cats of Shasthi", etc.

(6) There are the Smiling Doll, the Jolly Doll, the Merry Doll, the Crying Doll, and other descriptions the meanings of which cannot now be traced.

(7) A Queen Doll made of fire-wood is still to be seen in Kalighat shops.

The following portion of a fairy tale gives us a picture of the making of a doll queen.

"Four companions were going from one village to another. Dusk fell while they were passing through a wood before their journey's end, and they had to stay the night under a tree. The carpenter's son took the first watch. To while away the time he cut off a branch and carved a woman doll. The decorator's son took the second watch. He shaped the eyes and nose, gave golden colour to the body and rose colour to the palms and soles, and seated the naked doll under the tree. The weaver's son took the third watch and dressed her up, veil and all. The



king's son woke last, and in the fourth watch he chanted a magic spell, learnt from a holy man, which gave her life; then placing her in a palanquin, he took her away with him."

Kalidasa's drama called *The thirty-two Dolls* was evidently intended to be played with marionettes. The stage directions show that the dialogue had to be rendered by the play actor called "the speaker". The king sits on the throne with due pomp and circum-



stance. To him comes a magician, and invokes a super-human being, tall as a palmyra tree, with sword to match, who leads by the hand a beautiful maiden. Gods come on the scene, and engage in a terrific battle with demons, in the course of which the floor is strewn with headless trunks, whereupon all the dolls on the stage register different degrees of alarm; and so on.

Why should we not take a leaf out of Kalidasa's book and have our own marionette plays even to-day?



A DOLL FROM BENGAL

This (Pl. VII) is a typical wooden doll found all over Bengal. It varies in its decorations and colours in different districts but the form remains the same.

This particular one was bought in Kenduli in Birbhum District. The colour of the head, arms and feet is yellow. Upper garment covering the body below the waist is blue and green. The details and decorations of the figure are drawn with black and red thick brush lines.

Mr. Nandalal Bose says it is not possible for him to say when this toy was introduced in Bengal but the back of this toy resembles the back of the stone statues of Vishnu and other gods. He also feels that they somehow look like Egyptian Mummy cases.

Size of the original doll:— $10\frac{5}{8}$ " \times 3".



Pl. VII.

A Doll from Bengal

IS ART TWO OR ONE ?

By Surendranath Tagore

In following the recent pictorial art movements in Bengal, which have largely dominated those in other parts of India as well, we come across a divergence between two types of art, variously contrasted as Oriental and Occidental, symbolical and representational, or idealistic and realistic. This divergence tends to be accentuated by rival art institutions and their respective supporters, to the point of antagonism. Unfortunately but few attempts are made to penetrate to the original difference which takes these several forms, in order to see whether there is really any irreconcilable opposition between the two. I here offer my train of thought to those who enjoy excursions into such speculations.

What is the origin of the art impulse? The artist, I take it, receives some appealing message which moves him to communicate it,—a message that may come either as an idea requiring to be depicted, or as a ready-made picture embodying some idea. I dare not venture, just yet, beyond the adjective “appealing”, because “beautiful” does not always seem to fit the message as delivered even by acknowledged artists,—ugly-looking subjects not necessarily lacking appreciation; nor may “delightful” always be apposite, in view of the painful subjects sometimes portrayed.

Whence come these messages? Not always from the ordinary world in which man commonly lives and moves, the world of nature with which the physical sciences are concerned. For in this very life, man has his being in more than one world at a time, his conscious life not remaining confined to this one, but ranging over different levels, from the highest mystic state down to bestial depths, with all sorts of spiritualistic abnormalities and pathological oddities in between; and beings or events in any of such worlds may motivate the artist, to whose consciousness they present themselves, to become the instrument of their expression.

We need go no deeper for what seems to be a fundamental distinction to become apparent. It is the distinction between man's art-relations with the phenomenal world of Nature on the one hand, and on the other with those other worlds that are or may be variously called mystical, supernatural, subliminal, ecstatic, or sometimes perhaps hysteric. The type of art which is the outcome

of the former may be tentatively called mundane, and the other ultra-mundane, so long at least as the difference involved in the distinction seems to require separate naming.

In the case of mundane art, the artist has to do with a world of forms in a perpetual state of flux which he has, in the first instance, to capture in static shape (so far as the material, technique, and skill at his disposal permit) before he can proceed to deliver the message he has received, by a suitable employment of the elements,—form, colour, light and shade, composition, etc.—that serve as its language. Even by votaries of this type of art, however, the aesthetic value is no longer now-a-days supposed to depend on the accuracy of the copies thus made of natural objects as appearing to the human eye, but is conceded to lie in some subtle quality or effect over and above all that is portrayed.

In the case of the ultra-mundane type, from whichever of the other worlds the messages may be coming, they seem to have this much in common that their expression does not demand the portrayal of natural objects as seen; for we find in the resulting works of art, figurations that may not be like anything about us, or situations never met with in the sensible world,—such as angels with birds' wings, many-headed, multiple-armed divinities, tree-like forms resembling no earthly specimen, shadows lying where natural light would not have thrown them, compositions as a whole ignoring perspective and mechanics alike,—in obedience to some dictates of the message itself, not in accord with the laws of nature, nor even following any conscious purpose of the artist, though doubtless modified by his personality and limited by his technical equipment. But the significance of the message, transcending as it does the language in which it is delivered, is neither so modified nor limited, whence it may sometimes be more effectively explained by some third person better attuned to the world from which it comes, than by the artist himself through whom it was originally transmitted.

Already, I think, we have arrived at a better position to understand how the distinction between these two types of art happens to be so variously described.

Ever since India first received the impact of European culture, the westerner, as a rule (to which, however, there have always been notable exceptions) has been found to confine his attention, not only in his science, but in his philosophy and art

as well, to the world of Nature, so that the type of art we have called mundane tends to be thought of as Occidental. Similarly, though of late economic and other exigencies have driven it to concern itself more with the superficial world of appearances, the Indian mind is the inheritor of an age-long tradition of adventuring into higher levels of being; so that, whether or not present-day Indians succeed in actually reaching these levels, and although ultra-mundane influence is by no means unknown even in the modern West, yet art so influenced comes to be called Oriental.

Then again, in any type of art, natural objects may find a place for the sake of their own features, or as symbols of some idea; some animal, for instance, may be brought into a particular composition for the beauty of its shape or colour, or merely to show the ugliness of a sentient creature being used as beast of burden. But since ultra-mundane art can hardly be supposed to avail of earthly forms except as indicative of some extraneous idea, it exclusively appropriates the terms ideal or symbolical. While on the other hand, because those who abide mostly in the work-a-day world get into the habit of looking on its phenomena as the only realities, the art which employs representations of these as its language claims to be realistic, despite the fact that to those who are fortunate enough to come into touch with some better world, it is this fluctuating one which appears less real.

All these differences, however, thus set forth, are seen on the face of them to be unimportant, their perfunctory character being further brought out if we go into what is called the teaching of art. Teaching, in such case, can only mean providing the budding artist with the necessary technical equipment; that is to say, in an art school the student is merely taught to use the language of art,—the delineation of forms, the production of colour effects, the methods of composition, and the like. For this purpose, the copying of natural objects, or of old masters, may well afford useful training, irrespective of the type of art in which the student may eventually find his vocation.

What then becomes of the distinction which at the outset appeared fundamental? It is not at bottom a difference in man's art-relations, as at first seemed to be the case, but in the art-language employed, which, whether it consists of forms as seen to occur in nature, or of combinations of forms that do not so occur, equally fails of its object unless the transcending message gets to be ex-

pressed. And if the proof thus be in the result, it also matters little whether the artist was working out an idea received, or reproducing a vision seen. In neither case does the art message consist of the thing or things depicted, and in both cases the true artist appears to be reduced, for the time being, to the condition of a more or less passive medium, through whom the message itself selects the subtle elements needed for its own expression.

How the student can arrive at the point of giving to the art-language, as learnt by him, the essential æsthetic quality characteristic of artistry, is a problem no art school can solve. This much is certain that it cannot be done by any amount of intellectual theorising about art, or by the industrious viewing of all kinds of art works, or by the laborious copying of the very best of them. It is invariably a case of inspiration received by one who is fit.

The way to attain such fitness can be, and in some cases, doubtless, is shown by some Master. But how his personality communes with the personality of the adept pupil, and helps the latter to attune himself to receive and deliver art messages,—is that even known to the Master himself? It is, at all events, a mystery beyond our present scope to attempt to unveil. Suffice it to note here that it is this mysterious element, inherent in the essential æsthetic quality, that resolves the types of art, seemingly two, into one.

Having started from the standpoint of pictorial art, our progress, so far, has naturally been on the same line. I feel sure, however, that had our excursion been into the province of any other kind of art, even a flight into the etherial regions in which music finds its forms, the details of the views unfolded might have been different, but not so the conclusion towards which we have been tending. Before arriving there let us take a look at the question of art values which has, all this while, lurked in the background.

It goes without saying that all is not art that attempts or purports so to be. Good receivers are not necessarily efficient transmitters. Entanglement in the subject or language may prove a bar to the necessary transcendence, resulting in a picture that may be quite good as a record, or useful as scientific material, or meritorious as a display of skill, but nevertheless functionless as art. On the other hand, to transcend and yet fail to ascend; to take flight away from familiar ground, but fail to reach some lighted top; may lead to vain flitting amidst the dim regions of the odd, the whimsical, the bizarre, with products that may be

interesting, or amusing, or even thrilling, but still not of real value as Art. Lastly, as to messages from nether regions that exert a downward pull, their expression—if they at all need consideration—may be called inverted art, with negative values. Here we are concerned with that which is valuable art, not with its aberrations.

Our trend of thought now brings us to the point where we may assert with confidence that the value of a successful essay in Art is to be measured by its lifting power, be it the lifting of a chosen few to great illuminated heights, or of a larger multitude to summits which, if lower, are also heights with access to the light. Nor does the last difference indicate one of kind. An art message, once it has found expression, not only ceases to be restricted, as we have already noticed, by the limitations of the artist-medium, but is able to appeal to each beholder according to his capacity; the effective uplift thus being the resultant of the soaring pull of the message on the resisting drag of the recipient.

We may, at length, sum up our conclusions.

Art is the communication of messages, such as are not received through the senses, nor to be understood by process of reasoning; the receiving and transmitting artist being more or less of a passive medium. According to Western classical notion, such medium is born not made, though in art schools after the Western pattern, there is nevertheless supposed to be some virtue in the copying of works, whether of the Great Artist Himself, or of human Masters. Indian classic thought, for its part, looks upon the making of the artist (be the material he works upon, canvas, stone, or life itself) as consisting in a special orientation of his receptivity in respect of the source of inspiration, which turn may be given to his being by the combined effect of birth, self-culture, and favourable influences, and is capable of being helped on by mystic contact with one who has attained—the Guru or Master—who himself appears to act also as a passive medium. Both East and West, however, agree, whatever the process may be, that the value does not lie therein, but in the inspiration actually received. This inspiration, we conclude, thereupon contrives the delivery of its message, which, once delivered, is not dependent on the material language at the disposal of the medium, but is limited by the capacity of the recipient; so that the same message which takes the seer, the *rasika*, the connoisseur, to peaks of mystic realisation, may not do more than raise earth-bound souls to the top levels of their lower ranges.

Though not, like science, directly concerned with the sense impressions received from natural objects or events, art makes use as its language of their forms, colours, combinations or implications, only to rise free from them on the wings of its own message, incidentally carrying their evanescent beauty into luminous regions (or, conversely, throwing on them a supernal light) in which they become a joy for ever.

It is now clear that we need not, in the beginning, have fought shy of recognising beauty and joy to be essential qualities or concomitants of art. For a seemingly ugly subject is truly of art only when it draws us away from ugliness; an apparently painful subject when it reveals pain to be delusion. No message can really appeal to man unless its end be joy, the only finality, because, of all things, it alone is an end in itself. And wherever there is joy there also are light and beauty. Being in Joy is illuminated being. That which is seen in the light of Joy is Beauty.

What then, after all, does the activity or play, such as is alone worthy of the name of Art, consist in? Some one or something sends a message;—who or what except Soul rejoicing in light? What message?—None else but the joy of light and beauty communicated to Soul in darkness. And to what end?—again the lighting up of Soul to such partial realisation, as may be, of ineffable Bliss, the ultimate meaning of all that is. The sender, the message, the receiver; the wayfarer, the path, the goal;—are they, then, also One?

THE SIMILES OF DHARMADASA

By Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya

Candrakirtti (about 600-650 A. D.) was one of the great teachers of Buddhism. It is said that he was born in South India and showed remarkable intelligence in his infancy. He renounced the world and studied the whole of the *Tripitaka*. He also made a special study, with Kamala-buddhi, of the works of Nagarjuna; and became a teacher at Nalanda.

He wrote a number of works on the Madhyamika Philosophy. Among these works there are three commentaries on the following books of Nagarjuna:

1. *Madhyamakakarika* (मध्यमकारिका),
2. *Yuktisastika* (युक्तिस्तिका), and
3. *Sunyatasaptati* (शून्यतासप्तति).

The first book with its Tibetan version and Candrakirtti's *tika* (टीका) which is called *Prasannapada* (प्रसन्नपदा) is edited by Professor Poussin in the *Bibliotheca Buddhica*. His fourth commentary is on Aryadeva's *Catuhsataka* (चतुःशतक). The original as well as the commentary in Sanskrit could not yet be found in their entirety. In 1914 only some fragments of both of them were edited by the late Pandit Hara Prasad Shastri under the name *Catuhsatika* (चतुःशतिका) in the *Memoirs of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (Vol. III, No. 8, pp. 449-574). In 1923 Dr. P. L. Vaidya edited the last nine chapters (VIII-XVI) containing the Tibetan version with the original or reconstructed Sanskrit, together with a French translation by him in a volume entitled *Etudes sur Aryadeva et son Catuhsataka*. Then in 1925 Prof. G. Tucci in *Revista degli Studi Orientali* (Vol. X, pp. 521 ff.) gave an Italian translation of the last eight chapters (IX-XXVI) from its Chinese version. In 1931 the present writer edited the last nine chapters (VIII-XVI) containing the original or reconstructed Sanskrit text, the Tibetan version, and copious extracts from the commentary by Candrakirtti.

Besides the works mentioned above Candrakirtti wrote another book, *Madhyamakavatara* (मध्यमकावतार). This is his independent and the most important work on the Madhyamika

system. Its original Sanskrit is not yet available, but there is a Tibetan translation which is edited in the *Bibliotheca Buddhica* and translated into French by Prof. Poussin in *Le Museon*, 1907, 1910.

The work was commented upon by Candrakirtti himself and he quoted it frequently in his commentary on the *Catuh-sataka*.

The first eight chapters of his commentary on the *Catuh-sataka* has a striking peculiarity which is not to be found in the last eight chapters, nor in his *Prasannapada*, the commentary on the *Madhyamkakarika*. This peculiarity lies in the frequent use of similes or *upamas* which are simple and charming and withal important in many respects. They are taken from life and nature, as well as from literature. Pandit Hara Prasad Shastri rightly observes (JASB, July, 1911, p. 434) that "they throw a flood of light on the manners and customs of the people and may contribute to the already rich folklore of India."

Of these similes Candrakirtti himself writes in his commentary on the *Catuh-sataka* (see the edition by the present writer, p. viii) that they were originally of one Acarya Dharmadasa. It is not yet decided who this Dharmadasa was. He may be identified with the author of *Vidagdhamukhamandana*, (विदग्धमुखमण्डन) who was a Buddhist.

As explained by Candrakirtti, some of these similes are collected here in the following pages, and it is hoped that they will be read with the popular maxims or apposite illustrations (*nyayas* न्याय) in Sanskrit as collected by Jacob in the *Laukika-nyayanjali* (लौकिकन्यायान्जलि) (Nirnayasagar Press, Bombay).

The references after the similes in Sanskrit are to the pages of the edition by Hara Prasad Shastri.

1.

कोकिलपोतवत् ॥ p. 456.

Like the young one of a cuckoo.

The hard metals, tin, lead, silver, gold, etc. may become liquid by contact with fire, yet this state of their being is not their own; so one's body, in spite of its being attended by things causing happiness, is never claimed by happiness as its own. As the young one of a cuckoo, brought up by a crow, belongs only

to the cuckoo and not to the crow, even so the body is not of happiness.

2.

अधिकृतहस्त्यारोपितदर्शनमन्युपरितोषवत् ॥ p. 465.

Like the Superintendent's anger and satisfaction at seeing an elephant driver.

A king made a person mount an unruly elephant and said: "Drive it". The driver was successful. The king was pleased and rewarded him with honours. The Superintendent, however, was sorry at seeing the honour done to the man, and was both frightened and depressed. Once the king made another man mount the same elephant and ordered: "Drive it". But the second man was inferior to the first man and could not drive the elephant. The king sentenced him to corporal punishment. The Superintendent was greatly pleased at it. Here the pain to the one, the Superintendent, was mental, and to the second, the inferior driver, corporal. It is the mental trouble of great ones that arises from disrespect to them, and it is the corporal trouble of the inferior ones which is caused by beating them.

3

सपत्नीपुत्रसत्कारदुःखितावत् ॥ p. 457.

Like a woman who is tormented by the honour gained by the son of her fellow-wife.

Among two fellow-wives one lost her son while the other continued to live with her own. Whenever the former saw that the son of her fellow-wife was being honoured (by the people) she grieved over it. When she was asked: "Are you lamenting over your dead son, who was so dear to you?", she answered: "No, I am not lamenting over my son. I lament because the son of my fellow-wife is living on." After some time the son of her fellow-wife fell ill, and she happened to go to another village. When she returned she saw a dead body being carried through the

village, seeing which she imagined that the very son of her fellow-wife was dead. As she was relishing this imaginary pleasure, she was stung by a scorpion and her pleasure which was fancied was replaced by the pain of poison.

Therefore, there is nothing stronger than (corporal) pain.

4

दीर्घाध्वगवत् ॥¹ p. 457.

Like a traveller bound for a long journey.

As the troubles of a traveller, bound for a long distance, daily become more and more acute, owing to fatigue and the exhaustion of food in the course of his journey, even so the more the average man lives the more he feels the suffering of old age.

¹ See No. 22.

5, 6.

(i) राजदुहितृस्वयंव्रप्रार्थनावत् ॥

(ii) वैश्रवणदुहितृहरणमान्धातृवच्च ॥ p. 458.

(i) Like the desire of a princess to obtain her choice.

(ii) And like Mandhatr abducting Vaisravana's daughter.

Those who desire a princess, who is choosing her own consort, are afflicted, for she is the cause of pleasure to one man only and not to all. Many men desire, but all do not succeed; consequently they remain distressed.

In the same way, as regards living beings, the causes of misery are many, while those of happiness are only a few.

And as in the case of the king, Mandhatr, abducting the daughter of Vaisravana (Kubera), owing to the fact of both being powerful, far more misery is caused than happiness.

7

मान्धातृपतनघत् ॥ p. 458.

Like the fall of Mandhatr¹

¹ Details are wanting in the fragments.

81

. . . . p. 459.

A fortune-teller told a king: "It will rain and whosoever uses that water will become mad." The king for his own purpose got his well covered. It rained and his own people got mad having used the water. They all being of the same nature thought that they were all in their own natural state and it was the king himself who had gone mad. The king then had to use the same water which had been used by the people, lest the latter should laugh at him or drive him away. So if there be only one man diuretic he may be shunned like a leper, but when every man is diuretic what becomes of the notion of impurity?

In a country all the people were attacked with goitre (गल्लारह) and consequently they became extremely ugly. Now, there came a very beautiful man, but he was shunned by all as ugly and deformed.

1 The short Sanskrit line is wanting in the fragments.

9, 10

(i) घृतलिप्त बिडालनासिकास्वादवत् ॥

(ii) सुवर्णनासिकादर्शनतुष्टिश्च ॥ p. 459.

(i) Like a cat's tasting its nose which is smeared with clarified butter.

(ii) And like pleasure arising from seeing a golden nose.

When a man gives a hard lump of food to a cat which has its nose first anointed with clarified butter, the cat thinks that the lump is substantial. Again, when a man has no nose he is pleased at making and seeing an artificial golden nose. Similarly one, who has found a remedy for bodily impurity in flowers and such other things, feels a strong love for his body.

11

एकस्येष्टानिष्टदुहितृदर्शनवत् ॥ p. 460.

Like one seeing the daughter who was first cherished
and then not cherished.

There was a merchant and when a daughter was born to him, he went abroad and came back at another time. The daughter, then blossoming into maidenhood, was playing with other girls in an outside garden of the town. Seeing the girl he felt a strong desire for her, but when he heard that she was his own daughter he felt aversion for her. Even so there is nothing that invariably produces desire.

12

पिशाचीस्वभावदर्शनभीतवत् ॥ p. 460.

Like one frightened at seeing the nature of
a she-devil.

There was a man and he got a wife who was a she-devil. He was treating her as his wife, but when he saw her hideous and obstinate character which was creating his misfortune, he was frightened and cried: "She is not my wife ! she is a she-devil !" And no longer was he drawn to her.

In the same way when the wise see the nature of worldly things which are compounded (संस्कृत) they become indifferent to them. For it is said: "That which is compounded is not permanent, and that which is not permanent is not good; that which is not good is not bliss; and that which is not bliss is without soul (or nature)."

13

राजनटवत् ॥ p. 461.

Like the king's actor.

Just as the king's actor is at one moment a dancer, and then a king, and then a minister, a Brahmin, a householder, a slave, and so on; even so a king is never in a settled state, for he is to

act (different parts) on the stage (of the world, संसार) consisting of five states.¹

1. There are five states of existence (*gati*) into which a being may be reborn after death. They are hell, the brute creation, the *preta* world, the world of men, and that of gods.

14

विश्वामित्रवशिष्ठजामदग्न्यवत् ॥ p. 462.

Like Visvamitra, Vasistha, and Jamadagnya.

[It is said in connection with this simile that a wise man should not follow all the practices of sages, nor are their scriptures authoritative; for there are three kinds of sages: inferior, intermediate, and superior. The above line has reference to the inferior class of sages.]

For we hear that Visvamitra committed theft and ate what was not to be eaten; Vasistha had illicit intercourse with a woman; and Jamadagnya killed living beings (men).¹

Visvamitra stole the flesh of a dog from Candalas (चण्डाल), Vasistha had intercourse with a Candala woman, named Aksamala, and Jamadagnya (=Parasuram) killed the king Kartavirya Arjuna and all the Ksatriyas on the earth twenty-one times.

1. See No. 30.

15

अजितसेनराजपुत्रवत् ॥ p. 463.

Like Prince Ajitasena.

A certain king told his minister: "After my death you shall place on the throne my brother, Prince Ajitasena." When the king died, the minister took advantage of a little defect in the Prince and got him killed, and seized the kingdom for himself. He had ill fame in this world and was called "The Vicious One", and in the other world there was a great sin against his name. So how could there not be ill-fame and sin for those kings who strike down others, having little defects?

आभिरि श्वशुरशरीरदानवत् ॥ p. 464.

Like an Abhira woman's offering of her body
to her father-in-law.

An Abhira woman whose husband had gone abroad, used to treat her father-in-law very contemptuously. When the son came back, the old Abhira told him all about it, adding: "If your wife treats me again contemptuously I will not live in your house." The son, being devoted to his father and not afraid of his wife, rebuked her and said: "If you despise my father there shall be no room for you in my house. You must do for him even what is difficult to do and you must give him even what is difficult to give." She promised to do it and the son went away again. Then the woman in fear began to serve her father-in-law with the greatest care. During day-time she served him with the best kind of bath, toilet, ointments, garlands, food and drink, etc. At night, having washed his feet with hot water and besmeared them with oil, she took off her clothes and, thus naked, attempted to get into his bed. The old Abhira exclaimed: "Thou wicked woman! What hast thou begun to do!" Replied the Abhira woman: "I was told by my husband: 'you must do for him even what is difficult to do, you must give him even what is difficult to give.' And there is nothing more difficult to do or more difficult to give than this." The old Abhira said: "This is a stratagem for getting me out of the house. Well, be satisfied! I will never remain in this house!" Having said so, he came out. By this time the son returned and not seeing his father there asked his wife about him. She said: "Sir, nothing was left undone by me. I served him with the greatest care giving him bath, toilet, ointment, food, and such other things, which all pleased him in all seasons." Then she told him all that had happened. The husband scolded her and turned her out from the house. He then propitiated his father and brought him back to his own house.

As the wicked Abhira woman's offering of the body was not received with respect, even so the wicked kings' sacrifice of life in battle is not treated with respect.

(to be continued in the next Number)

THE SANTAL WOMAN

By Rabindranath Tagore

The Santal woman hurries up and down the gravelled path under the *shimool* tree; a coarse grey *sari* closely twines her slender limbs, dark and compact; its red border sweeping across the air with the flaming red magic of the *palash* flower.

Some absent-minded divine designer while fashioning a black bird with the stuff of the July cloud and the lightning flash must have improvised unawares this woman's form; her impulsive wings hidden within, her nimble steps uniting in them a woman's walk and a bird's flight.

With a few lacquer bangles on her exquisitely modelled arms and a basket full of loose earth on her head she flits across the gravel-red path under the *shimool* tree.

The lingering winter has finished its errand. The casual breath of the south is beginning to tease the austerity of the cold month. On the *himjhuri* branches the leaves are taking the golden tint of a rich decay. The ripe fruits are strewn over the *amlaki* grove where the rowdy boys crowd to pillage them. Swarms of dead leaves and dust are capering in a ghastly whirl following sudden caprices of the wind.

The building of my mud house has commenced and labourers are busy raising the walls. The distant whistle announces the passing of the train along the railway cutting, and the dingdong of the bell is heard from the neighbouring school.

I sit on my terrace watching the young woman toiling at her task hour after hour. My heart is touched with shame when I feel that the woman's service sacredly ordained for her loved ones, its dignity soiled by the market price, should have been robbed by me with the help of a few pieces of copper.

Santiniketan,
2 April, 1935.

(translated)



A SANTAL WOMAN

By Nandalal Bose

THE FUNCTION OF LITERATURE¹

By Rabindranath Tagore

The world outside us, when it enters into our consciousness, becomes quite another kind of world. Though its forms, colours, sounds and the rest remain, they become tinged with our approval and disapproval, our wonder and fear, our pleasure and pain; and thus variegated with the manifold qualities of our feelings, this world is wrought into one that is intimately our own. Those who lack a sufficiency of digestive juices cannot effectively convert their food into vital parts of their own body. And, similarly, those who are incapable of saturating the outside world with the solvent of their emotions, fail to transform it into their world—the world of man.

The last are inert people for whose hearts but little of the world is of living interest. They remain deprived of the greater part of the world into which they are born. With but few windows to their hearts and of small opening withal, they pass their lives as exiles in the very midst of the universe. There are, on the other hand, those fortunate ones whose faculties of wonder, love and imagination are ever wide-awake. For them every chamber of nature offers a standing invitation. The pulsations of the concourse of humanity evoke in the chords of their being sympathetic modulations. In them is the outer world verily created afresh, in vivified colour and form, through the mould of their feelings.

The world which is thus progressively growing within minds endowed with sensibility is, as I was saying, more man's own than is the outside world. Born of the heart, it is more readily accessible to man's heart. Enriched with the gifts of his mind, it has a special attraction for man's mind. Such world is not content with offering us the bare information that this is black and that is white, this is big and that is small, but sings to us in many a strain of what is desirable and what is disagreeable,

¹ This is the first of a series translated by Surendranath Tagore for *The Visva-Bharati Quarterly* from the original Bengali (*Sahitya*)—Ed.

what is lovely and what is repulsive, what is good and what is bad. This world of man flows on from mind to mind in an age-old current that is nevertheless always new, renewed from age to age by fresh senses and fresh hearts.

The question is, how is one to get hold of this world, by what means to keep hold of it? For unless it can be again projected outside in tangible form, it needs must be dissolved as it comes into being within us. But, having taken birth, this living world fain would be saved from such dissolution, and so it longs to be given objective permanence. Hence, through the ages, man's urge for literary expression.

In judging of literature two things have to be considered. First, how much of the universe the author's heart has been able to capture; and second, to how much of what he has thus gained the author has contrived to give abiding expression. Where both these aims are harmoniously attained, the result is more than good. But these two do not always achieve success together.

The wider the range of the literary artist's sensibility, the deeper the satisfaction he gives us, the vaster the world of man he helps to create as an ageless play-ground for all mankind. But skill in creative expression is also all important for literature. Even if the thing expressed be trivial, it does not follow that the art involved in its expression is also trivial; on the contrary, it remains as an acquisition to the language, cumulatively enhancing man's power of expression. To successful writers, accordingly, men pay their debt of homage by investing them with fame.

The question, therefore, becomes: How may outward expression be given to the world which the emotions of man create within him—an expression that must naturally be such as to preserve in itself these same emotions? For this it is necessary that language should take recourse to adornment.

The clothing of man, when engaged in his business, is simple; the simpler, the better it can be adapted to his purpose. Woman, on the other hand, in all civilised societies, has her finery and ornaments, her airs and graces, her numberless superfluities. For woman's business is concerned with the heart. She has to attract others' hearts, to bestow her own. This cannot be effectively done if she reduces her self-expression to its lowest terms. Man may appear just as he is: woman must make herself lovely. It is better for man, as a rule, to be frank and straightforward; woman cannot do without her reticences, her concealments, her suggestiveness.

Likewise must literature, in order to gain its object, put on ornaments—rhythm, simile, euphony; and avail of intimations and suggestions. Its language cannot, like the language of science and philosophy, afford to make a virtue of parsimony. For the expression of the formless through form, however, the utterance should leave room for the ineffable, which is in literature what grace and modesty are in women. It is incapable of attainment by imitation. It should not be overshadowed by the ornaments, but must be allowed to manifest itself through and beyond them.

In order to give scope to the unutterable within that which is uttered, language has to supplement the meaning of the words mainly with two other means of expression: pictures and music.

That which cannot be said in words may be told in pictures. There is no end of such picture-making in literature. Simile, metaphor, allegory,—all these are requisitioned to give pictorial form to the feelings that seek expression. Consider this line of Balaramdas: "The birds which are mine eyes hie to have sight of thee!" Is there anything here left untold? The yearning of the eyes could not have been put into mere words. It is only when they are pictured as birds in swift-winged flight that the agony of struggling expression is at once appeased.

The aid of music is as often invoked in literature by means of rhythmic and melodious arrangement of language. Where the words fail, this music takes up the burden: it makes the words poignant; meanings which, on a bare analysis, might seem but homely, are wafted to sublimity.

Thus of literature picture and music are the chief ingredients. Picture gives form to idea, music gives it movement. The picture is the body, the music is its life.

But man's heart is not the only thing that looks to literature for a permanent habitation. Man's nature is also a creation that cannot be directly apprehended by the senses, as is material nature. It does not keep still at man's bidding: of supreme interest for man though it be, there is no easy way of putting it on exhibition like a caged animal.

So literature further takes it on itself to project this variously elusive human nature from its place within, into lasting objective form. This is, indeed, a task of immense difficulty, for human nature is neither constant nor consistent: it is divided within itself, and is moreover comprised of many layers. Its deeper recesses are shy of intrusion. Its play is so subtle, so sudden,

that it defies analysis. So that, even to comprehend the whole of it within the heart, is given only to men of genius. Our Vyasas, our Valmikis, our Kalidases have been doing this for us.

Now we may sum up in a word what there is to be said. Literature is concerned with man's emotions and man's character. But no, the last does not need separate mention. Rather should we say that the forms which both human nature and nature outside man are taking within man's heart, the tunes they are there singing,—the permanent reproduction of these in language is the function of literature. Literature would play to us over again the melodies breathed by the universe through the flute of our being.

Literature does not belong to any one in particular, not even to the author himself. It is a divine inspiration—divine because the poet marvels at his own production. As the outside world persistently works to manifest itself through its good and bad, its gains and imperfections, so also does this inspiration strive in every country, every age, every language, to find its way through our hearts into outside forms of everlasting joy.



TO A BUDDHA

By E. H. d'Alvis

Nay, do not mock me with those carven eyes :

 I too might grow, beneath that gaze of thine,
Desireless, immortal, unerringly wise,
 Disdaining human dreams. Lo, by thy shrine
A multitude slow-worshipping still goes
 Unsandalled, bearing perfumed offerings,
While down the avenues of time still flows
 The splendid pageant of all timeless things.

Nay, do not mock me with that ecstasy,

 Born of a peace abstracted from life's pain :
Love and its futile dream shall trouble me
 Too briefly—I shall find myself again ;
And look on thee unpassioned, mute, alone,
 An agelessness invincible in stone.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL ART¹

By Nandalal Bose

What I understand by "ornamental work" includes (such as: ornaments, carpets, *alpanâ* (floor decoration), embroidery, illumination, etc.; in short, where arrangement is the main feature.

These notes are merely suggestive, and might help a student to work better: in no case do they claim to teach one how to create.

By observing the various forms and movements in nature, I am pointing out the main features in a concise form.

Ornamental form has two aspects: one, the outward limitation of form, the other, its inward division (A & B).

The outward limitation of every form has its own particular inward movements (C). An artist, if he likes, can take the outward limitation from one form, and the inward division of the other, and combine the two (D).

These forms and movements being reduced to types have lost their variety. Anybody wishing to do new ornamental work will have to observe nature afresh for variety.

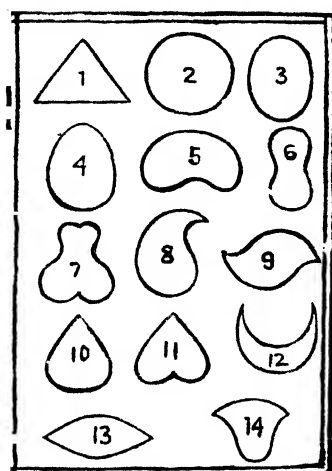
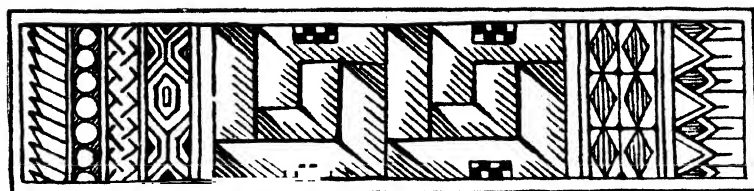
By the help of these abstract forms and movements, however, it will be easier to create and to understand the different types of ornamental work; the complexity in nature will be simplified and made clearer if one sees nature through such abstract forms.

The abstract forms of a betel leaf and a peepul leaf are almost the same, though each has its own peculiarity (E). The artist discovers clues to originality in such subtle distinctions. Otherwise too much concentration on mere types would make his work too intellectual and dry.

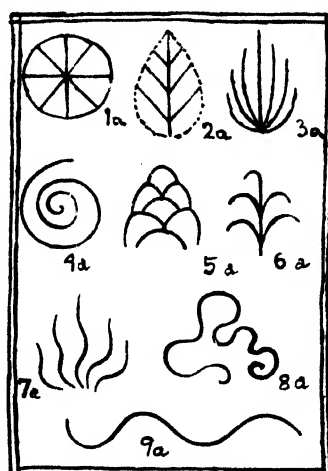
Here I am speaking mainly about form and movement and the gradation of light and shade, excluding colour. As colour has got an emotional value, we keep it for the next occasion to discuss.

Though ornamental work is mainly concerned with form and movement, there are two more factors to be considered: pause and balance.

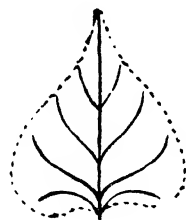
1. This is the first of a series on the same subject by the same author written for *The Isha-Bharati Quarterly*—Ed.



A



B



C



D



D



D



D



E



E



E

F



Spacing

F



Light & shade

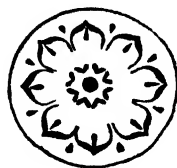
F



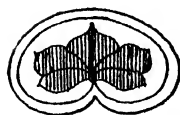
Modulation of movement



G



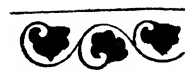
A2 × B1a



A5 × B6a



A8 × B9a



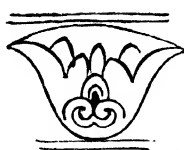
B9a × 4a



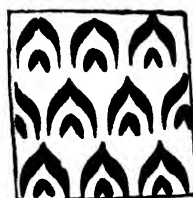
A3 × 4a



A10 × B2a



A14 × B3a



B5a



A10 × B3a



A1 × B7a



B8a

Pause includes spacing, light and shade, and modulation of movement (F). Without pause the ornamental work appears clumsy and monotonous. Sometimes the pause is replaced by space or it is made more distinct by modulation, i.e. making the movement either slow or rapid; and sometimes the pause itself is brought about by different variations of depth in light and shade.

The other factor, balance, can be attained easily by symmetry of form and the repetition of movement. Spacing, light and shade, and the modulation of movement are useful in regular as well as in irregular design. But balance is the soul of irregular design (G).

In ornamental work if one can find the outward limitation of form then he can begin with the inward division. If the outward limitation is either missing or cannot be found then the artist can begin from the inward division and then proceed to adjust it to its outward limitation and thus make the work complete.

The ornamental design, as compared with nature, is far more simple and abstract. The character of the material should not be overlooked when doing ornamental work. Because the peculiarities of the material limit the artist's originality and give its appropriate quality to the work.

Here it is necessary to add another word. When doing ornamental work an artist's mind should always be alert as to the primary quality of the object that has inspired him; nor be led astray by his bias for its subsidiary characteristics.

THE SANTINIKETAN SCHOOL OF ART

By Benode Mukherjee

What is known as the Neo-Bengal or Tagore School of Modern Art¹ has undergone considerable change in the course of the last few years. This change is so directly related to Rabindranath's Institution at Santiniketan, in particular to the Arts Section of that Institution, that it is not possible to discuss the Art of Modern Bengal today without constantly referring to that centre of art-activity.

This new change, however, for which Santiniketan is to be held chiefly responsible, has not been either arbitrary or eccentric. It is, itself, to be traced to the earliest tradition of the Renaissance Movement in Indian Art, and has therefore to be understood in relation to that tradition.

Broadly speaking, it might be maintained that while the earlier group of artists led by Abanindranath Tagore looked for their inspiration chiefly to Mythology, History and ancient and contemporary literature, the impulses to the later group of artists have come from a different source.

The modern art movement in India may be said to have been inaugurated by the late E. B. Havell. Although this movement was intended to be primarily aesthetic, it could not help being nationalistic, in as much as a conscious and deliberate attempt had to be made to revivify Indian tradition. It was through the writings of that great Englishman that we were made aware of the vast significance of the Indian art and its ideal. And although Havell's own ideal of art got mixed up with the new vision he held up before Indians, the valuable service he rendered in releasing the art of our country from its caves and its museums was such that no Indian artist can be too grateful to him. But Havell, in explaining the ideal and the aesthetic enjoyment of this art, had necessarily to take the help of Indian religion and literature. It was this

¹ In using this terminology I do not mean to imply the superiority of any particular province or personality. I merely use a name which is convenient because current among artists since the time of Havell.



Pl. VIII.

By Abanindranath Tagore

necessity—ideological rather than aesthetic—that explains the influence of literature on the pioneer group of our artists.

The pioneer genius who gave form, shape and character to this new ideal was Abanindranath Tagore. Even before Abanindranath came under the influence of Havell's guidance, his mind had been nourished in the atmosphere of the literary renaissance which had already swept over Bengal. In fact, the lyrical element in his art is to be traced to this influence. It was Abanindranath who first created the taste for our Indian Art. But, although undoubted master of its technique, he created through art what he felt through literature; so that the new art came to have a definite bias. This sort of interpretation of the ideal came in later times to stand as an obstacle. To Indians the ideal appeared as a mystic one. And the appeal to the past that it implied evoked an emotional response in them in which the aesthetic significance of the art (which Abanindranath had successfully cherished in his own art) was likely to be lost. In any case it was dangerous to attach art to a movement that was, in its nature, popular. Those were the days of the Swadeshi Movement when a definite patriotic complex was created in the minds of the people so that everything that could be called genuinely *Indian* came to possess a psychological value, not necessarily proportionate to its aesthetic significance. The movement launched by Havell and Abanindranath was easily carried along to success on the waves of this patriotic fervour. If we go through the discussions which the protagonists and critics of this art-revival had at that time, we can learn in what light this new movement was welcomed.

But there is no doubt that the exuberance of this Swadeshi Movement distorted the ideal with which Havell and Abanindranath had started. The ideal that was safe in the hands of a great genius like Abanindranath, when it passed to the hands of his followers and imitators, ceased to be aesthetic and became narrowly nationalistic. What began as a source of inspiration soon grew to be a worked-up complex that came in the way of any further progress of the Art. Even today we still hear the cry of some Bengali artists to make art properly national.

But Abanindranath's own genius had never ceased to be lyrical and individual. And to some of his pupils at least were transmitted the true impulses of that art. And Rabindranath Tagore, whose genius, more than anything else, had supplied the chief impulse and direction to the entire cultural renaissance of

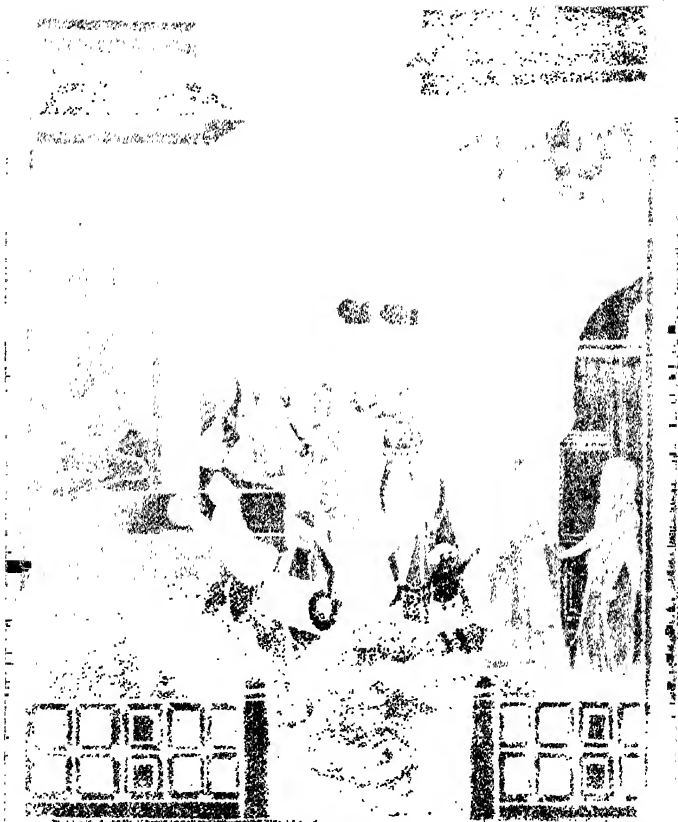
Bengal, kept on insisting that art, before everything else, should be *true*. He emphasised its cultural and educational value; and to provide for such scope he started the Kala-Bhavan (Art School) at Santiniketan, to be run under the guidance of Nandalal Bose and Asit Kumar Haldar. (The latter soon after left.)

Nandalal was, of course, Abanindranath's student and still worked under the influence of the latter's genius. But, fortunately, those few students who came under his charge had had no previous academic or traditional education. This freedom from trained bias, combined with the influence of the personality of the great Poet and the atmosphere of the place, brought them into an intimacy with Nature which was henceforth to be the moulding influence on this group of artists. Not literary tradition but life and nature supplied the theme and the motive force. This change, happily, did not come as a morbid reaction against the older school of art, for Nandalal himself was responding to it and was therefore in a mood and in a position to direct it.

In this new atmosphere, in direct contact with nature, the art of this school began to grow rapidly. It was freed from the spell of literature and brought in the midst of life. And as this new experience demanded new material for its expression, changes had to be made in the old technique.

Till this time the technique of our artists was the one they had taken from Abanindranath who had evolved it for himself. Abanindranath had begun his training under European artists. Later on Havell brought him in touch with the Indian ideal of art and, in particular, the Moghul form of it. It was chiefly under the influence of the Moghul technique on his European training that his first style was developed (see Pl. VIII). Later, again, under the influence of the Japanese art, he adopted certain of the mannerisms of that art, which were particularly suited to his genius. This style evolved into the one that we now know as characteristically Abanindranathian (see Pl. IX).

It was this style that was at first taken up by the Kala-Bhavan students, for it came to them naturally through Nandalal who had been trained in it. But it could not stay as a permanent influence because Nandalal himself had never been finally confirmed in it, his individual genius having taken a somewhat different bias (see Pl. X). Mythology had been the dominating influence on his imagination in his early age; and this naturally made him susceptible to the fascination of the traditional Indian



Pl. IX.

By Abanindranath Tagore

art, particularly, sculpture. This influence has not only been the most effective in his work, but also the most lasting. It is clearly marked in his creations, much more so than in those of Abanindranath; for this reason, that whilst to the latter it came as a later influence, on Nandalal it had grown as the earliest, and therefore the most potent, influence. Moreover, Nandalal came of a class to which tradition had always been more real than the classics.

It was under these conditions that the new school of art at Santiniketan began its adventurous career. Through Nandalal the students inherited Abanindranath's technique, though in a form so liberal that it left them free to continue experiments with style. And since art at Santiniketan was fostered by Rabindranath not as a national activity which carried patriotic value but as an educational and cultural necessity for the complete individual, opportunity was provided to the artists of the study and understanding of the European and other schools of art and their modern developments; in particular, the admirable analyses of those schools of art by modern European critics. Such comparative study has a natural result of broadening the student's intellectual outlook. This, of course, does not mean that the artists began to look for inspiration abroad; it only means that they were freed from forced fidelity to any particular charmed ideal. The individual was free to choose and accept for himself what ideal suited his genius and his temperament best. This freedom of experiment was generously encouraged by Nandalal in his students; in fact, it has been a consistent principle in his practice of education to leave the individuality of his student as free as possible.

It was no doubt inevitable that such practice should lead to several combinations of styles, not always happy. But there is no need to lament that this irresponsible freedom has destroyed the purity of the national ideal in art; because this purity was not lost without a compensatory gain in strength, even if it be the strength of ruggedness. Nor has this experimenting been meaningless, for a new and definite trend is discoverable in this group of artists, which has little kinship with either the old or contemporary traditions—Ajanta, Moghul or Rajput. At this time it is not possible to discuss this new trend of thought, though it is necessary to say something more as to how this change occurred.

Nandalal came to Santiniketan with a mind well equipped with knowledge of the Indian Classical Art. And although his inspira-

tion remained his own, his ideal has never ceased to be the old Indian conception of form. When the younger group of Kala-Bhavan artists were struggling to find their way and took hold of anything they came against, Nandalal's conception of form stood before them as an ideal. And whilst they strove to free themselves of one tradition, namely that of art moulded under literary influence, they found it necessary to take stand on another tradition, which was near at hand in the training of Nandalal. The conception of the Indian traditional and classical art, which they began to appreciate through the new education, made their understanding of Egyptian, Chinese, and Persian Arts easy.

But the real influence on Nandalal Bose himself has come from a different source. When an artist begins to give form to his experience he discovers that the material on which he has to work is both the way of his work and the obstacle to its perfect freedom. He has, therefore, perforce to some extent, to accept the limitations of his material. But there is an ideal of art which consciously strives to *overcome* this obstacle. There is, however, another ideal of art which *consciously accepts* the limitations of the material and its possibilities. This second ideal may be said to be generally true of decorative art. And as Nandalal's art has marked decorative tendencies, he has evolved a regular discipline for this ideal of adaptation.

Painting was, hitherto, more or less, the only medium of expression for the artists of Bengal. Training under Nandalal Bose, however, roused a desire in his students to experiment with other mediums and discover the proper material for the genius of each; with the result that today artists at Santiniketan find many types of expression open to them and their diverse talents have not to be forced through the same medium. It is not necessary to deal with this point in detail in this paper.

If we critically study the work of our younger artists we shall find that along with that of Abanindranath, the Moghul influence is definitely on the decline with them, whilst the Chinese, Persian, etc. elements are discovering themselves more and more. We seem to be going away from the Bengal school, although at the same time becoming more oriental. The same mentality is at work which makes modern European works seem Oriental. But the greatest single influence responsible for this change is the discipline of decorative art. For this, as for several other things, Nandalal and his students have reason to be grateful to Santiniketan. For



Pl. X.

By Nandalal Bose



Pl. XI.

By Nandalal Bose

it is Santiniketan, with its ceremonies, its seasonal festivals and periodic dramatic performances, that has provided the necessary scope for this side of his genius. Here art is sustained not only for its own sake but also as part of the social life, a fact which has proved particularly stimulating to a temperament like that of Nandalal's.

In this respect, Abanindranath was less fortunate in his surroundings, although he it was who first realised the value of art-activity in social life. His is the first book in Bengali on *Alpanas* (floor-decorations). He was also the first great mind to perceive the significance of dolls and toys and such other humble objects of folk-fancy and common delight. He has always insisted that people should decorate their daily lives by simple indigenous folk-arts and not employ professional artists to "fancy" for them. But he himself could not get sufficient scope for this activity, although in this respect, as in the respect of Indian art in general, he deserves the credit of having first created the taste for it. It was left to his great disciple to justify the faith of his master.

From this brief survey it will be clear that the influence of Nature at Santiniketan, the guidance of Nandalal which left each student free to pursue the particular bent of his talent while providing him with a variety of mediums, and the ideal of Form that he held out before them, were the chief factors in creating the new departure in the art of modern Bengal, which is associated with the name of Santiniketan. It cannot be said that it was the personality of Nandalal Bose alone which has worked this change, although that personality has undoubtedly meant much. Santiniketan itself has contributed the opportunity and the atmosphere. And, above all, the subtle, indefinable influence of the creator of Santiniketan—Rabindranath—may not be overlooked.

A NOTABLE BOOK ON HINDUSTHANI MUSIC

By Hemendra Lal Roy

A Treatise on the Music of Hindoostan (pp. 117) was printed at the Baptist Mission Press, Circular Road, Calcutta, in 1834.¹ It was written by Captain N. Augustus Willard, who, it appears from the title-page, was an officer commanding in the "Service of H. H. the Nawab of Banda." More about him we do not know. This is the earliest systematic treatise on Hindusthani music and is delightful reading even after the lapse of a century. The data were collected largely from professional musicians. Capt. Willard says in the Preface: "I have not confined myself to the details in books, but have also consulted the most famous performers, both Hindoos and Moosulmans, the first Veenkars in India, the more expert musicians of Lukhnow." As this is the first recorded and systematised statement of information received from musicians, eminent research scholars in music, like the late Mr. K. Banerjee of Bengal and Mr. V. N. Bhatkhande of Bombay, have drawn both inspiration and material from this source. (This book, however, does not find mention in the bibliographies supplied by Mr. Fox Strangways and Rev. Popley in their books on Indian music.)

The great merit of the book, as it seems to an Indian musician, lies in the fact that the approach to the subject of Hindusthani music chosen by Capt. Willard was Indian and, as such, intelligible to Indians. This view-point was all along kept up in the book, though the range of treatment was by no means narrow and restricted, as may be seen from the author's summary of the contents:—"The similarity of the music of Egypt and Greece to that of this country has been traced and pointed out; harmony and melody have been compared; and time noticed. The varieties of song have been enumerated, and the character of each detailed; a brief account of the principal musicians super-added, and the work concluded with a short alphabetical glossary of the most useful musical terms."

1 The Visva-Bharati Library possesses a copy of this rare book.

The author seems to have been a cultured, well-read man, thoroughly at home in Hindusthani; and, judging from his treatment of the technical portion of the subject, had stayed long in India and taken pains to discuss and understand the details supplied by the musicians. In this short notice of the book—a book long out of print—it is neither possible nor profitable to launch into a technical discussion. It may suffice here to present a few principal trends of thought which may be of general interest.

First it is asked: Who is entitled to have an authoritative say on matters musical? The scholar or the musician? Capt. Willard sides with the latter and says: "When from the theory of music, a defection took place of its practice, and men of learning confined themselves exclusively to the former, while the latter branch was abandoned entirely to the illiterate, all attempts to elucidate music from rules laid down in books, a science incapable of explanation by mere words, became idle. This is the reason why even so able and eminent an orientalist as Sir William Jones has failed. Sir William Jones, it seems, confined his search to that phoenix, a learned Pundit, who might likewise be a musician; but I believe such a person does not exist in Hindoostan." Capt. Willard was wise in siding with the musicians in this pundit-professional controversy but the remarks were uncharitable where Sir William Jones was concerned, for the latter did try to have his conclusions verified by professionals. A casual glance at his article *On the Musical Modes of the Hindus*, written in 1784, will convince anybody of the earnest search after truth by Sir W. Jones from pundits and professionals alike. This much, however, might be surmised that Sir W. Jones had not sufficient leisure to devote to the subject.

It is evident, on the other hand, from the writings of Capt. Willard that he had no means of checking the data collected from professionals, in the light of the Sanskrit treatises on the subject. He discusses notes, scales, time-measures, the *ragas* and their classification, and the various types of composition. We find that though the professional equipment of technical terms was not inconsiderable, the meanings and spellings in certain places were corrupt. But this is in some respects to our advantage. We get almost intact the lore of musical knowledge existing among the professionals in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. We can see the musicians formed a good working hypothesis out of

the fragments they gleaned from Sanskrit texts and we, who may read the treatises today, find very little to add, and vainly search for Sanskrit equivalents for some Hindi technical terms in use among musicians. Nevertheless, much labour still awaits the scholar who would master music on its theoretical side. Past theory lags painfully behind present-day practice of Hindusthani music and the theory of music suffers in India from big gaps which prevent these fragments from being unified and co-ordinated into a single whole.

Capt. Willard's admiration of the Hindusthani system is expressed in many places. Referring to those who fail to see any beauty in Hindusthani music, he says: "If by Hindoostanee music is meant that medley of confusion and noise which consists of drums of different sorts, and perhaps a fife—if the assertion be made by such as have heard these only, I admit the assertion in its full extent; but if it be so asserted of all Hindoostanee music, or of all the beauties which it possesses or is susceptible of, I deny the charge. The prepossession might arise from one or more of the following causes; first, ignorance, in which I include the not having had opportunities of hearing the best performers. Secondly, natural prepossession against Hindoostani music. Thirdly, inattention to its beauties from the second motive or otherwise. Fourthly, incapacity of comprehension. It is probably not infrequent that all these causes concur to produce the effect."

In discussing melody and harmony it is remarkable how singularly free he was from the bias that harmonic music is essentially and absolutely superior to the melodic variety. He speaks a good deal in favour of melody, though he remarks once: "There is no doubt that harmony is a refinement on melody." Such judgments were not unusual in 1834 and might have been excused then; but they sound too odd and out of place when one finds Mr. Tovey, a reputed music critic, writing under *Music* in the 14th edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "Moreover, folk-music, together with the present music of barbarous races and Oriental civilizations, can give us materials such as anthropology uses in reconstructing the past from its vestiges in the present. . . . When we trace the slow and difficult evolution of our harmonic system we cease to wonder that it was not evolved sooner and elsewhere, and we learn to revere the miracle that it was evolved at all." Those who pass judgments so glibly on Hindusthani music ought at least to know that Hindusthani music has never remained stationary at

any period of its history and the anthropologist will have to tackle a very complex music before he consigns it to prehistoric ages. It is not good logic to say that because melody has remained melody and has developed richer and more complex varieties instead of becoming harmony, it must needs be inferior to harmony. The truth is that there is no inevitability in melody for its developing into harmony and the present so-called European melody is leagues away from melody in the oriental sense. Harmony took an entirely different direction in evolving, but for that reason nobody denies its worth or beauty.

Then we pass on to a discussion "Of the peculiarities of manners and customs in Hindoostan to which allusions are made in their songs." Capt. Willard says: "In Hindoostan the fair sex are the first to woo, and the man yields after much courting. In compositions of this country, therefore, love and desire, hope and despair, and in short every demonstration of the tender passion, is first felt in the female bosom, and evinced by her pathetic exclamations."¹

In the last chapter the author deplores the decline of music and attributes it to the progress of the theory being arrested after the Hindu period. The practice, however, continued until the time of Muhammad Shah and contributed to the entertainment of nobles and princes.

The fact may be correct; but the conclusion supposed to be based on them: that there was a natural connection between the conditions prevailing in the Hindu period of Indian history and the progress of music and a corresponding antipathy between those prevailing in the Moslem period and that progress, is one which need not be accepted. In fact, whether there is any necessary relationship between the development of any art and a particular set of social and political environments is a question that still baffles, and will probably continue to baffle, all students of sociology.

¹ In so far as this assertion has any truth at all, it should be confined to symbolic poetry, inspired by the idylls of Sri Krishna—Ed.

THE INTELLECTUAL

By K. R. Kripalani

There are among young men today many who will relish no compliment so much as being called "intellectuals". This particular susceptibility may be due partly to this "pose" having become a fashion, and partly because very few have any clear idea of what it means, being an intellectual.

In discussing the nature of a real intellectual, we need not let our enquiry be distorted by reflections on long, unkempt hair, or shabby garments, or shabby habits in general. Every pose must have its masquerade. An intellectual may or may not look "shabby"; just as a saint may or may not look "pitiful", or a poet may or may not look "far away". But that is by the way.

To begin with, it will do intellectuals good to remember that an intellectual, even a genuine intellectual, may not necessarily command a better or a sharper intellect than those who do not aspire to achieve that distinction. For an intellectual is not necessarily one who has a finer intellect than others but one who, whatever his cerebral equipment, believes in it alone and aims at living through it, repudiating more or less the validity of the rest of the make-up of his being. A Newton or an Einstein may command an amazingly curious and accurate intellect but if he restricts its use to the investigation of physical or any other phenomena, and is content *not* to relate its operations there to the basis of his everyday faith, thought, feeling, and activity, he could not be deified or maligned as an intellectual.

Nor is the "intellectual" attitude the same as the "scientific" attitude. It would become so if the scientific analysis of the physical basis of a phenomenon exhausted for us all its value, so that the understanding of an object set the limit to our enjoyment of it. If, whilst understanding the physical cause of the rainbow, I nevertheless let myself go over the wonder of its beauty and was content to accept this joy as a sufficient testimony of its value to me as a human being, I will not have ceased to be "scientific", but I will have swerved from the stern path of a pure intellectual (if such a complete distortion ever exists): for not to enjoy except

through understanding must be his creed. I must ever observe and watch and judge, and, if need be, smile and, perhaps, sneer. For each single phenomenon, observed in isolation, can be reduced to very simple causes, so that nothing is really worthy of our admiration, much less of a complete abandon of our personality to its relish.

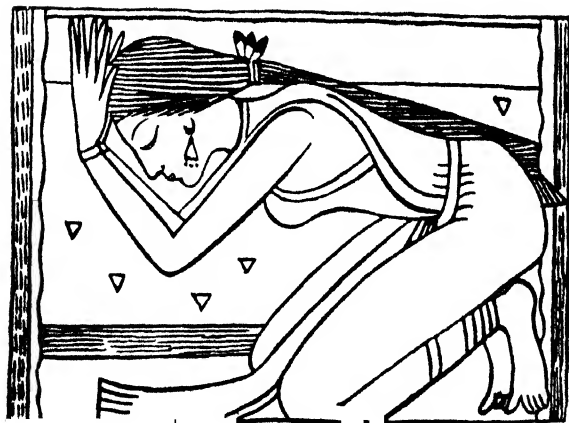
A true intellectual is, therefore, an outsider to life and to himself. He breaks the simplicity of his personality and creates a division within himself and so *wills* the mode of his being that an effective imperialism is established within him of his intellect over the rest of his make-up. He does not deny his senses and his desires—in fact, the modern intellectual indulges them a little too aggressively—but he lets them have their way only under the impudent gaze of the imp of intellect, with the result that, although each member of his make-up is indulged and satisfied, he himself is never fulfilled. For fulfilment is a function of the wholeness of our personality.

We love, but there is always the imp in us watching our madness from the outside and winking at our folly, so that we are continually being thwarted in the overflow of our being, and continually being made to feel ashamed of our rapture. Suddenly in the fullness of love's embrace the imp withdraws itself from the blissful lover and whispers: "Fool, mark the gaspings of the heated lungs and the ridiculous gymnastics of these haunches and these buttocks. Some mischievous sperm has made a fool of you." And the overflow of life appears a waste and what might have ended as a pure rapture gives way to a sense of humiliation, mixed with disgust.

We are overtaken by a noble urge and feel a passionate desire to identify ourselves with the wrongs of the common, persecuted humanity, and we stretch our hands, when the whisper comes: "Fool, mark that rabble. Can't you perceive their chattering and their ape-like imbecilities!" We feel like covering our eyes and slinking away—but where?

A genuine intellectual is, therefore, a most pathetic and unenviable phenomenon. He strives to stand on the only foundation that appears sound, and reduces life to one vast *reductio ad absurdum*. Having reduced life to a futility, he cannot get away from his own. He cannot abolish his sensibility: he can only defeat it and so frustrate himself. If life appeared an unredeemed tragedy to him, he might yet die with a sense of sublimity. But he feels in

a state of perpetual bathos. He is too honest to deceive himself and too proud to beg a refuge. He pursues his path until he staggers to its relentless limit where the path is lost in the parched sands of an endless desert. If a last streak of noble sensibility lingers in him, like Turgeniev's Nezhdanov, he takes up a pistol and, pointing it against the treacherous and yet beloved brain, pronounces himself "unfit", amid the fatal blaze of gun-powder.



GANAPATI*

BY HARIDAS MITRA

SECTION 6.

As Gaṇeśa was perhaps originally the special deity of the *Gaṇas*—wild Aryan tribes, inhabiting desert wastes, mountains and forests¹, he was probably in later times affiliated to *Paśupati* (*Śaṅkara*) and *Bhūtapati* (*Śiva*)²; and when he was admitted to the higher Aryan pantheon, various descriptions of his origin were given in the *Purāṇas*³, as necessity arose. These explanations might have taken centuries to grow.

These elements might have been the accretions or accumulations due to organic growth of the conceptions themselves or the explanations of these elements might have been the results of conscious attempts keeping pace with such development. In any case, it is impossible, at this stage, to determine which of these various factors were present and to find out their mutual relationship, as also the exact ways in which they worked.

The mythological accounts in the *Purāṇas* etc., of Gaṇeśa's origin or birth are extremely confusing. According to the *Liṅga Purāṇa*, he is considered to have been born as a part (*aṁśa*) of Śiva out of *Pārvatī*'s womb. He is also said to have been fashioned by *Pārvatī* herself out of her toilet preparations and bodily impurities according to the *Śiva*, *Matsya*, and *Skanda Purāṇas*, or from a mass of turmeric paste according to *Nāradapañcarātra*. According to the S. Indian version of *Suprabhedāgama*, Gaṇeśa was born of Śiva and *Pārvatī*, who assumed the form of elephants to enjoy themselves, and had thus the face of an elephant. According to *Varāha Purāṇa*, Gaṇeśa sprang into existence from Śiva's

* The first five Sections have already appeared in the *First Series* of the *Viśva-Bharati Quarterly* (Vol. 8, Part IV, 1931-32).—Editor.

1. Compare, also *Gaṇapatyatharva-śr̥ṣam* (*Anandāśram Skt. Series*, Poona).

॥१०॥ नमो ब्राह्मणाय नमो गणपतये नमः प्रमथपतये नमस्तस्मै लब्धोदरायैकदन्ताय विष्णुनायिने त्रिवसुताय वरदमूर्तये नमः

2. These are two appellations of Rudra, actually occurring in *Atharva Veda*. (XI. 2. 1.).

3. For *Paurāṇik* myths about Gaṇeśa's origin, see :—

(a) Gopinatha Rao : *El. Hind. Ic.* under Gaṇeśa,

(b) also, Carucandra Bandyopadhyaya : *Gaṇeśa T̥hākurer t̥hikuṇi. Pravāsi*. 1927 B.S. Vol. 20, Part I, pp. 25 ff.

(c) C. C. Bandyopadhyaya : *Kavikāṅkan-Candī. Candī-Maṅgala-bodhini*, Part I. (Cal. Univ., 1924-25). *Gaṇeśa-vandanā*, pp. 1-17.

splendour of countenance, which represents his *ākāśika* portions. As he was too captivating to behold, Pārvatī angrily cursed him to assume an elephant's head and a large belly so that all his beauties might vanish. In the *Brahma-vaiivarta Purāṇa*, it is stated that Gaṇeśa was originally Kṛṣṇa himself, in the human form.⁴ Śani went to see him while a child. The head of the child consequently separated and went away to Goloka. The head of an elephant (Airāvata's young son) in the forest was then removed and engrafted to the body of the child. In *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa* and *Ṛgveda*, Gaṇapati is identified, or confused with Brahmap, Brahmapaspati or Bṛhaspati who is, of course, the Vedic God of wisdom and is called the sage of sages. According to *Brahmaṇḍa Purāṇa*, Gaṇeśa lost a tooth in a fight with Paraśurāma.

The striking intelligence and sagacity of the elephant seem to have acted in a reflex way towards the further growth of the Gaṇeśa story. In the *Siva Purāṇa*, the account is given of Gaṇeśa's marriage⁵ with two fair damsels named Buddhi and Siddhi; or, he is sometimes associated with the *Aṣṭa-Siddhis*. These accounts probably show that Gaṇeśa was simply the lord of wisdom and attainment of desired ends.

The well-known myth of the *Mahābhārata*⁶ of Gaṇeśa writing out that epic at Vyāsa's dictation, using his own broken tusk as a stylus, is certainly a later addition. Gaṇeśa had then already attained the position of a scholar like Bṛhaspati among the Gods. Not only that, Gaṇeśa is described as having played on the *mṛdaṅga*⁷ in the celestial choir when

4. Gaṇeśa is also found sometimes represented with Viṣṇu's weapons. This seems only to betray an attempt on the part of the Vaiṣṇavas to make a connection with Gaṇeśa who was becoming increasingly popular, with Viṣṇu.

5. At the time of the worship of Durgā, Gaṇeśa is also associated in Bengal, with a *Kalā Bau*—'plantain-tree wife', which is really the *Nava-patrikā*, the nine sacred plants—each of which represents an aspect of the Devī. But in early Bengal sculpture [vide *Catalogue of the Museum of the Varendra Research Society*, (Rajshahi,

Bengal, 1919); illustration of Gaṇeśa and Plantain tree in Caṇḍī Image No. D (a) 1
11

Gaṇeśa was sometimes represented beside the plantain tree. The drooping and the rustling leaves of the plant and its swaying movement possibly suggested a coy and veiled (Bengalee) girl wife of the plantain species with a pair of *vilba* fruits for her bust. Also, the fondness of the elephant for the fruit and the juicy stem of plantain seems to have again acted in a reflex way, for the growth of the belief and might have, later, led to the transformation.

6. M. Winternitz: *Gaṇeśa in the Mahābhārata*. JRAS, 1898.

7. The *Mṛdaṅgi*-s or the players on the *Mṛdaṅga*, hold Gaṇeśa in special veneration. Sometimes, the experts among of them mutter the technical terms of the *Tāla*-s, as they play on the *mṛdaṅga* and also dance in unison.

Compare the following śloka in *Saddśiva-prokta Gaṇeśaṣṭaka*

सर्वज्ञमघटिकाग्निनादन्ूपुरखण्डैः

शृङ्गताम्रनादमेदसाधनामुत्पतः ।

धिनिरिहिततोऽङ्गतोऽङ्गयिष्येयिष्यत्तो

बिनायकः शशाङ्कशेखरायतो द्रष्टव्यः ॥

Gaṇeśa may be looked upon as the guardian deity of all musicians who play upon skinned instruments—the *Anaddha*. For the sake of auspiciousness, and also



MAHA-GANAPATI (From Behar)
British Museum.

Mahādeva danced in an ecstasy of joy before Viṣṇu, and when Gaṅgā was born. Gaṇeśa had then simply and absolutely become the male prototype, and the counterpart or reflexion of Sarasvatī—the consort of Brahman, and the presiding Deity of Indian liberal Arts and Sciences.

Gaṇeśa and all his *gaṇas* were regarded as Brahmacāriṇs originally, in keeping with their character as followers of Lord Śiva who was a *yogin* and a *brahmacāriṇ*. Many of these *gaṇas* had, like Gaṇeśa, animal heads or deformed bodies, while others practised severe penances. Many of these *gaṇas* closely approximated to Lord Śiva, in appearance and modes of life, thus attaining *sārūpya-siddhi*; and seemed to have represented different aspects of Lord Śiva. Thus Nandin, as the name implies, probably represented Lord Śiva's aspect of blissfulness and auspiciousness (*ānanda-mūrti* and *maṅgala-svarūpa*). While the skeleton Bhṛṅgin showed Lord Śiva's aspect as penance-maker *mahāyogin*; and Mahākāla stood for Lord Śiva's destructive power, *samhāraśakti*.

The attempt on the part of the Brāhmaṇists and the Buddhists to associate Gaṇeśa with a consort or a Sakti⁸ must be regarded as later developments.

to show off their skill, the *mṛdaṅga* experts sometimes recite a *dhyāna* of Gaṇeśa and follow it up, with their instruments e.g. the most favourite one among these *dhyānas* is

ॐ ध्यायेत् सिन्दूरवर्णं खर्वाकृतिं स्फुल्लतनूं गजेन्द्रवदनं खण्डोदरं सुन्दरं—

In contradistinction to and by way of analogy with the musical *tāla-s* associated with Brahman and Rudra, *Brahma-tāla*, *Rudra-tāla*, we also have, as I gather from some Indian masters of music, similar *paraṇa-s* associated with Gaṇeśa viz. *Kakubha-paraṇa*, *Gaja-paraṇa*, and *Gaṇeśa-paraṇa*.

8. See Section 7. Note 11. *Infra*,

NOTES ON LĀLA AND PANDITA

By NAGENDRA NARAYAN CHAUDHURI, M.A., Ph.D.

There are some words in Sanskrit which have not yet been satisfactorily explained ; and there is a still larger number of words which have been introduced into Sanskrit from various extraneous sources and the derivations which the Sanskrit lexicographers have attributed to them are very fanciful and far-fetched. Two of such I am tempted to record below with suitable derivatives, appropriate to their meanings.

1. *lālā* (saliva), Bengali, *nāl* or *lāl*—This is not a genuine Sanskrit word and is not traceable in the Vedic speech. This word occurs in later classical Sanskrit. There can be no doubt that it has come from the Dravidian word *nālūka*. In Telegu *nālūka* means tongue.

2. *pañḍita* (wise, learned, a learned man, a scholar)—Sanskrit lexicographers derive it from *pañḍā* (wisdom, knowledge) and *itac* (a suffix). *pañḍā* as a word to signify 'wisdom' or 'knowledge' was unknown not only in the Vedic speech, but also in very old classical Sanskrit. It seems to be derived from the Tamil root *pañḍu*, the meaning of which is 'to be accomplished, ancient, old, to be ripe, etc.' In Sanskrit a learned man is also called *vrddha* and the *Arthaśāstra* of Kauṭilya where we find a chapter on *Vrddha-Samyoga*, meaning 'Association with the learned', bears testimony to it. The word *pañḍita* is deeply rooted in Sanskrit and is *a priori* unlikely to have been borrowed from the Dravidian language ; and yet it can hardly be doubted, I think, that its origin is Dravidian. Because there are not only the direct descendants of the root *pañḍu* more numerous in the Dravidian language than in Sanskrit, but collateral words of the same significance are also very abundant, whereas in Sanskrit no correlative root is available. The derivation of the word *pañḍā* from the Dravidian root *pañḍu* is, therefore, much more natural than that which Sanskrit lexicographers have devised : cf. *pañḍā*, *pañḍe*, *pāḍe*, *pāḍ*.

NOTES

RABINDRANATH APPEALS TO GANDHIJI.

In a celebrated rejoinder to Rabindranath Tagore's plea that the human mind, even the most ordinary, feels the need of transcending the merely "utilitarian" and of feeling the beautiful at some moments of its being—which need must not therefore be neglected—Gandhiji rebuked the Poet for living for the morrow and presenting to his country's gaze "the beautiful picture of birds early in the morning singing hymns of praise as they soar into the sky"; for he (Gandhiji) had had "the pain of watching those who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. The human bird under the Indian sky gets up weaker than when he pretended to retire." The present need of India is therefore absolutely economic, for "to a people famishing and idle the only acceptable form in which God can dare appear is work and promise of food as wages."

Sublime words!—worthy of being made as the gospel of the new India! And the Poet accepted them as such. But he wondered—or might have wondered—how the rebuke applied to him. For he has never advocated that people should sing on empty stomachs, nor that harmonious sounds can perform the function of bread. In fact he had advocated the Arts because they too, along with food (though not in so primary a fashion), satisfy a genuinely *human* need. And on Gandhiji's side, the Poet was justified in questioning that, if food be indeed the "only acceptable form in which God can dare appear" to the masses, why then did Gandhiji advocate so many other things for them which cannot strictly be justified on economic grounds; for example, that man needs to pray, that "spiritual" women should shave their heads, that married couples should not mate, and so on—"telling the beads of negation?" If therefore self-abnegation be a higher need of man, so may also self-expression of a certain kind be a real need.

This question has come to have an added interest because of Gandhiji's proposal to found an All India Village Industries Museum. When S. J. Kumarappa came to interview Rabindranath

in this connection, the latter said to him (I was present): "Please tell Mahatmaji that I appeal to him, since he is endeavouring to found a Museum for the nation, not to limit it to crafts as crafts. Crafts have been the media of artists in all ages, and our artists, as painters, as architects, as decorators, have helped our folks to get finer satisfaction out of the same material. The economic life of a nation is not such an isolated fact as Mahatmaji imagines and, today, side by side with economic poverty, we are faced with a cultural poverty which puts us to shame—shame that is in no way lessened when we consider what we once were. Our art treasures today are found in museums outside India, and our village artists are dying out, while the taste of our people is being slowly perverted by foreign fashions, ill-related to our life. Perhaps one day we will have no art treasures left: we will have to go visiting museums in foreign lands to feel pride in our past and pain in our present. Please tell Mahatmaji to consider that art is not a luxury of the well-to-do. The poor man needs it as much and employs it as much in his cottage-building, his pots, his floor-decorations, his clay deities, and in many other ways. If Mahatmaji's men go round collecting specimens of village industries, why may they not also look for and collect specimens of the various indigenous arts spread all over our land and waiting to be re-cherished? A section of the Museum may be devoted to it, which will show us how our peoples have lived and are living, and how in diverse ways, with what material means at their disposal, they have tried to create some *ras* in their life. I would do it myself, but I know only too well that I do not command the resources nor the necessary popular confidence that Mahatmaji commands."

The Poet spoke in a somewhat excited tone. He feels genuinely and acutely on this point. We dare say Sj. Kumarappa carried this message to Mahatmaji. But will he consider?

Sj. Kumarappa may also have communicated to him what Nandalal Bose said on this point. It is not true, the latter said, that artistic activity has no economic consequences. How does Mahatmaji like our people buying pictures of deities (they all buy because they need them) printed in Germany and Japan? And I have seen, he continued, our poorest villagers buying bangles and anklets and necklaces and ear-rings made in Japan because they are fast losing faith in our own. When the poorest of our people need these things, will not Mahatmaji help us

(artists in general) to direct these needs and make them believe once more in the beauty of our native forms?

But will Gandhiji consider?

Co-operative movement among the Santals.

That the Poet not only *feels* the Santals as an artist (which a preceding poem testifies) but has also felt *for* them as one human being for another, was amply illustrated when on the 16th of April the Santals of three adjoining villages invited him to open their first co-operative stores. It was an interesting sight, the Poet sitting surrounded by the Santals, both men and women (for these simple, healthy folk never learned to "safeguard" their women, in spite of the example of their Aryan and Semitic neighbours), who received him in their own ceremonial fashion. Their *Brati-balakas* (boy scouts organised by Sriniketan) formed lines and saluted and yelled. One of their women came forward, put a garland of fresh flowers round the Poet's neck, annointed his forehead, and presented him with a piece of cloth made by one of them. The Santals, in spite of the centuries of more or less serfdom, carry no trace of servility about them. They carry themselves with an air of independence and a healthy grace which we have always envied. I wonder if they know how much the Poet admires their natural grace.

Then one of the Santals (presumably one of their *intelligentsia*) read a speech in which he paid a tribute to what the Poet, through the Department at Sriniketan, had done for them. The speech disclosed several interesting facts. Their five villages had been helped to form themselves into a Society which has been carrying on the fourfold programme of Education, Health, Cottage Industries, and Agriculture; with a combined strength of 111 families, making up 570 individuals. He claimed that they had built 996 yards of road and 1192 of drain, and cleared seven *bighas* of jungle and filled up nine pits of stagnant water; with perceptible improvement in their health. They had taken advantage of the educational scheme run by Sriniketan and had their children enrolled as *Brati-balakas*; they had also been helped to cultivate sugar-cane which they found more profitable than paddy. Nineteen members had kitchen gardens of their own, and they had a small poultry house—supplied by Sriniketan, with Chittagong breed. Some of their members had been taught weaving, carpentry, book-binding, etc. They had also established a Paddy Stores where they deposited

paddy in time of surplus and from which they borrowed in time of need. They were linked to the Visva-Bharati Central Co-operative Bank. It was with the help of that bank that the new Co-operative Stores was being started. It was a long list that he enumerated.

The Poet also spoke a few words. He said that the present scene reminded him, by contrast, of the time when he first started to do work among the Santals who, then, had looked at him and his workers suspiciously and half-hostilely; which was quite natural since if the poor have learnt to dread the *bhadra lok* (the bourgeois) everywhere in the world it was because the latter have always exploited them for their profit. What he particularly appreciated among the Santals was that unlike many other Indians, they never depended on the help of others but relied on themselves and never sold their dignity.

The function ended with a Santal dance. The Santal dance is a fascinating sight. It is the most perfect and the most beautiful representation I have seen of the aggressive, futile, comic male and the passive, self-assured, mocking will of the female. The movements are monotonous, but some monotonies do not seem to pall.

K. R. Kripalani

REVIEWS

Dr. P. K. Acharya on Indian Architecture.

Ordinarily research scholars seem to ignore the fact that the past is of interest to us only in so far as it was *living* and that unless they discover it for us in such a way as to make us feel its life, we may admire them for their patience and industry but will not be the wiser for their labours. I have often felt sad that so much human talent and industry should disappear in the publication of matter where bones keep on rattling without forming for us an outline of the figure that once moved. I, therefore, cannot help congratulating Dr. P. K. Acharya of the Allahabad University for his great work *Manasara*. I am not qualified to pronounce judgment on ancient Indian architecture, but I can say this much that the learned author has succeeded in re-fashioning for us, out of the debris of the past, a picture of the forms of ancient architecture which, while it speaks much for his scholarly equipment, has the additional merit of interesting us in a real human way. The indirect glimpses it gives into the life of the people whose architecture he discusses, are something for which his readers will have reason to be grateful to him.

Rabindranath Tagore

Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India.

By Edward Thompson and G. T. Garratt.
Publishers, Macmillan.

The authors are too well-known to the reading public to need any introduction. Mr. Thompson had, in his earlier days, made a reputation for himself as a fearless and independent critic of the bureaucracy. Of late, no doubt, his outspoken and rather unsympathetic criticism of the leaders of Indian thought has, to some extent, damaged his reputation as a friend of India. But it must be admitted that Thompson's criticism, however unpalatable, has always been honest and sincere, and, undoubtedly, clever.

Mr. Garratt by his earlier book *An Indian Commentary* clearly established his claim to be considered a thoughtful and

impartial student of Indian affairs. His analysis of the economic position of the Indian peasant has rarely been equalled. As a member of the civil service he has had direct and first-hand knowledge of the condition of "the voiceless millions" of this country.

When two such men have joined hands to write a history of modern India, one would expect in it not only patient research, but keen insight and fearless criticism. We acknowledge freely that herein we have not been disappointed. Even a cursory reading of the book under review will satisfy the reader that the learned authors have examined carefully a mass of original evidence, marshalled their facts with great assiduity, and drawn their conclusions in a fair and logical manner. The idea of dividing the book into eight sections on a chronological basis is also very sound, far sounder than the usual one of representing the British period of Indian history as the triumphal march of a succession of Viceroys.

The style of writing is likewise attractive, and, where occasion requires it, trenchant. To the student of history, the rise of British rule in India is one of the most romantic episodes in the annals of the world. The authors have never lost sight of this. "Secondary figures, Indian and English, play a living part in the narrative."

At places, there is a journalistic, but very human, touch in the language employed by the authors, which may not win the approval of the more fastidious reader. But in our opinion this touch does not in any way detract from the merit of the book. For, after all, the work is not one meant exclusively for the shelves of a sombre and learned academic library. I quote below a few lines from the preface to show the spirit in which the learned authors have approached their subject.

"The historian's task has been made difficult by the animosities which have distracted the world during the last twenty years, and by their repercussions, official and unofficial. The mischievous tendency to make historical truth subservient to administrative efficiency has been increased by changes in legal practice and procedure, which operate as an effective censorship" (p. vii). (The censor today would certainly not have passed "The other side of the Medal".)

"By far our hardest task has been to avoid a national or racial bias. We have both had long and close connections with

India, and friendships that have given us a feeling of second nationality; but inevitably our first loyalty is to our own country, one of the last in which free and unregimented thinking is still possible. Yet love of England cannot blind us to the dangers which beset Western civilization, and we are convinced of the immense influence that India, called to reinvigorated existence, could exert in solving those problems which now oppress the mind of man. We send out this book hoping that it will work for that understanding between the two countries which fate has linked so strongly together" (p. viii).

Reading the above lines with the last page of the epilogue (p. 655), it is clear that the book has a definite mission. It aims (1) at telling the whole truth about the history of the British period, and (2) at establishing a better understanding between the natives of India and their rulers. But it is by no means a propagandists' book. Its value as a historical work is very great, and its depth is undoubted in spite of its sparkle.

A glance at the contents will show how systematically the authors have tackled their subject. The gradual development of the administrative machine has been carefully traced from the Foundation and Consolidation of the East India Company in Book I to Bureaucracy on the Defensive in Book VII and Dyarchy in Operation in Book VIII. The necessary dramatic touch to stimulate the imagination and interest of the average reader has been given by such attractive headlines as, Racial Estrangement and Changing Hindu Outlook (Book IV), Parental Administration (Book VI), and Growth of Nationalism (Book VII). In fact the title itself has a dramatic flavour. *Rise* and *Fulfilment* sound very much like the first and fifth acts of a drama. We ourselves do not approve of the word *fulfilment*. It can have no meaning at the present stage of India's history, with everything in the melting pot. The *fulfilment*, let us hope, is yet to come.

We do not like to dwell on the last few chapters of the book, as they deal definitely with current and controversial political topics. We have our own views on Indian nationalism. To many of us it has the sanctity of a creed. The present is not the occasion to set forth either our views or our creed. But to us it appears that the whole talk of constitution-making is futile. The word Constitution is not applicable in the case of India as she is today. From the earliest days of the Company's regime the administrative machinery has undergone periodical alteration to

meet new exigencies as they have arisen. One such period of change is on us today. But any fresh administrative arrangement that Government might think fit to make will only be an arrangement, and nothing more. It cannot be dignified with the name of a Constitution. The learned authors might have made this position clearer. The granting of a constitution is, after all, only an euphemistic way of describing the submission of the autocrat to the will of a united nation, a contingency not likely to arise in India for a long time yet, for the very good reason that the nation itself is as yet in an embryonic stage. The sordid and undignified scramble for jobs that we see around us does not indicate the development of any true national consciousness.

What is remarkable about the book under review is that there is no attempt whatsoever at whitewashing anybody. There is a refreshing candour apparent throughout its pages, which reminds one of the historical writings of the late Colonel Malleon. Nor have the authors been niggardly in bestowing praise even on the enemy where praise is due. We quote a few passages below to illustrate this. Referring to the Plassey period: "A gold lust unequalled since the hysteria that took hold of the Spaniards of Cortes' and Pizarro's age filled the English mind. Bengal in particular was not to know peace till it had been bled white" (p. 91).

Regarding Clive: "Clive's enormous greed provided an example against which his severity towards others . . . was entirely ineffective. For the monstrous financial immorality of English conduct in India for many a year after this, Clive was largely responsible" (p. 95).

With regard to Nanda Kumar a passage is quoted with approval on p. 139: "The offence which had not barred an Englishman's path to a peerage was now to doom a Hindoo to the gallows." The Englishman was obviously Clive.

To Nawab Mir Qasim, the inveterate enemy of the Company, the following tribute of praise is paid on p. 100: "Mir Qasim was a genuine patriot and an able ruler, who quickly retrenched expenditure and suppressed disorders. But he was to be driven to the edge of insanity, if not over it."

On pp. 206 and 207, there is a remarkably impartial estimate of the character of the notorious Tipoo Sultan.

Nana Farnavis of Poona, another irreconcilable foe of the Company is described as "a man of strict veracity, humane, frugal and charitable" (p. 215).

The following passage on p. 114 is also very frank: "We are today sensitive about the charge that in India we act on the high Roman maxim, *divide et impera*. In the eighteenth century it was statesmanship's normal aim and no one saw any harm in it."

Again on p. 213: "The greatest Indian statesman of the eighteenth century, Nana Farnavis, through perilous decades had kept his nation, the Marathas, from falling under the Company's all-conquering sway. Courteously and without giving offence adequate for war, he had put by numerous invitations to walk into the parlour where Nizam, Nawabs of Oudh, Bengal, the Carnatic, and several smaller rulers were being entertained."

Referring to a later period, this interesting passage appears on p. 282; "The Nizam's contingent was so highly paid that employment in his service, civil or military, was eagerly sought by the officers both of the King's and the Company's army. The Resident was importuned with applications for these comfortable staff appointments, and large sums passed annually into the pockets of our own people. The joyous catchword was, 'Nizzy pays for all'."

There is no attempt at drawing a veil over the disgraceful transactions that passed between the Company and certain treacherous Sikh Sardars before the Sikh wars. "The Sikhs were practically deserted by their commanders, Dal Singh and Tej Singh, who were both in correspondence with the enemy" (p. 371). ". . . annexing Kashmir and selling it to Gulab Singh who had remained neutral to see which way victory would go" (p. 374).

Chilianwala in the second Sikh war is called a "drawn battle" in the present book, though Hunter in his history of India qualified the phrase by saying, "which British patriotism prefers to call a drawn battle." Such little lapses are really negligible. We mention them merely because the writers have set before themselves such a high standard of fairness and veracity.

In this connection we would like to point out one or two passages which in our opinion are not in keeping with the general tone of the book. On p. 309, at the foot of a quotation from Elphinstone, appears the following: "The dog was beginning to walk on his hind legs like a man—remotely; he did not do it well, but he was beginning to do it." The simile is in bad taste. It is not the reviewer's province to refer to a dog's teeth, but why ask for it?

The attitude of the authors towards Bengal and the Bengalis

is rather anomalous. On p. 310, we find very high praise for the Bengali of the nineteenth century. "The Brahmo Samaj today is a dying institution. But for seventy years its influence was all-pervading in every higher walk of Bengali life, and it produced a succession of men for whom the only adequate adjective is 'Noble' . . . Bengali intellectual and spiritual life . . . was a beacon to the rest of India, which Bengal saved by her example, as she was saving herself by her exertions."

But on p. 576, there is this frank chuckle of joy at Bengal's gloomy future: "With the removal of the capital to Delhi and the rapid development of higher education in other provinces, Bengal has lost its old leadership. The War gave unwelcome prominence to the essentially pacific nature of its inhabitants. Even the nationalist movement became centred in the west, and Bengal has contributed little to its development after the War, gaining its chief notoriety by irresponsible political murders. Finally time has had its revenge. The new Bengal under any democratic system will have a small Muslim majority, though its politically conscious classes are almost entirely Hindu. Its future as an autonomous province within a federation is probably more precarious than that of any other part of India."

The only remark we wish to make is that it is not open to a historian to chuckle at anybody's expense. It really does not matter very much if a foreigner does not appreciate the Bengali's "low emotional flash point." After all Messrs. Thompson and Garrat have between them been very much more considerate towards the Bengali than their predecessors in the field of history. Even a fair-minded writer like Malleson could not avoid the temptation of having a fling at the Bengali, whenever he got the chance.

The learned authors have carefully analysed the development of the Anglo-Indian mentality from period to period, and shown how this mentality reacted on the subject population, and ultimately affected the course of events. The whole book must be read to understand this psychological aspect of British Indian History. We shall try to give the reader some idea of it by quoting a few passages selected at random.

"Men like Elphinstone and Munro had envisaged an India in which the British did little more than keep the peace. Leaving the administration in Indian hands, they would have trusted to education to cure such evils as they believed to exist. The next generation of officials was conscious of the clash between two civilisations,

one of which they believed to be improving and the other to be in the last stages of degradation." This passage on p. 330 relates to the period of social reform under Bentinck and afterwards.

Thompson's views on the Mutiny are well-known and need not be set forth here. But the following extract from p. 462 is interesting: "Educated Hindus could read the virulent attacks in the European Press on Canning, Grant, and other 'humanity-pretenders' who were endeavouring to restore the rule of law. Muslims heard of the punishment meted out to their co-religionists . . . These things were not done in a corner, and it is absurd to imagine that they did not affect profoundly the millions who had remained passive and had viewed events with the philosophy of a race which has seen many empires pass."

"No educated Indian has ever forgotten the lesson of the Ilbert Bill. They were accustomed to rulers who could be influenced by cajolery, entreaty, bribery or threats of revolt, but it was an entirely new experience to see a Government, and especially the aloof and powerful British Government, deflected from its purpose by newspaper abuse and an exhibition of bad manners" (p. 498).

"Lord Curzon's policy . . . combined with his off-hand methods of expressing his opinions were well suited to bring Moderates and Extremists into the field against the Government" (p. 547).

"The Armistice added to the general exasperation. Victory brought a certain racial arrogance, accentuating the worst features of the British occupation . . . Certain officials who had remained in India during the War seemed to take a delight in being rude to Indians who had done the same . . . political Indians saw in them (Sedition Bills) a direct challenge, not unlike the Partition of Bengal, but providing better grounds for a struggle because it was a challenge which would unite every party and every creed" (p. 650).

We shall now close this lengthy and rather rambling review by recommending the book very strongly to the Indian readers. It is an impartial and critical study of men and events in India during the British period—impartial to an extent unknown before, and critical without any exhibition of pettiness or petulance.

East and West.

An International Series of Open Letters : Gilbert Murray and
Rabindranath Tagore. International Institute of
Intellectual Co-operation—Paris.

This exchange of letters between Prof. Gilbert Murray and Rabindranath Tagore provides a reading that is without question ennobling, even if somewhat sad. It is sad when one reflects how helpless and baffled the thinkers of both East and West are feeling in this modern chaotic world. The civilisation to which intellect has contributed the Aladdin's Lamp of Science seems to be instigating the *jinn* to harass and haunt the peace of the men of intellect themselves. There are no personal complaints in the letters—no decent thinker complains of personal wrong; the complaint is that men should be throwing the fruits of intellect at each other's heads, like stones to break heads with, instead of sharing those fruits to increase the common store of health and happiness. In particular, Nationalism, which the Liberals had reared up in the belief that it was the best guarantee of individual liberty has been turned into a cloak of commercial greed, jealousy and blood-thirstiness.

In a world where international morality is almost non-existent what is going to be the attitude of thinkers and artists—all those who think and those who feel? It was seen, during the World War, writes Prof. Gilbert Murray, that "often the intellectual leaders in the various nations had been not better but, if anything, worse than the common people in the bitterness and injustice of their feelings." Men of intellect may recognise that there are differences between nations, between their habits and attitudes, and these differences are real; but they are vastly exaggerated. And in any case, there is always more in common between man and man than there is to divide man from man. "And it is valuable to remember that, as Plato pointed out long ago, while criminals tend to cheat and fight one another, and stupid people to misunderstand one another, there is a certain germ of mutual sympathy between people of good will or good intelligence. An artist cannot help liking good art, a poet good poetry, a man of science good scientific work, from whatever country it may spring. And that common love of beauty or truth, a spirit indifferent to races and frontiers, ought, among all the political discords and antagonisms of the world, to be a steady

well-spring of good understanding, a permanent agency of union and brotherhood.

"There is no need for sentimentality, no need for pretence. If I enjoy the beauty of your poetry, if I sympathise with your rejection of honours from a government which you had ceased to respect, that makes already a sufficient bond between us: there is no need for me to share or pretend to share, or make a great effort to share, your views on every subject, or because I admire certain things that are Indian to turn round and denounce Western Civilization. Men of imagination appreciate what is different from themselves: that is the great power which imagination gives."

These are noble words and their effect is heightened by his continuing to believe in "the healthiness and high moral quality of our poor distressed civilization. It made the most ghastly war in history, but it hated itself for doing so. . . . I still have hope for the future of this tortured and criminal generation: perhaps you have lost hope and perhaps you will prove right. But the divergence of view need make no rift between us."

In fact, there is no divergence of view: the Poet, too, has not lost hope. He answers: "I cannot afford to lose my faith in this inner spirit of Man, nor in the sureness of human progress which following the upward path of struggle and travail is constantly achieving, through cyclic darkness and doubt, its ever-widening ranges of fulfilment." Nor has the Poet lost his faith even in "the future of this tortured and criminal generation": "When I read some of the outstanding modern books published after the War I realise how the brighter spirits of young Europe are now alive to the challenge of our times. Nothing can be of greater joy to us in India than to find how unimpeachably great some of your scholars, historians, artists and literary men are in their fearless advocacy of truth, their passion for righteousness." But unfortunately, "whatever is finest in Europe cannot pass through to reach us in the East." For "the one outstanding visible relationship of Europe with Asia today is that of exploitation. . . . It is physical strength that is most apparent to us in Europe's enormous dominion and commerce, illimitable in its extent and immeasurable in its appetite. Our spirit sickens at it. Everywhere we come against barriers in the way of direct human kinship. . . . There is no people in the whole of Asia today which does not look upon Europe with fear and suspicion."

"But this, as we realize, is only one side, however real and

painful, of the Western civilization as it appears to us in the East." So that it is still possible for him to "aver that in the life of the West they have a large tract where mind is free; whence the circulation of their thought-currents can surround the world."

Reviewing this exchange of generous sentiments and noble assurances, two reflections suggest themselves. First: it is obvious to what a high plane the noblest representatives of different nations have to strain their wings to be able to accept each other for what they are. It is as *Thinkers*, as *Artists*, as *Men of imagination* that they feel they can meet. Therein lies the tragedy of the situation: as simple ordinary men they are bound to peoples whose interests, and therefore whose passions, contradict each other. How far and how long can imagination keep persons together when in actual life they are tied to interests that keep them apart? The English Liberal thinkers, in particular, are identified with a historical tradition which, for all its liberalising influence, has built up the effective machine of modern Imperialism. Now, imaginatively perceived, even Imperialism may appear to have some virtue; but our mortal frames groan under its ruthless wheels and some of us may be excused for heeding the groans of our own people.

Secondly: even if *Men of imagination* realise their mutual kinships so effectively as to forget their less spiritual and more material alliances, that will hardly be sufficient to insure peace in the world. The common peoples of different nations who are more and more gaining power in the State cannot be supposed to be either very intellectual or very imaginative. And yet it is they who can make or unmake peace. If these peoples are to move along a common path of progress and husband a common harvest of civilisation that men of intellect have sown for them, then they must have a common faith, a common creed, and must be linked by common material needs. Mere intellectual appreciation of each other's view-point may have a chastening influence but it is not enough.

Men of imagination who can stretch their hands across the conflict of material interests are few in this world. Their voices will always sound noble but, in a world where Plato's philosophers have yet no power, they are bound to be ineffectual. And, therefore, however much one may sympathise with the activities of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation and

admire its active spirits like Prof. Gilbert Murray, he would be an irrational optimist who believed that the world-disease is to be healed through them.

K. R. Kripalani

Ancient India and Indian Civilization.

By Paul Masson-Oursel, Helena William-Grabowska
and Philippe Stern.

Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.,
London. 21s.

Most works that claim to be histories of ancient India have disappointed those who sought to find in them an understanding of the true spirit of Indian Civilization. Long and interminable narrations of political events may tell us much about a people but not everything; so that we find innumerable judgments have been passed on this land and its peoples ever since European curiosity found a favourable field in ancient India; but comparatively little justice has been done to the India that even in its worst period of subjection has not ceased to create. Because political data are easy to collect and classify, and creative values are difficult to measure, much of Indian truth has been obscured in the name of scientific method.

The authors of the work under notice, therefore, deserve to be congratulated for having redeemed the scientific method of the charge of false ministry, for they have brought to their task this true spirit of enquiry and sympathetic understanding. And appearing as it does, in that famous series of "The History of Civilization", edited by Prof. C. K. Ogden, it bids fair to prove its worth as a standard publication on the subject, written by such competent scholars as M. Paul Masson-Oursel who contributes the section on Political History, Society, Philosophy and Religion; Mme. Helena William-Grabowska, who describes the Literature of Ancient India; and M. Philippe Stern who surveys the Art-expressions: all of whom collaborate in a manner that has preserved the richness of diverse scholarship without injuring the unity of conception. A very thoughtful and illuminating foreword from the pen of Dr. Henri Berr, and a comprehensive, and, therefore, useful bibliography add much to the value of the work.

The book opens with a somewhat recondite description of the

country and its population, in the course of which ethnological beginnings of Indian civilization are traced with appropriate references to their linguistic, anthropological and other allied factors. Naturally the problems presented are too vast to be adequately discussed in a brief space as a book like this can provide. But the writer (of the section under consideration) has condensed them without making himself unintelligible, though there are occasional points which require a little more elucidation. The historical survey which is preceded by a summary of the pre-historic civilizations lately unearthed, takes the reader through the drama of political events, and he reaches the end without any tedium; rather with his memory fully refreshed. The so-called dark period in the pre-Gupta times is left dark though much light has of late been thrown on it by Mr. Jayaswal's thesis on the rise of the Vakatakas during that period. With regard to the campaigns of Alexander in India of which so much capital has been made in previous works, the writer relies not only on the foreign evidences but also on the native sources, and gives a very impartial account.

There are some assertions which the author seems to have accepted either in haste or by bias, for example, that Asoka imbibed from Persia his idea of world-wide kingship; or that the caste system had always existed in its present degenerate form. But they need not detain us.

The economic life of ancient India has been widely discussed ; but not adequately related to the social life of the people. It is this superficial analysis, devoid of an integral conception of the whole thing, that might be responsible for the writer's opinion that the wretched economic existence of the immense majority of the Hindus created among them a melancholy pessimism, a hatred of life which explains some forms of thought, specially the so-called ascetic ideal of life. The conclusion is rather hasty, and the data from which it is drawn hardly supported by facts. The intense and continuous activity in every sphere of creative life, as well as the testimonies of foreign visitors including Megasthenes, Fa-Hian and Hiuen Tsang are there to show that the people were always in affluent circumstances. And there were various and adequate safeguards against such untoward calamities as famines, etc. The ascetic turn of the Indian mind has, therefore, to be traced to other origins. We might also bear in mind the remark of an

eminent Indian thinker that a beggar cannot renounce and that man can be averse to pleasure only when he has had a good taste of it.

The writer seems to be at his best when he brilliantly unfolds the spiritual life of ancient India, its religions and philosophies, holding before the reader the vivid picture of the several systems of thought and their influence on religious sects and philosophical schools. The writer has brought to bear on this section, the largest in the book, remarkable insight combined with a masterly command of facts. He believes, and rightly, that religion and philosophy were closely interwoven in the texture of India's spiritual life; and he takes note of almost all the religio-philosophical systems of India, both in their ritualistic and psychic implications. In his opinion, "the lesson which India teaches us is that which she taught herself—that to understand better is to free oneself." The exegesis of the Veda could have been made more up-to-date by including a reference to the latest contribution of Sri Aurobindo in that direction. And the brief notice of India's scientific achievements would have been a little more explicit if mention had been made of the other branches of science, the data of which are available in the *Sukranitisa*r and in other literary sources.

The section on literature, with its delightful summaries of the plots of the epics, plays and stories, describes with remarkable clarity the various literary forms and expressions in different periods of history. We are led through the varied stages of India's literary aspirations, the simple but profoundly suggestive hymns of the Vedas, the beauties of the analytical type of literature represented in its post-Vedic development, the sublimities of the epic poetry, the romantic classicism of the *kavyas* and the dramas, the wonderfully charming story elements of the narrative literature. Except in one or two places the writer is very clear in her views all through. The theory of the Greek inspiration of Indian drama has lost much ground; and the probability of an independent dramatic development in India is gradually gaining support.

The exposition of Indian art has been attempted in a manner that reflects a peculiar amalgam of the Western and Indian ways of art-interpretation. The author has followed his native genius without being indifferent to the idealism of Indian art whose appeal he has at times found too irresistible. The discussion of

the so-called Greco-Buddhist art, and its influence on the original art of India is well done, though a little too lengthy for the book. The recently unearthed antiquities at Hodda in the north-western region of India have been characterised as the second phase of the Greco-Buddhist art. The remarks about the foreign origins of certain forms of early Indian art need not be accepted as the last word on the subject. In the absence of any particular relic in Bactria which is held to have transmitted Perso-Hellenic art to India, it would be gratuitous to assume that the Asokan pillar is a foreign adaptation. The so-called Greek origin of the Buddha image has been challenged, and its Indian genesis established, by Dr. Coomaraswamy. The development of architecture is noticed mainly in its external elaborations; the aesthetic and highly symbolical aspect of certain types of temple architecture is more or less ignored. The writer has nothing particular to say about the exquisite figuration of Dhyani Buddha which so truly represents the Indian ideal in art; though he has developed a new thesis, highly suggestive, in "the *tribhanga*, the triple bend, which Indian art has given to its most beautiful figures all through its history." Like so many other forms of Indian art, the *tribhanga* has also spread outside and influenced the art of Central Asia, China, Japan, Tibet and Nepal. It becomes particularly interesting when the writer tries to discover its affinity to the characters in the famous contemporary dramas. Says the writer: " . . . In the *tribhanga*, pliancy and balance are united. The female figures at Ajanta, by their suppleness and nonchalant grace, seem to indicate self-surrender, voluptuous delight and languor; by their balance, which often looks like a backward movement, they appear to express a modesty which makes them as it were recoil upon themselves. This union of contraries, which seems to me to be characteristic of the greatest works of art, and which here consists of passion and self-surrender on the one hand and modesty on the other, struck me at my first sight of the genuine figures of Ajanta. For a moment I feared that my imagination was leading me astray, but literature afterwards confirmed my impression. 'My body', says Sakuntala, 'goes forward, and my mind, which is not at one with it, turns back.' This union in single character of balance and suppleness, which often leads to the attitude of the *tribhanga*, does not only express fleshy love, even in its refined form. We find it in flying and prostrate figures, and again in the great

bodhisattvas of cave I at Ajanta in which the breadth and balance of volumes and the very broad treatment of light and dark is combined with the bending effect of the *tribhanga*, and the serene expression of the faces seems to be mingled with one of melancholy and profound tenderness. What is united modesty and fire in the amorous woman seems to become in the *bodhisattvas* complete detachment from the outer world and concentration inwards in the equilibrium and serenity of meditation, intimately mingled with infinite compassion, tenderness, and love for all suffering creatures."

Well-chosen plates illustrating some typical examples of Indian art are an embellishment to the book.

On the whole, the book leaves us with a feeling of grateful admiration for the learned authors who have reconstructed India's past with such sympathy and understanding. The India that is made to live in these pages is an India that has ever been struggling to express her genius in ways that might not always have been beautiful but were always stupendous.

Shishir Mitra

The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution.

By Arthur N. Holcombe.

Published by Arnold A. Knopf Ltd., London. 7/6.

The book consists of six chapters embodying lectures delivered early in 1930 at Boston under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. The author who is a Professor of Government at Harvard University never had the good fortune to meet Dr. Sun Yat-Sen but he has personally known almost all the other leaders of Revolutionary China whom he discusses in course of his lectures. The six chapters of the book deal successively with the spirit of six great forces which have tried to mould the Chinese Revolution, viz. Democracy, Bolshevism, Christianity, Militarism, Capitalism, and Science; and are associated with the names of Sun Yat-Sen, Borodin, Fung Yu-hsiang, Chiang Kai-shek, T. V. Soong, and C. T. Wang. The chapter on Science, however, though nominally associated with the name of C. T. Wang, deals almost exclusively with the constructive aspects of Sun Yat-Sen's Theory of Revolution and to some may appear far the most important and interesting portion of the book. Certain it is that in no other

book on China written by a foreigner is Dr. Sun's brilliant theory of government dealt with such admirable discernment, sympathy and thoroughness. Dr. Sun's political theory is not merely of intense theoretical interest to the student of political science but is a great and living force in the world of practical politics; in as much as the dictatorship of the Kuomintang is officially wedded to it. Mr. Holcombe observes: " . . . his general system of political thought compares favourably with that of other great revolutionary leaders of modern times. Indeed it may be doubted whether any great revolutionary movement has been provided with a more serviceable political philosophy. The possession of such a political philosophy is a source of enduring strength to the Chinese revolutionary movement and to the political system which that movement has created. It gives the dictatorship of the Nationalist Party, the Kuomintang, a better prospect of stability than that of any other form of dictatorship that has been suggested for China." Mr. Holcombe's observations lead one to think that Dr. Sun's theory has become as great a practical force in China as Marxism in Soviet Russia.

Sun Yat-Sen's theory of revolution distinguishes between three stages in the onward march of China: first, capture of power by a revolutionary party; secondly, economic reconstruction and civic and political education under the dictatorship of the party; and, thirdly, establishment of constitutional government or democracy when the people's training for it is completed. According to Mr. Holcombe the first stage has been successfully negotiated, the second is in progress and the prospects of the third being reached are far from being gloomy. Chiang Kai-shek is of course a militarist but he is not quite the sort of militarist that the world has come to associate with the name of China. The dictatorship of the Kuomintang is, as the author interprets it, a stage of reconstruction and education, with a view to the future establishment of democracy combined with plenty. Attempts to establish democratic or, to be precise, parliamentary forms of government in China have been premature and have failed. Bolshevism has failed too not only because it is against the spirit of Confucianism and its milieu, patriarchal society, but also because it lacks the objective conditions of industrial development which only can give birth to a proletarian party of the needed strength. Militarism of the old type has failed too and the progressively weaker series of China's "strong

men" have failed to bring solace and contentment into the hearts of foreign merchants at the treaty ports and legation headquarters. The hope of China therefore lies in looking forward to democracy which will be established at some distant date through the development of capitalism and the application of science—political science more than natural science—under the dictatorship of the Nationalist Party. Such in brief is the skeleton that holds together Mr. Holcombe's lectures.

The author is perfectly aware of the difficulties that lie in the way of the development of capitalism in China. But we note with regret that he has given undue attention to the difficulty of securing foreign credit owing to unsettled political conditions and has neglected the all-important question whether the industrial development of China is possible at all under conditions of capitalism which is essentially a world system, and which in its present stage of development necessarily takes the form of imperialism. The record of the Chiang Kai-shek administration does not hold out great hope that the tempo of industrial development in China will be increased to any appreciable extent under capitalist rule. It is thus doubtful how far the dictatorship of the Kuomintang is calculated to realise Dr. Sun's dream of perfect democracy.

The question of the proper attitude of a proletarian party to the national movement is a living one in India and those who are interested in it will doubtless find the second chapter of the book of absorbing interest. Mr. Holcombe's account scarcely encourages the belief that socialists and nationalists can go very far in the same boat. Mr. Holcombe is frankly a believer in capitalism and a sympathetic friend of the activities of Christian missions. Yet throughout the book he has tried to maintain a historico-objective outlook and has noted with care the positive contributions of the Communists to the Chinese national movement.

The book is written with the raciness and lucidity so characteristic of American writers. As a sane and serious study of the problem of China it will take a lot of beating.

A. P. Mitra

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- (3) From Hellenism & Havellism to Vital Art (*Drasthi* Publication).
- (4) Is India getting poor? By B. R. Sen, I. C. S. (Publicity Board, Bengal).
- (5) The Holy Koran: English Translation and Commentary (with Arabic text)—By A. Yusuf Ali (Publisher: Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, Lahore, India).
- (6) Translation of Bhagwat Gita in Urdu—By Hafiz Muhammad Salim, Burkki Press, Allahabad.
- (7) Intelligent man's guide to Indian Philosophy—By Manubhai Pandya (Taraporevala & Sons Co. Bombay).
- (8) Annual Administration Report of the Department of Industries, Bengal (Government of Bengal).

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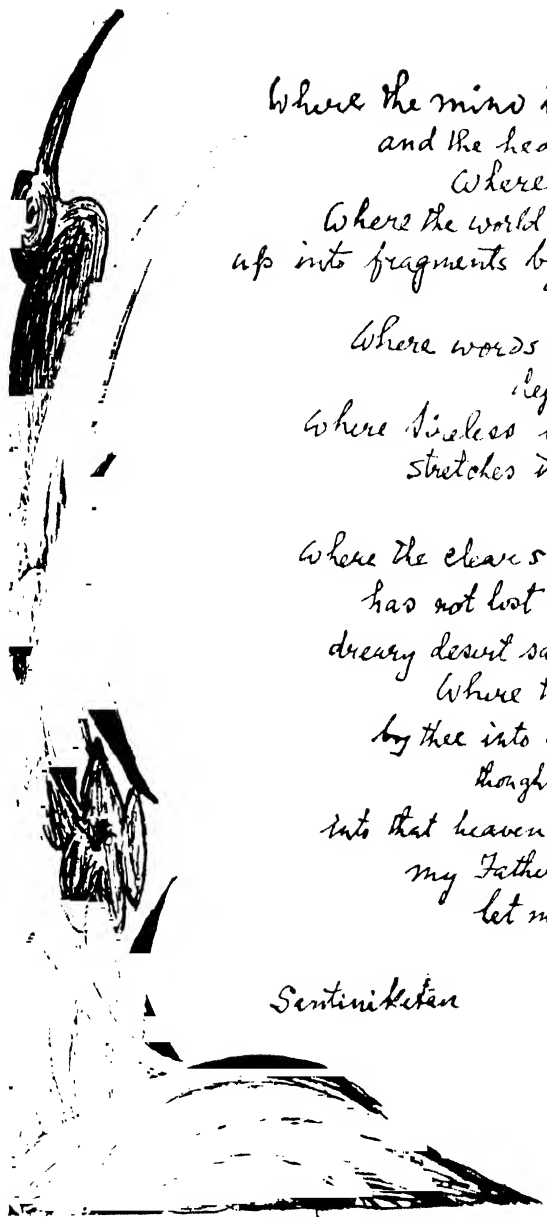
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Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken
up into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;
Where words come out from the
depth of truth;
Where fearless striving
stretches its arms towards
perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward
by thee into ever-widening
thought and action —
into that heaven of freedom,
my Father,
let my country awake.

Santiniketan

Rabindranath Tagore

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THE UNITY OF MANKIND

M. Winternitz

I.

HERDER, about one hundred and fifty years ago, had made the idea of humanity popular in Germany and in the world. Though he was fully aware that, in a certain way, every human faculty is "national, secular, individual," it was yet his greatest endeavour, in all his writings, to discover and recognize human values in the manifoldness of races and peoples. He collected, in prose and in poetry, numerous examples of gentleness, tolerance, dutifulness, and sacrifice among peoples of every stage of culture. The idea of mankind and the ideal of humanity were held up also by the great German classics, Goethe and Schiller. Fichte, the philosopher, assigned to his time the duty, to found a National State for mankind, for the final goal of all national formations should always be, to spread and grow into the culture of all mankind. And in 1872 Gustav Rümelin, a famous German writer and politician, said in one of his speeches as chancellor of the University of Tübingen: "The idea of mankind stands higher than all nationality (Volkstum)", and he praises the German nation who had more than any other always held high the idea of mankind: "Even if we liked to, we are not capable of despising the foreign, of requiting the hatred of the enemies with equal passion; we cannot help acknowledging the good wherever we may find it. . . . The poetry of no country has so directly looked up to the heights of mankind; science of no other nation has such a

universal and international character. . . . This ideal trait, love of truth and justice and humanity, will ever guide us into the right road."

How things have changed since in Germany ! In 1899 Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an Englishman by birth and a German by choice, published in German his book *Die Grundlagen des 19. Jahrhunderts* (*The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*), a book which roused the enthusiasm of the then German Emperor to such a height that he liked to present copies of it as a sign of his imperial favour to his friends and admirers. Another enthusiast, a rich private gentleman, made a gift of 10,000 Mark for the purpose of distributing copies of the book to libraries, specially school and students' libraries. Chamberlain, who was influenced by the French author of the book on *The Inequality of Human Races*, Count Alexandre de Gobineau, the first discoverer of the "Nordic legend", made great impression by using strong language rather than strong arguments. Thus he says : "Only disgraceful hatred of independent thinking or shameless falsification of history can see in the entrance of the Teutons into the history of the world anything but the rescue of agonizing mankind out of the claws of the Eternal-Bestial." To the "so-called unity of the human race" he concedes the character of a hypothesis, but "only as a personal, subjective conviction, lacking every material foundation." "Instead of echoing the stupid and lying phrases of mankind, which already eighteen hundred years ago were the fashion in the Semitic 'saloons' of Rome", we ought to remember that the strong must conquer and rule the weak.

Another German writer, Dietrich Schäfer, a professor of history, wrote in 1919, that the only way to the rebuilding of Germany was a strong national feeling as against the "absurdity of thought and feeling of mankind" ("Unding von Menschheitsdenken und-empfinden").

Hans Günther, who has come to be looked up to as an authority on race questions in Germany, since the rise of the present political system, declares that the idea of mankind can never form a sound basis for any creative or moral conviction. "Mankind", he says, "can never mean more than a sum of living creatures belonging to the species of man, and by counting all these creatures together we can only get an unmeaning number, never an uniformly acting organism." Only the national idea (the idea of "Volkheit") and for the Germans the idea of "Germanhood" (Deutschheit), which

henceforth can be nothing but striving after the Nordic type, can create any new values.

Also L. F. Clauss, in his book *Race and Soul*, much read in Germany to-day, declares that there is no such thing as "human" experience, but only that of a certain race type.

In 1930 Alfred Rosenberg, one of the political and cultural leaders of present day Germany, published his book *Der Mythos des 20. Jahrhunderts*, which had reached its 23rd edition in 1934, and of which more than 230,000 copies are said to have been sold before the beginning of this year. Rosenberg is the prophet of the new "religion of blood", that is, "the creed, that with the blood the divine being of man has to be defended", it is "the faith, that the Nordic blood represents that mystery which has replaced and superseded the old sacraments." "Race is the likeness of a soul, possession of race a value in itself, having no relation to bloodless values", such as "mankind, universal church or an independent ego, separated from blood connections." "World reform, humanity, culture of mankind," are ideas which are foreign to the Nordic man and by which he has been humbugged in weak hours. Two forms of humanity have come, as a hostile temptation, over the Germans. The one calls itself democracy, the other social compassion, or humility, and love. But to-day, says Rosenberg, "it is clear to every honest German that this doctrine of equal love for all creatures was a heavy blow, struck at Nordic Europe. Christian pity and freemasonic 'humanity' have been most disastrous to European life. Beside the idea of national honour no other power should be suffered in the German Empire, "neither Christian love, nor the humanity of the freemasons, nor Roman philosophy." There can be no internationality of science or art. There is no art, except that of a certain blood, and what we call "science" ("*die Wissenschaft*") is nothing but the very own creation of the Teuton race.

Some time ago I heard on the radio an address given by some schoolmaster in Berlin to a class of young people on the all-importance of race, and on our duties to our race. The hour of instruction was solemnly concluded with the song: "Sacred, sacred, sacred is the blood."

Not only popular writers on this "religion of blood", but even prominent scholars, like Fritz Lenz, an authority on social hygiene, and Eugen Fischer, certainly one of the first authorities on biology, proclaim the legend of the Nordic race, as against the ideas of mankind

and humanity. As Fischer tersely puts it : "There exist no men as such, but only men of certain races or race mixtures."

II.

Under these circumstances it may not be superfluous to ask ourselves, whether the idea of humanity and the belief in the unity of mankind are really out of date, being the mere out-come of pious wishes or sentimentality. Or is there any scientific foundation for our belief in the unity of mankind ?

Many years ago I heard a lecture by the famous anthropologist, Edward Tylor, then reader in anthropology at Oxford University, which he introduced with pointing out the difference between the scientist and the student of man. The latter has not, like the scientist, the experiment at his disposal. On the other hand, the student of man has the advantage, that he can experience the phenomena which are the subject of his study, in himself. This, it is true, presupposes a certain unity of all that is human. This was a matter of course for Edward Tylor, who says "that all tribes of men, from the blackest to the whitest, the most savage to the most cultured, have such general likeness in the structure of their bodies and the working of their minds, as is easiest and best accounted for by their being descended from a common ancestry, however distant," and "*we may accept the theory of the unity of mankind as best agreeing with ordinary experience and scientific research.*"¹

The great German geographer Friedric Ratzel, the founder of the new science of anthropogeography, says (in a paper written in 1900) : "The unity of mankind is first of all a fundamental fact of geography. As there is only one earth and only one connected surface of the earth, so there is only one mankind."

The belief in the unity of mankind, he says, which was once proclaimed by Herder, has never been shaken, and has been confirmed by science. The possibility of crossing between all human races is a fact, as also the existence of a common possession of cultural achievements. Ratzel has even drawn up an "inventory of the common possessions of mankind", including tools, fire, etc.²

In 1917 the anthropologist Felix von Luschan, who had a great

1. Anthropology, 1891, p. 5f.

2. Kleine Schriften II, 408 ff. ; Anthropographie II, 693 f.

personal acquaintance with a variety of dark races, said that the overwhelming majority of experts in anthropology are convinced "that the process of the origin of man took place only once and only on one spot of the earth, and that all human races now living are descendants from this one primal form."³

In fact, there is hardly any difference of opinion among earnest students of man even at the present day as to the uniform origin of man. In a most authoritative recent work on the races of men (*Rassenkunde und Rassengeschichte der Menschheit*, 1934), E. von Eickstedt writes: "All that we know of the anatomical and palaebiological attributes of man, all that geology and anthropology have hitherto taught us, is in favour of a so-called monophyletic origin of man"; and he produces a great many arguments which disprove the assumption of a manifold origin of man.

Even Eugen Fischer has no doubts about man having originated only once, but he believes "that with the origin of man almost simultaneously or at least very early the breaking up into varieties was connected. It is not too much to say that origin of species is at the same time origin of races."⁴

But one might say, and it has been said by Günther, that only from the zoological point of view mankind is a unity, being a species, which only means that man is different from the beast.

It has, however, already been emphasized by Charles Darwin that "Although the existing races of man differ in many respects, as in colour, hair, shape of skull, proportions of the body, etc., yet if their whole structure be taken into consideration they are found to resemble each other closely in a multitude of points. Many of these are of so unimportant or of so singular a nature, that it is extremely improbable that they should have been independently acquired by aboriginally distinct species or races. The same remark holds good with equal or greater force with respect to the numerous points of mental similarity between the most distinct races of man. The American aborigines, Negroes and Europeans are as different from each other in mind as any three races that can be named; yet I was incessantly struck, while living with the Fuegians on board the "Beagle", with the many little traits of character, showing how similar their minds were to ours; and so it was with a full-blooded negro with whom I happened once to be intimate."⁵

3. Kriegsgefangene, p. 10.

4. Baur-Fischer-Lenz, Menschliche Erblchkeitslehre I, 135 (3rd Ed. 197).

5. The Descent of Man, 2nd Ed., 1896, p. 178.

Darwin adds that anybody reading the books of Ed. Tylor and John Lubbock "cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the close similarity between the men of all races in tastes, dispositions and habits." To mention only one thing, Ed. Tylor has compared the gesture-language of American Indian tribes with that of the European deaf-mutes, and has shown that a red-skin of America and a deaf-mute of any European country could easily understand each other by signs and gestures.

Since the days of Darwin and Tylor, our knowledge of the intellectual, moral, and cultural life of peoples of all races has enormously increased, and every progress of *ethnological* research has brought new proofs of the unity of the human mind.

The first product of the human mind is *language*, and there is hardly anything that separates the parts of mankind more than language. And yet the fact cannot be too much emphasized that language as an instrument for expressing thought is common to *all* men. It has been rightly stated already by Th. Waitz, the author of a monumental work on the primitive peoples, *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*, that the fact, that every member of the human race is a speaking animal, is one of the strongest arguments for the unity of mankind. The possession of an articulate language with a regular grammatical structure is not only a barrier between man and beast, but also a fact proving the closest relationship between all peoples in psychical respect. It is by no means a matter of course, that every man should be able to learn and understand the language of a foreign people. However intimate our intercourse with our dogs or our horses may be, we shall never be able to understand the "language" of our domestic animals, so as to be able to talk to them in their language. On the other hand, a missionary or an explorer who lives with some primitive tribe in Australia, Africa or America, even only for a short time, will be able to learn the language of the people, and to hold conversation with them. This proves that the basic forms of thinking and speaking are the same everywhere.

But language is not the only product of the human mind, which is common to all divisions of mankind. If we compare the manners and customs, the beliefs, the arts and works of technics, of the most different and distant peoples of the earth, we constantly meet with numerous individual variations and peculiarities, but also with the most striking coincidences.

I still remember being shown over the University Museum at

Oxford by Ed. Tylor, who was then keeper of the Museum. He had arranged the objects there, not according to countries and parts of the world, but according to the purpose for which they were made, and the ideas represented by them. So I could see in one room tools and weapons, hammers, knives, needles, arrows, fishing and hunting implements, instruments for fire-making, spinning, basket-making, etc., and it was wonderful to see how similar all these things were, in spite of variations in detail, as if they came from one workshop, though in reality they were collected from all parts of the world. Again in another room I could see all kinds of ornaments, witchcraft utensils, masks, cult objects, and the like, and these things also showed the greatest family likeness, though they came from the most distant countries of the earth.

It is also well-known to every ethnologist, that certain strange habits and customs are spread all over the world in a most astonishing agreement, such as tattooing, piercing the ears, noses, and lips for fixing ornaments in them, circumcision, levirate, magic rites, ancestor worship, etc. etc.

It is often in the most trivial things that we can see the most wonderful agreement in the working of the human mind between men of all races and peoples all over the world. As the Hindu says "jiva" ("live !") when a man sneezes, so people in old England said "waes hael" on the same occasion, and even in the beginning of the last century it was considered good manners in England to say "God bless you." And similar blessings over a sneezing person were pronounced in ancient Greece and Rome, they were or are still heard among all European nations, among Jews and Mohammedans, and European travellers were not a little surprised when they found the same custom among negroes in Africa and Red Indians in America.

When I read the other day in an account of a missionary who had lived long in Africa, that often a grown-up negro, when in great distress, will call for his mother who may be hundreds of miles away, I could not help being reminded of an incident that has remained in my memory from my earliest childhood : A little girl whose mother had died a few hours ago and who had come to tell us the sad news, was running back through the court-yard of our house and, terrified by a barking dog, began to cry out : "mother ! mother !"

Years ago (1878 and 1889) Richard Andree published two volumes of *Ethnographische Parallelen*, in which he shows on every page, how the same or similar cultural phenomena are found in the most different parts of the world. In a preface he says :

"As it cannot be denied, that everywhere the bodily attributes and faculties of men are the same, that they see, hear, sleep, eat in the same manner, so we find also that their mental functions, in their essential features, show everywhere the same basic forms, varying no doubt according to race and natural environment, but yet in spite of minor deviations, of the same original value and character."

These parallels and coincidences used to be accounted for by the old school of ethnologists from the psychological point of view, by assuming that the working of the human mind is the same everywhere, the same psychological causes leading to the same effects. Now-a-days ethnologists are more in favour of the theory, that certain elements of human culture, whether technical inventions or social habits and religious ideas, originated only in one region, and were spread from there to other parts of the world, either by being borrowed by one people from the other, or by being forced upon conquered peoples. The fact is, that the two theories do not exclude each other. But what interests us more is, that the one theory as well as the other must needs presuppose the unity of mankind. For one people would never adopt and assimilate customs, habits, beliefs, or even weapons and tools of another people, unless these peoples had something in common in their ways of thinking and feeling.

Not only the pioneers of the study of man, the anthropologists and ethnologists who wrote half a century ago, but also more recent students of the history of human civilisation, who write with authority and with a knowledge based on personal acquaintance with races and peoples of many lands, and who have made a special study of the great *differences* that exist between the peoples of the earth, yet agree in assuming some basic and essential unity of mankind. Thus Richard Thurnwald, who has an intimate knowledge of the natives of New Guinea and other primitive peoples, says: "The primitive psyche is in its fundamental character and instincts no other but the general human psyche, only *less*, and also sometimes differently, *inhibited*."⁶ G. van der Leeuw also, a prominent Dutch student of religion, while pointing out the great difficulties we have to encounter when we try to enter into the thoughts and feelings

6. Handbuch der vergleichenden Psychologie I, 2: Psychologie des primitiven Menschen, p. 300.

of foreign peoples, adds: "As true as it is that every man is in fact "another" with his own feelings, thoughts, and instincts, yet nobody will deny, that this "other" is after all a relative, and that in this sense there is nothing human that is altogether foreign to us."⁷ And again Wilhelm Koppers, professor of ethnology at Vienna University, says in a paper on universal history,⁸ that the idea of a universal history presupposes the unity of mankind, and that the representative students of ethnology, anthropology and prehistory all agree in reckoning with a uniform origin of man and his culture.

III.

In my University lectures on Ethnology, ever since 1899, I always devoted a chapter to clearing up the much misused terms "race", "people" and "nation". When discussing the meaning of "race", I had to speak of the unity of mankind as vouchsafed by the facts of anthropology and ethnology. When the war came, I hesitated at first when I came to this point in my lectures; it seemed almost absurd now to talk of the unity of mankind. But after a little consideration I found that the unity of mankind had never been made more evident than in the years of the world war, 1914 to 1919. Was it not easy to show how much the nations involved in the war had in common, and of how little consequence the differences of race and nation were, of how much greater importance were the opposite interests than the differences of race and nationality? Have we not seen, on both sides, closely related nations fighting against one another, while nations of different races fought side by side, disregarding even the limits of "black" and "white"? And the same passions, the same cruelties, the same relapses into primitive barbarism were found on all sides. The same diabolical weapons, from poisoned gas and bombs thrown from the air down to the worst of all, the spreading of lies, were used by all the fighting parties without any exception, of whatever race or nation whatsoever. And in every one of those nations there were heroes and cowards, in every one there were masses who blindly followed the same empty national phrases, in every one the wildest instincts of revenge and greediness were awakened, in every one there were found also examples of human love and kindness, even in the midst of fighting, not only

7. Einführung in die Phänomenologie der Religion, 1925. Introd.

8. Historisches Jahrbuch der Görres-Gesellschaft, 1932, p. 42.

towards comrades but also towards the enemy, and in every country there were numerous men and especially women, who devoted themselves with utter unselfishness and self-sacrifice to the help of the sick and wounded, widows and orphans ; and in every country there were also to be found those hyenas in human shape, to whom war and massacre were nothing but a welcome chance for profit-making and usury. And the imperialists of all countries worked into each other's hands. The German enemies of peace had no better allies than the enemies of peace in England and France. And priests of all creeds were blessing the instruments of murder in every country.

Then came the "peace", and this peace was, nay is, nothing but a preparation for a new war, and this "peace" has brought hunger and misery over the whole world, and suffering is not limited to one nation, but has taken hold of every nation and every country in the world. Thus war and peace seemed to show nationalism at its highest, and yet behind this nationalism the idea of internationalism was clearly visible.

Even the tendency to heated nationalism, racial pride and race hatred, so prevalent in the Germany of to-day, is by no means a German peculiarity, but is entirely human. Every great nation is inclined to consider itself the "chosen people" of God, and at lower stages of culture every small tribe will look down upon its neighbours with more or less contempt. For Greeks and Romans all other peoples were "barbarians", as for the orthodox Hindu every non-Hindu is a "mleccha". Both in India and in China the aboriginal tribes are considered as stupid and wicked. The Roman general Quintilian Varus said of the inhabitants of Germania : "It is true, they are men, but except the voice and the limbs of the body they have nothing of human beings in them." As late as 1848 the French philosopher Montesquieu said of the Negroes : "One cannot well imagine that God who is so wise, should have put a soul, moreover an immortal soul, into an entirely black body. It is impossible to think, that these people are human beings." Daniel Defoe, in his satire *The true-born Englishman* (1801), has already ridiculed the English race pride. At that time the race argument was chiefly used to prove the inferiority of the "Celtic" Irishman, as to-day it is used against the coloured races of the East. As Rabindranath Tagore, in his remarkable letter to Professor Gilbert Murray⁹ has lately said : "Just as whenever we go out fishing

we are inclined to regard fishes as the least sensitive of all living creatures, so it becomes quite pleasant to loot the Orient, if only we can make our own moral justification easy by relegating coloured races to the lowest groupings of mankind."

At lower stages of culture also it is generally the oppressed and exploited who are hated by their oppressors. What is called "race instinct" is more often than not an aversion against people of a foreign language, of different habits, living under different economic conditions. The cattle breeding Hottentot hates and despises the starved Bushman hunter who is of the same race with him. What is called "race hatred" is often nothing but hatred of the neighbour who threatens the hunting grounds or the cattle-pens of another tribe. And what is called "race prejudice" is the prejudice of any group of men, whether related to one another or not, whose members always think themselves better than those of any other group.

All these hatreds, jealousies and feelings of superiority between groups of men are all the stronger, the more primitive and the more ignorant people are. Only the casual visitor of a foreign country will rush into generalisations, and ascribe all faults he finds among the persons he happened to meet, to the whole population. The first impression of a traveller who comes into contact with exotic or primitive people, is that of an apparent uniformity, as if the individuals were all alike. It is only after closer acquaintance that he will find, that not only among higher civilized nations, but also among the most primitive peoples, there are not only individual differences in bodily appearance, but even more so as regards intellectual and moral character. This is the experience of all missionaries who have had occasion to live among the so-called "savages" for a great number of years.

Ignorance is certainly the cause of many of the prejudices against alien races and peoples. In a lecture on the Practical Value of Anthropology, held at Cambridge University in 1904, Sir Richard Temple, for many years Editor of the *Indian Antiquary*, has said :

"In a long experience of alien races, and of those who have had to govern and deal with them, all whom I have known to dislike the aliens about them, or to be unsympathetic, have been those that have been ignorant of them ; and I have never yet come across a man who really knew an alien race, that had not, unless actuated by race jealousy, a strong bond of sympathy with them. Familiarity breeds contempt, but it is knowledge that breeds respect, and it is all the same whether the race be black, white, yellow or red, or whether

it be cultured or ignorant, civilized or semi-civilized, or downright savage.”¹⁰

IV.

Acknowledging the unity of man does not certainly mean denying the great differences that actually exist between the races and peoples of the earth and which separate them from one another, just as there exist the greatest differences between individuals. It is, alas, true that to some extent we are all strangers to each other. There are limits to our understanding of even our nearest and dearest, our brothers and sisters, our wives and husbands, our sons and daughters; how much more then of the men and women of other countries, nations, and stages of culture. Yet, on the other hand, there is so much of the conscious and unconscious in the soul of every man, that it makes it possible for him, if only he tries to dive into the depths of his own ego, to enter into the thoughts and feelings even of the most foreign soul.

In one sense, every human individual is a cosmos by itself, living his or her life as something unique and singular in an isolation and loneliness that may at moments become terrifying. On the other hand, it is equally true that this individual does not exist except as a member of a greater human Society, and as a link in an endless chain of past and future generations.

Biologically, every human individual is determined by a hereditary substance which links him to a long line of ancestors, and thus connects him with those who have the same ancestors, that is to say, with a certain race, and finally with the “human race”. That the latter is not a mere phrase, but the expression of a biological fact, is admitted even by Fritz Lenz, a staunch advocate of the racial theory, and a champion of the Nordic race, who yet says: “Presumably all men have the greater part of their hereditary substance in common; it is quite possible, that the differences of the races depend only on a small part of the inherited predispositions, so that the main portion of the hereditary substance has nothing to do with racial differences.”¹¹

Sociologically, the same individual is determined by the history, traditions, and cultural achievements of past generations without

¹⁰ See Indian Antiquary 34, 1905, p. 132 ff.

¹¹ Baur-Fischer-Lenz, Menschliche Erblchkeitslehre I, 573.

number, which make him a member of a society of men who share the same history, traditions and cultural achievements, that is to say, of a certain *tribe*, or *people*, or *nation*, or *religious community*, and, though more distantly, of the great family of man. That this also is more than a mere phrase, is proved by well attested facts of prehistory, ethnology, and universal history, which show that, through the centuries and milleniums, many races and peoples have contributed to produce what is called human culture.

We are inclined to underrate the achievements even of the earliest human inhabitants of our planet. Already the brain capacity of palaeolithic man is a sure sign of his intelligence ; and his achievements, such as the invention of instruments for producing fire, all kinds of tools and weapons, the art of finding and preparing food, etc., are the very foundation of our higher culture, and proof of no mean intelligence. It has been rightly said that "it requires far more intelligence to roam about in the wilds in quest of every kind of food and to find it, than to get up in the morning, eat a meal of bought produce, take a tram, punch or even issue tickets all day, and end up with ready-made amusements." ¹²

Of what race the first inventors of the carriage on wheels, of the canoe, and of the plough, the first tamers of domestic animals, the first builders of houses of wood and stone were, and to which people they belonged, we do not know, but we do know that without their achievements all higher culture would have been impossible.

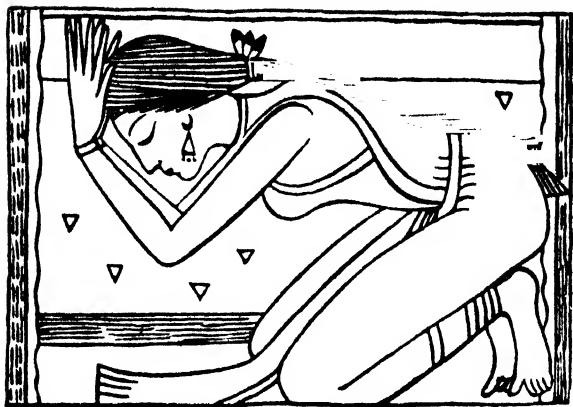
From history we know, that among the creators and bearers of this higher culture there were Babylonians and Assyrians, Egyptians, Phenicians, Hebrews, and peoples of China, India and Persia, Greeks and Romans, long before the present European nations began to take their share in it. It has been rightly said by the great Indian scientist Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose : "Nothing can be more vulgar or more untrue than the ignorant assertion that the world owes its progress of knowledge to any particular race. The whole world is inter-dependent and a constant stream of thought has, throughout the ages, enriched the common heritage of mankind." ¹³

What I then wish to emphasize, and what I hope to have proved even in these few pages, is that our conviction of the unity of mankind is not the outcome of a sentimental or moralizing vein, but is firmly

12. A. M. Hocart, *the Progress of Man*, London 1933, p. 31.

13. Malaviya Commemoration Volume, Benares 1932, p. 15.

based on scientific facts. While the belief in the absolute superiority of one race, the Nordic, is, as Rosenberg himself rightly calls it, a "myth", our belief in a Unity that lies behind and above all the great differences of nations and races, is supported by well-established facts of anthropology and ethnology, geography, prehistory and history, psychology, and even biology.





PL. III.

SARASWATI

(Stucco work on the wall of Modern School, Delhi.)

Size: 7 ft. x 4 ft.

Artist: *Ram Kinkar.*

AND THIS IS AN ENDLESS WONDER

Once again I wake up when the night has waned,
when the world opens all its petals once more,—
and this is an endless wonder.

Vast islands have sunk in the abyss unnamed,
stars have been beggared of the last flicker of their light,
countless epochs have lost all their ladings,
world-conquerors have vanished into the shadow of a name
behind dim legends,
great nations raised their towers of triumph
as a mere offering to the unappeasable hunger of the dust,—
among this dissolving crowd of the discarded
my forehead receives the consecration of light,—
and this is an endless wonder.

I stand for another day with the Himalayas,
with the constellations of stars ;
I am here where in the surging sea-waves
the infuriate dance of the Terrible is rhythmmed with his
boisterous laughter ;
the centuries on which have flashed up and foundered
kingly crowns like bubbles
have left their signature on the bark of this aged tree,
where I am allowed to sit under its ancient shade for
one more day,—
and this in an endless wonder.

Rabindranath Tagore

THE GOD OF THE GITA, VASUDEVA-VISHNU-NARAYANA AND HIS ORIGIN

Prof. R. Otto

I. Narasimha.

II. The type of the religion of the Gopas.

- (1) The men of Krishna.
- (2) Their *daivatam*.
- (3) Krishna's sermon.
- (4) "Might" as mountain-god.

III. The idea of Vishnu.

- (1) Vishnu as pervading "might".
- (2) Vishnu and Brahman.

IV. Vasudeva.

- (1) The root *vas*.

V. Narayana.

- (1) *nara* and Nara.
- (2) Narayana, first explanation.
- (3) Narayana, second explanation. The God of autumn.
- (4) Roots of the later Krishna-bhakti.
- (5) Baladeva.
- (6) West Aryan parallels.
- (7) Assimilation of the myth of the wide-striding dwarf.
- (8) *Satapatha-brahmana* 12. 6. 1.

VI. Correction of our title.

IN later times the great world god Vishnu became identical with Narayana and Vasudeva. From which root did this God-idea originate? What is the relation between Vishnu and Vasudeva and Narayana, and how is their identification to be explained?

1. Narasimha

Vishnu is already known to the hymn-collection of the Vedas. But here he is distinctly a God coming from other circles and not from the original Vedic circles. As Upa-Indra, as a *co*-Indra, he is received almost hesitatingly. Narayana and Vasudeva are still unknown.

One of the most ancient passages in which the latter two are clearly combined with Vishnu, is the great litany in the *Taittiriya-ananyaka* 10. verse 1, 6 :

"We worship Narayana, we consecrate our mind to Vasudeva, therefore may Vishnu make us prosper."

There follows a corresponding worship for "him with the diamond claws" and "him with the sharp teeth" ; both refer to Narasimha here. Narasimha is worshipped separately here, and is not yet identical with Vishnu. But certainly here he is considered as a member of the same *class* of gods as Vishnu-Narayana-Vasudeva ; that means he is considered as a being related to them, belonging to them. For it is clear that the whole hymn puts together the single names of the gods, according to the relations of the bearers. Later on, Narasimha is attracted and absorbed by Vishnu ; he becomes an *avatara* of the greater god Vishnu, who has been a member of the system for a long time. But originally and for a long time he had his own circle of worshippers, in which Narasimha was the Great God : the proof of it are the Nrisimha Upanishads which are still preserved (Deussen, p. 753). The reason for his being identified with Vishnu instead of Rudra, for example, must have been that from the beginning he belonged to the Vishnu type, not to the Rudra type.

With this special type of god, I have dealt in my book "Deity and deities of the Ancient Aryans" p. 83. Of which kind this type was, is still to be seen as regards Narasimha, because of the favourable circumstance that in the *Brihad-jabala-Upanishad* in passage 6, he is spoken of in an especially clear way (*Saiva-upanishads*, ed. A. M. Sastri, Madras, 1925). This passage gives us the firm foundation for our whole essay.

The Narasimha, to which the brahmin Karuna goes here, is a tree on the bank of the river, or more correctly, the *numen* which is immanent as potency of "might" in this tree, and for its sake the tree is revered and feared. The root of this conception of a god is the idea of "might", the idea of magical might which is in certain important objects of nature, which pervades and fills the object, which sticks to it as a numinous power and which, at the same time, is personified as a *nara*, as a spirit, dwelling in this object. The characteristic of such a cult and such a being—different from the Rudra type—is the immanence-unity of this powerful being with its bearer. It is worshipped together with its bearer, and it is worshipped at the same time in and with its bearer. He who touches it, at

the same time touches the numen itself borne by it, contained in it, pervading and filling it, one with it.

From such an original idea of immanent numinous "potence", at first tied to a "potence bearer", the idea of Vishnu itself, as well as that of Narayana, and perhaps that of Vasudeva too, seems to have originated. And this relation of the type seems to me to be the reason for their uniting and at last for their becoming synonymous names of one and the same great god-being.

II. The Religion of the Gopas

1. When Duryodhana and Arjuna come to Krishna to ask him for help in their quarrel against each other, he grants his men to Duryodhana, but himself to Arjuna (*Udyoga-parvan* 6, 157). Elsewhere his men are called Bhojas, Andhakas, Vrishnis : simple names for tribes or clans. It is remarkable that Krishna characterises them here with the names of *gopas* and *narayanas*. These expressions cannot be names of clans : they characterise the Vrishnis in another way. Krishna's Vrishnis are *gopas* as well as *narayanas*. It is clear that both are to mean something special, they are to distinguish the Vrishnis from other tribes gathering for the Kuru battle, they are simple "cowherds", that means half nomadic tribes ; while, on the other hand, in a special way they differ from the others in their *cult*.

Both characteristics, and in a similar connection, are to be found again in the *Hari-vamsa* ch. 72, as the characteristics of the Vrishnis. And, at the same time, more distinctly than in the above passage, there is stated here what the matter is with the two.

Here we notice a distinct consciousness of a special differentiation, social as well as religious, and both characteristics are closely connected with each other. Krishna represents here the ancient *herdsmen* and their way of living against invading *agriculture*, and at the same time he passionately represents the ancient *cult* and the ancient *gods* of his tribe.

2. *Hari-vamsa* 72, tells how some members of his tribe were going to give a festival to the strange god Indra. In chapter 75, Krishna passionately protests against it. "We are herdsmen, we roam about the forest living on the products of our cows. The farmer, the errant merchant may do their work as they like, they may serve their gods. Our trade is rearing cows. Cows, forests, and mountains are sacred (*daivatam*) to us." He asks them to give

festival, not to Indra, but to their own deities, according to tradition, namely the festival of the autumnal lustration (*niranjana*) of the cows, which are to go out grazing in the meadows, in forests and mountains, after the long dry summer and the rainy season when they had to remain inside, and who therefore need ritual cleaning and new "potence". This festival of lustration is at the same time the sacrificial festival for the numina, owning and giving "potence", for the numina of the *mountains*, carrying forests, meadows and pastures and filling them with their *vituality*. "For these are our refuge."

The veneration of mountains of the gopas is of a special kind. Here the mountain is not worshipped because of the sublime impression it makes, but because it is a "carrier of might", because, like a *narasimha*-tree, it is filled with potence-numen, pervading from it into forests, trees, meadows, grass, cows, filling and pervading it itself. The mountains, in a strange way, become themselves a kind of spirits—spirits tied to their carriers, being indetical with them, in such a way that they themselves are still called mountains and, at the same time, they are different from the material mountains in so far as they can take another shape and form, and can, in such a new form, haunt "their own slopes". For such a relation the term *deha* "body" already emerges. Their natural "body" is the natural mountain, but, if it wishes, the "might" dwelling in the mountain can show itself in another *rupa* and with another *deha* by means of its *māyā*, of its power of transformation.

I suppose that such numina were called *naras* and *vishnavas* and that from such *naras* and *vishnavas* the great god Nara and Vishnu arose. The chapters from the *Hari-vamsa* which were quoted here seem to confirm my conjecture.

3. Krishna says (ch. 73, 3812):

" . . . the mountains are our firm refuge." Then he continues describing these "mountains", according to ancient *sruti*, ancient tradition:

"The ancient legend (*sruyante*) says that the 'mountains', taking other forms, can roam about their own slopes in this wood, taking now this form, now that.

"They become lions (cp. *narasimha*) with long manes, or tigers with claws (cp. 'with diamond claws'),-and thus they protect their woods, frightening those who fell trees.

"For as soon as those who live on the carriers of the forests (on the mountains) want to do harm to the trees, they kill such scoundrels who sin like carnibals.

"The Brahmins may sacrifice with *mantras* (sacrifice according to the Vedas), the farmers may sacrifice to the furrow: we, the herdsmen, sacrifice to the mountains. The mountain with its forest is worthy of sacrifice to us.

"So it seems right to me. Therefore, oh herdsmen, the mountain-sacrifice may be made now.

"The auspicious sacrifice may be made at the *sthana*, at a tree or at a mountain.

"There sacrificial animals are to be killed spreading the killed on a beautiful *ayatana*."

And now he asks that the cows, laden with *autumnal* flowers shall walk around the mountain in order to be led in the forests to new pastures. For "this lovely autumn is come when the showers of the clouds (of the previous rainy season) are gone, bringing sweet juicy grass to the cows."

And then there follows an extremely vivid description of the newly rising vitality in forest and field, in river and lake, in plants and animals and men. This description here is not only a beautiful piece of bucolic lyric, but it shall make listener understand what, at the end, will be the climax. We shall hear that later on. First let us follow the line of the simpler idea of "might" or "potence".

4. Krishna succeeds appealing to tradition and the religion of the forefathers. The invading Indra is defeated. The mountain-sacrifice and the lustration of the cows are made. The legend makes Krishna himself become identical with the mountain—a later version easily to be distinguished, so that the original conceptions can be recognised. At the end of the sacrifice Krishna appears "in the shape of a mountain", at the same time standing on the summit of the mountain. But as v. 3890 shows clearly, it is the "mountain" itself, which standing upon itself, appears to the herdsmen in a special *deha*. He repeats and confirms what Krishna had said in his sermon, in a voice rising from the interior of the mountain (though the speaker stands at the same time on the summit) that he and he alone is to be worshipped by the herdsmen.

"From this time you shall sacrifice to me alone if you care for your cows. I am your highest god who mercifully grants your wishes."

The sacrifice ends with processions and merry games which the god watches, and at the end "the 'mountain' with this body (that means the body he had taken by *māyā* to appear on the summit) became invisible again."

III. The Idea of Vishnu

(1) Spirits of this kind, which are numinous "might-potentialities", in half identity with their beareis, worshipped in them and with them, sitting in mountains, rocks, trees, etc., are typically different from spirits which, like the *rudras*, have originated from the impression of the fearful of places or events. They have a concrete bearer, their *adhara*, whom they pervade as numinous night-potentiality ; at first by their immanence in, and half-identity with, these, they are immanent spirits. A name for "spirits" was *nara* and *purusha*, and so spirits of this class could be called *naras* or *purushas* too. But in their special function of indwelling spirits, as I suppose, they were called *vishnus*. The specific character of the developed idea of (a) the great Vishnu and (b) the etymon, *vishnu* itself seems to demonstrate that.

(a) The great Vishnu has always been understood as the great "Pervader". In *Nrisimha-purva-tapaniya* 2, 4, there is written: "Why is he called Maha-Vishnu ? (Because he is he) who *pervades* all worlds and suffers himself to be pervaded by them as oil permeates the sesame-dough by which it is permeated."

This is the same as the little tree-*narasimha*, or the spirits which pervade the "mountain" and which can haunt "their own slopes", as the great Vishnu can be above and outside this world. Because of this pervading strength, as I have explained in my book *Deities of the Aryans*, Vishnu is especially the god of the *avatara*s, of the *avesas*, the god who is present in nature and arcas and who is worshipped with them and in them, the god of the *salagrama* stones and the *tulasi* plants and other fetiches. And the etymon *vishnu* itself seems to point to this characteristic immanent might.

(b) In the *Brihad-devata* II, 69, the word *vishnu* is explained from the root *vish* or *viś* or *vevish* which all three mean "to pervade". Because of the *ś* the root *viś* must be excluded. Apte quotes a root *vish* "to pervade" in his dictionary. From such a root *vish* the *Ahir-budhnya-samhita* 52, 39, explains the word *vishnu*. But in the Mahabharata *vishnu* is often connected with *jishnu*, with *savishnu*, *brajispnu* (H. V. 2503). In the same way, *vishnu* may be composed from *vi* and the ending *snu*. Oldenberg, (rejecting his former explanation from *vi-sanu*,) supposes the latter. *vi* means "asunder". Therefore Oldenberg supposes that Vishnu means he who stretches himself wide asunder, and he thinks that the idea of Vishnu origi-

nated from the impression of the width of space ; it was supposed to be divine, idolised in Vishnu. I think this to be too much for primitive sentiment. Such abstract things as these were hardly imagined under the extremely real conception of a Vishnu. But *vi* also means "through" as in the word *vibhu*. A Vishnu would then not be "one who stretches himself wide", but "one who stretches himself through something", a *vyipin* as Vishnu is constantly called. Now this is characteristic of this might-potentiality of which we are speaking here. One could not have named it better than by the name Vishnu in this sense. Not in abstract conceptions, nor in speculative conceptions of the world, the name of Vishnu has its root, but in the most primitive and at the same time very common original religious conception, namely in the wide-spread conception of "might" (numen), dwelling in certain things, pervading and penetrating them. The mountain spirit of our above mentioned legend, the tree-spirit *narasimha*, they are still far away from the idea of the great divine strength of Vishnu, pervading the universe as an interior principle of life "as oil the cake". But they are indeed already *vibhu*, *vyapin*, *vishnu*, they are pervaders. As the great world-god Vishnu has the world as his "body", they have their carrier as their body, their receptacle, their vessel. As between Vishnu and the world there is a relation of intimate connection of being, just so with them, there is a relation between themselves and their object. And as, on the other hand, Vishnu is not simply identical with the world, but surpasses it, even so these *vishnavas* do on a small and primitive scale.

Some names, mentioned in the Vishnu hymns, refer to this primitive sphere of immanent might-numina and their respective carriers. They may all be spelt capital and then mean God and world relations, and they may be spelt small and mean quite primitive immanence relations between might-numina and their carriers.

Vishnu's name-lists are instructive. Some of these names are simple synonyms of the numinous-magical power itself, without personification, as *tejas*, *tapas*, *vjas*, *sahas*, etc. Others nominate the might-carrier: *yasodhara*, *urjaspati*. To this category also belong *sripati*, *laksh mipati*, *sri-nivasa*, *lakshminivasa*, or simply *nivasa* and *adhara*. In others there distinctly appears the fetichistic carrier of the numen sheltering the numen immanently as a name for a numen itself: *nyagrodha*, *udumbara*, *asvattha*, *aushadha*. A *sri-vriksha* is at first simply a tree, containing *sri*, that means the numinous healing

power: it becomes the god's name. A *vishnu-saila* was at first certainly nothing but a rock, pervaded and possessed by a *vishnu*; in H. V. 2403 the word is a name of the god himself. The same it is with *adri*, *giri*, *gিরirupin*, *salagrama*, *salarupin*. It is similar when the numen gets animal-names: *vyala*, lion, swan, monkey, snake: we remember the wild animals in which "the mountains" could appear. In such a connection an epithet such as *kausika* becomes comprehensible, meaning hidden in a *kosa*, a receptacle. The "might", that is the owner of the "might", also means the term *sat-nivasa*. Here there may be asked earnestly if *sat-nivasa* did not at first mean quite concretely an exterior concrete numinous *object* such as a magic tree or a spirit tree, a thing in which *sat* is sitting. Certainly *sat-nivasa* did not originate in a high speculative sphere, but is also an ancient expression belonging to this primitive magical conception. For this *sat* is synonym of *asu* and from the same root as that word. Like *asu*, *sat* is that magical potentiality, giving life, strength, growth, *bhuti*, good, thriving and being as well-being. And finally the word contained in *sātvata* will have to be interpreted like that too. If *bhagavat* belongs *bhājavata*, *satvat* belongs to *sātvata*. If *bhāgavatus* are worshippers of a *bhagavat*, *sātvatas* are worshippers of a *satvat*, that means of one owning *sat*. No wonder that the *sātvatas* belong to our circle, for no name could fit better the idea of spirits and gods cherished here than that. A *Satvat* is the high world god Vishnu, bearing the *sat* of the world in him. But a *satvat* is already a *govardhana*, giving the *asu* to cows and men and making them thrive.

(2) Thus it is comprehensible that the idea of Brahman attracted the conception of Vishnu and amalgamated with it. For both are "might" ideas. The *brahman* is the hidden "might", first in sacrifice, then in all numinous appearances of the world, at last everywhere in the world. Much more easily than for instance the Rudra idea, the Vishnu idea could therefore be amalgamated and identified with the Brahman idea.

And what we have heard previously about the "spirit", which in reality is the mountain spirit, but which, at the same time, may also appear in "any shape", especially in the shape of *wild animals* haunting it, that explains the strange passage in Rig Veda 1, 154, 2: "Vishnu, who haunts the mountains like the terrible roaming wild animal." In our text too there is written that these mountain spirits taking whatever shape they like "roam on their own slopes as lions and tigers".

IV. Vasudeva

1. Vishnu becomes Vasudeva. Bhandarkar and Jacobi have demonstrated that Vasudeva is not a patronym for *Vāsudeva*, but that, on the contrary, Vasudeva as the name of Krishna's father has been etymologized from Krishna's epithet *Vāsudeva*. The real name of Krishna's father was Anakadundubhi, H. V. verse 1924, verse 9040. What may have been the meaning of *Vāsudeva* originally and how shall we explain that it is synonymous with Vishnu ?

According to our opinion, a *vishnu* was at first an immanent "might" in an object. Immanent means dwelling in something. To dwell in something means *vas*. From *vas* derives *vāsa*, dwelling, in which the root-sound is gunated. Accordingly *vāsu* must mean a dweller. So a *vāsu-deva* is in fact simply a synonym of Vishnu: both originally mean dwelling, pervading might-potentiality. The word *vāsu* may also occur isolated (Apte, sub+*vāsu*) as an epithet for Krishna. A *vāsudeva* is only a fuller form for it, namely, a dwelling-spirit. The *Ahīr-budhnya-saṃhitā* says (p. 550, verse 65) :

"As the universe is immanent in him, and as he is immanent in the universe : this is the sense of *Vāsu*." Here *vāsu* is etymologized as the immanent dwelling being with the help of the root *vas* (cp. *Udyoga* p. 2561 : *vāsanāt sarvalhātānām, Vāsudevas tato vedyaḥ*). It is later theology to think here at once of the everywhere immanent god of the universe, but the original meaning of *vas* and *vāsu* is preserved. Again a passage from *Hari-vamśa* teaches us in a distinct way which primitive conception is the origin of such a *vas*. In H. V. 7610, Krishna gives boons to the mountain Paripatra : He says :

"Below you there live (*nivṛsanti*) great devils. They have been defeated by me, and now they shall no more come out of you, after having been suppressed by me. The door being closed to them they shall perish at my order. And (in their place) I myself shall be hidden in you (*tvayi sannihita*). As master of those fearful ones, I shall dwell in you (*nivatsyāmi*). He who, filled with bhakti, has a stone image made of you (that means of the numen) and who will serve me, he will come to me." And from that hour the master of the gods (Krishna) became hidden in the mountain, and of stones (of the mountain) one makes an image and serves him, with self-restraint and desiring the Vishnu-world.

The parallel to that which happened to the mountain Govardhana

is here apparent. Here, too, the Krishna cult is identified with the cult of an ancient mountain numen, immanent in the mountain, worshipped in fetiches from the stones of the mountain, and the relation of this numen to the mountain and to the fetiches is expressed by the root *vas*. Perhaps one may point to something else. When the Sagarides (*Vanaparvan* 8800) root up the ground in order to search for their father's sacrificial horse which has run away, deep in the interior of the ground, they meet a *kapila*, a horrible being, which burns them to ashes because they have sacrilegiously touched its own dwelling-place. This being "was called *vasudeva*". Probably for the teller Vasudeva was identical with the great world-god Vasudeva, immanent in the universe. But we may suppose that originally simply the "*vāsu*" of this place, immanent in the interior of the earth, the ghost haunting it, was meant. He himself is hurt when his *dehu* is hurt.

V. Narayana

It cannot be doubted that Narayana belongs somehow or other to Nara. Nara and Narayana are two closely connected deities in the epic poem. As they are strangers to the Vedic circle, one tries to fit them into the system with the dogmatic at one's disposal. Either they are declared as *purve devas*, that means "ancient gods" (for example Drona p. 9480 *purvadevanam paraman*), or one makes them old rishis. But in their real home they were highest names of gods. What do those names mean, and what is the relation between *nara* and *narayana* ?

(1) *nara* means man. But I think I have shown at another place that in mythological texts *nara* must not be translated simply as "man". They are "men" of a special kind. The "man" sitting in the sun, the ether, the fire, the moon, the eye, the heart, the echo, the shade, etc., is no man, but a "spirit", and, in a higher rank, a god. So *narasimha* does not mean "man-lion", but "spirit-lion". He is a *nara*, a dwelling-spirit immanent in the tree, who, as a *kumarupin* (as our above mentioned immanent mountain-spirits), can come out of his *sthana* in the fearful *rupa* of a lion. Now from the general circle of *naras*, rises Nara, as Rudra from the circle of *rudras*, Vishnu from the circle of the *vishnavas*. Then Nara is the high god. He occurs in theophorous names, for instance in Naradatta, which is synonymous with Devadatta, and which like that means Theodore, and Naragupta, Naravarman. As Nara, he is *narottama*, the highest of all *naras*, synonym

with *purushottama*, (H. V. 1. 1. 1. and in numerous initial formulas) and both are well-known synonyms and names for Vishnu Vasudeva.

(2) The condensation of *naras* may take place in the personal Nara. Besides another comprehension in impersonal form is possible. As the form *laivam* belongs to *deva*, the form *nāram* belongs to *nara*. As that means the comprehension of *devic* might in abstract form, *nāram* means *naric* might and being. It has been objected that *nāram* is not to be found elsewhere. That would not be surprising, for *nara* and Nara himself have been replaced by other epithets for spirits and gods later on. But *Bṛihad-brahma samita* 665, knows *nāram*, and it did not need to invent this word ad hoc, as it had the explanation of *narayana* by *nara* (instead of by *nāram*) at its disposal, and as it is exercised by itself. But it is more important that in the list of the Vishnu names in *Narada-panca-ratra* 4, 8, 120, which elsewhere too has ancient expressions, there is mentioned *nāraśāyin* as one of the Vishnu names. It seems to me that this can only mean "he who rests or dwells in a *nāram*" (or in a *naric* object, for instance in an old magic tree).

What is *narayana* then ? *ayana* means place, dwelling-place (Apte, 3, place, site, abode), then *narayana* means, as a *bahuvrihi*, "who has his dwelling-place in a *nāram* (for example in a numinous object of nature such as a *śalagrama* stone or in a tree or in the mountain Govardhana or in some nature fetich). Therefore *narayana* means nothing else but a *nāraśāyin*. And as the worshippers of Mahadeva, Vishnu, Siva, are called Mahadevas, Vaishnavas, Saivas, the *gopas* worshipping *narayans* must be called *narayanas*. (The *vrddhi*-formation in those forms cannot be apparent in *narayana* = "narayana worshipper" alone, because *narayana* as an object of veneration was already itself formed by a *vrddhi*).

But perhaps such an explanation is not deep enough. One ought to beware of searching for the meaning of ancient names of gods in speculative heights if primitive explanations are available. But, on the other hand, one can miss their sense if indeed they originate from a degree of higher religious intuition. And perhaps that is the case with Narayana. For this purpose we must go on examining our text in the *Harivamsa*.

After Krishna has summoned the people for the mountain sacrifice, he starts an excited vivid description of life newly awaking everywhere in the refreshed autumnal nature after the deadly dryness of summer and the following showers, closing with these words :

"Now the devas rouse him who during the showers was fast asleep, the Highest of the thirty gods."

He speaks of Vishnu-Narayana. An ancient tradition of its own must have been preserved here, for the quoted sentence contradicts the later Vishnu theology, and seen from it, it is a limitation of Vishnu's majesty. According to later conception, Vishnu is indeed he who falls asleep at this time and awakes again, but these times of Vishnu's sleep and awakening are the great *world epochs* when the universe wraps itself up in its latent state in order to come forth after immense aeons of rest of the world. But in our passage, only the *every year* renewing sleep of nature is meant at the time of dryness, the waiting rest at the time of the showers, when man and animal, confined to their pens, are waiting, idle and pent up, for the new-blossoming of life in the refreshed and reviving autumn time after the months of rain.

This quite archaic conception is to be found repeatedly in *Hari-vamsa*. Thus in H. V. ch. 154, Pradyumna vividly describes the rainy season. He continues :

"Now sleep has overcome the shelter of the world, the lord, the Upendra (this is Vishnu)."

And Indra, paying homage to Krishna, offers him the pact : he himself would reign during the rainy season, but Krishna, that is Narayana, is to reign in *autumn* when everything grows again and thrives. Then Indra describes autumn and closes :

"When you will have risen from sleep, there comes the fertile autumn (H. V.)."

And in *Anusana-parvan* 139, the conception of Narayana, as the reviving god of the seasons, is also apparent. At first Krishna-Narayana appears here as a great magician, performing a mere trick of his magic power before the watching *rishis*, first blighting a large blossoming mountain and then reviving it, filling it again with flowers and trees and the voices of the newly awakened animals and birds. But the admiring glorifications show what is the meaning :

"You are winter and summer, you are the rainy season."

That means that this is an echo of an original personification of a "might", blighting the vegetation in summer in order to revive it again in the rainy season.

The sense of this resting god awaking again in autumn is clear at once. The conception originates from the ideas of immanent "might" in mountain, forest, tree, lives of men and animals, which, at the same

time, is the *asu*, the life, the wonderful secret vitality, hidden in things. This "might" has its yearly period of expansion, rest, new awaking, and new expansion. Those single potentialities have become *one* great power in the whole nature, the single *naras*, *vishnus*, *vāsus* have become One Vishnu, Nara, Vasu. When he rests, nature rests, when he awakes, nature awakes ; that is the regular course of the periods every year. The primitive cult of the might-bearing mountains, trees, forests, etc., of the might-potentialities dwelling in them, has developed to a higher degree of cult towards the One, immanent everywhere in nature, filling it with life, reviving, carrying it.

Developed—so we say lightly. But as it is with the primitive idea of "might" generally speaking, it is also the same with it in a higher degree. The word development contributes only little to understanding. Here it is a question of intuitions of special kind, which one can notice, register, put in order in their connections, but how and wherefrom they originate cannot be explained. The transition from the "might" of life and blessing immanent in the *govardhana* and his protecting forests and meadows to the intuition of the only God and god of the universe living everywhere in nature and everywhere in the world, unfolding it from itself and folding it together again, comprising it in his own being, is not "development," but a new undefinable intuition, presupposing the intuitive *prophet*, whether his name was Krishna or something else.

Perhaps this idea of a resting and newly awaking god throws some new light on the word Narayana and on the connection of Nara and Narayana. The ending *ayana* means belonging to a *gotra* and hence origin and descent from the ancestor of the *gotra* ; so it has patronymical sense. I remember a conversation I had with Oldenberg many years ago, in which he explained *narayana* as "descendant of *nara*." He thought *nara* meant the *purusha* in the *purusha-sukta*, and *narayana* the principle of the world originating from the *purusha*. He thought the word *narayana* to be the product of a higher speculation which had come into popular use. This seems too high to me again and too abstract. But what on one side was symbolised by the idea of a sleeping and again awaking god, that might also have been symbolised by the ideas of a god who vanishes, rests, retires, and a son or descendant who now begins his new young reign as the *yuvaraja* of the past king. There seems to be still an echo of it in the story that Indra, having been defeated, consecrates young Krishna as a young King who is about to rule (H. V. 4004).

This consecration means at the same time filling the world with new power. This becomes clear at the end of the passage about Krishna's baptism as king:

"Earth delivers itself from the water that has flooded it, the winds blow softly again, the sun follows his course without interference, the long vanished moon shines again, The plagues (fever during the rainy season) vanish, the trees bud again, the *world is filled* with ambrosia at Krishna's '*king's baptism*'."

By a magical act the young king of life and, at the same time, the world get new strength. This corresponds to world-wide conceptions: by cultural and magical means, one tries everywhere to give new strength to the newly rising life of nature, personified in the form of a god or a hero.

In the same line there is also the legend of Krishna's childhood and the cult of Balakrishna (in which, in a silly manner, people wanted to see the legend of Christ's childhood). What is told of Krishna here, is evidently transformation of ancient rites and myths which once were consecrated to a *spirit of vegetation*. The newly awaking vitality is the "child". The manipulations and rites, nursing and encouraging them, are expressed in the care of a child exposed to danger, surrounded by enemies, to protect it from persecutions. So there originates a myth of the "child" which, at the same time, attracts other myths and amalgamates them. At last it is transferred, as a legend of childhood, to a leader and prophet, who, in connection with such religion, had played an important part ; and he himself is raised to be the god whose cult he has promoted.

At the same time it is easily comprehensible how the figure of Nara, who had retired, must fade before that of Narayana, who is the god in whom one is interested, from whom one expects life and existence and the present goods, who alone is addressed in the cult, and by whose vitality one wants to be filled.

4. In this relation between Nara and Narayana, we could easily recognise the root for the strange teaching of the "*vyulas*", which later on is characteristic of the *Bhāgavata* religion. Indeed Nara and Narayana would be as these *vyulas*—a "pulling asunder" of one and the same original being in two *hypostasis*. And in the way in which the young god is celebrated here, one can see the root of the later *bhakti*. This god is worshipped by roaming about the forests in ecstatic joy. Thus Narada, Bhagavat's *bhakta*, afterwards roams about the country with his *vina* ; in lovely forests, at the foot of the

trees, he meets the god. Thus later on, filled with *bhakti*, the singers, the alvars, go from place to place in a state of ecstasy. Thus Caitanya roams about the Vrindavana, imitating his model Krishna. To the exciting *kirtana* is always a characteristic of the *bhakti* cult.

3. I would like to express another supposition. Krishna's brother Samkarshana-Baladeva-Balabhadra, at the same time his other self and play-mate, leaves his brother for some time to return to the herdsmen from a distance, in order to roam with them again about forests and mountains and to be loved, praised, and honoured by the herdsmen as Krishna himself. Perhaps the motive of such a tale is that, besides the conception of the sleeping and waking god or of the god returning in his *descendant*, there was also, as a parallel symbol, the conception of two *brothers*: the one who goes abroad and remains there, the other who comes back in his place, taking up the reign and representing the newly operating vitality (*bala*): Perhaps the name, which Samkarshana often has, indicates that: he is called Baladeva too. Perhaps originally a god Baladeva, the *deva*, who as the new one reproduces the strength of the old one and who sets it operate, was placed beside Vasudeva? Compare also H. V. verse 3778. Here had been told how Samkarshana was afraid of the demon Pralamba on whose back he was riding, and who suddenly under him had grown from a small size to huge height, and who was threatening him. Krishna asks him to recollect that he, Samkarshana, is also Narayana, and as a god he is to hit "balena" the demon's head. Then it goes on:

"Then he hit the demon's head with clenched fist, by his self-reflexion filled with *bala*, pervading the three worlds." It is interesting too that in *Karna-parva* 6, v. 143, Narayana's and Bala-bhadra's clans stand near one another.

6. Such ideas of immanent might and their personifications in spirits and gods were not only the property of the nomadic tribes near Mathura and Vrindavana. They are primeval. We may suppose that mythical figures such as we have found in Krishna's sermon were primeval Aryan and perhaps already pre-Aryan good (in spite of the subordinate part they play in the Veda). For these beings, born from immanent might, worshipped in tree, forest, meadow and wood, are distinctly related even in details with those figures which W. Mannhard has studied in his classical work "The Cult of Trees of the Germanic and their neighbour Tribes" (Berlin 1857). "The forest and tree-spirits as vegetation demons" dealt with in his 4th

chapter are nothing but our *naras*, *vishnus*, *narasimhas*, *vāsus*, *nāraśāyins*, *narayanas*, and the customs devoted to them are similar to those which have been preserved until now in India with the *Krishna-janmashtami*. Mannhardt says on page 155: "We see the soul of the tree understood as the genius of growth. But as in the yearly renovation of the vegetation in spring and their dying in autumn the change of the seasons is apparent, it is comprehensible that the conception of the demon of vegetation embodied in the tree easily becomes a personification of spring and summer (in our case of autumn), and he is called by that name too. The natural man, who is not accustomed to abstraction, to abstract distinctions, does not separate these various considerations, but vegetation, spring, summer (in our case autumn), and the protecting and representing tree-spirit are often melted into one single conception for him."

On p. 102, he quotes examples how such tree-spirits pass into forest-spirits, mountain-spirits, and field (and meadow) spirits. In his index on p. XII, he says: "The soul of the tree becomes the *universal vegetation-spirit* and passes into a personification of the *beautiful season*." Further on he shows how these figures originating from the immanent idea of "might", unite with all sorts of products of mythical fancy.

So it is likely that the great figure of the god of the Gita sprang from a *common ancient Aryan* root, with the only difference that in the east this root became procreative and led to the highest conception, while, in the west, it lost its numinous potentiality. (Here we have the case of "mounting and sinking-numina" which I have dealt with in chapter VI of my of book: "Gefühl des Überweltlichen").

7. That Krishna was a historical figure is not to be doubted. From the veils of the legend in H. V. there appear features of a comprehensible person, confirmed by historical analogies: a man in whom the ideals of his ancient tribe are alive, who saves his tribe and tears it out of the effects of a foreign invading culture destroying the life of the tribe, who becomes their leader and, at the same time, their religious hero, as the preserver, reformer, and reorganizer of the ancient cult of the tribe. He wishes his people to be *gopas* and remain roaming from forest to forest, and not to become despicable *glebae adscripti*, like Indra's servants; he wishes them to be and remain *narayanas*, not *mantra-yajnas* and *sita-yajnas* as the others. And as the ancient Jahve and Elohim, only by Moses' creation of a nation serving Jahve and in him united, in him newly created, becomes the great God

of the Old Testament, thus under Krishna's *gopas*, the figure of the sleeping-awaking autumn-god, rising indistinctly from *naras*, *vishnus*, *narasimhas*, becomes Vishnu-Narayana-Vasudeva, who thus afterwards in the so-created community of the Bhagavatas grows to be the Isvara of the Gita.

8. Ancient cosmogonic myths of the tortoise and the boar had been connected with the figure of Prajapati (the first form of *avataras*). When Vishnu-Narayana had become the great world- and creator-god, they passed on to him. Probably much earlier, Vishnu had assimilated the ancient mythical fairy-tale of the dwarf, who deceiving his adversary wins the whole earth by means of his three giant-steps. Oldenberg seems to have proved convincingly that this tale has nothing to do with a "sun-god", but that originally it was a typical ancient magical and mythical fairy-tale. But the question is, how and in what sense could this fairy-tale be attached to Vishnu ?

In my book "Gefühl des Überweltlichen" p. iii, 2, I have explained why immanent strength-numina could be imagined by fancy in the shape of dwarfs. The story of the Vamana incarnation in H.V. 4265, seems to demonstrate in what sense the ancient fairy-tale of the three steps and the mighty strides was transferred to Vishnu. The "steps", of the ancient fairy-tale become here steps of the dwarf's *own growth*, steps of his *own expansion* and *pervading* of the world and so, simultaneously, of his owning the world.

"When the oath had been taken the dwarf became no-more-dwarf. Then the Lord showed his figure containing all *devas*. The earth as his feet, the sky as his head, sun and moon as his eyes . . . and verse 14310: As he is walking about the earth, sun and moon touch his breast. As he is walking on to the sky, they touch his hips. As he is walking to the highest place, they are at his feet."

We see the ancient mythical fairy-tale could affix itself when the idea of the immanent numinous might in tree, mountain, earth, stone, forest, nature, raised itself to the immanent world-power, gradually pervading all spheres, at last filling the Universe and taking possession of it. There again we have not only a mere and casual shifting of a mythical fairy-tale, but a great religious intuition of a deep kind, *submitting* the motives of a primitive mythical fairy-tale.

9. From that idea of penetrating, pervading, and taking possession of the world by an originally primitive imagined *vishnu-narayana*, already the most ancient passage, speaking of Narayana,

seems to testify to me: *satapatha-brahmana* 12, 6, 1. Here a *purusha* Narayana is spoken of, *purusha* being nothing else but *nara*, a mighty "spirit". He transcends all beings and becomes the Universe.

V. In a deeper sense the "origin" of the idea of the great god Vishnu is not that circle of primitive-magical ideas we have followed. They are only the strange mist which gradually something entirely different penetrates, viz. the idea of the transcendant-absolute numen. Born themselves from the first stirrings of numinous apperception, they became impulses for the latter idea to break through and to rise above them. The idea itself, however, does not *originate* out of them, and it is not their product. It has its root in the mysterious aptitude of the human spirit for something absolute, superior to the world. And only because of such a root it happened that behind the veils of primitive and mythical beginnings the great Isvara of the Gita came into the light. Philosophically this capacity was examined by Jakob Friedrich Fries. De Wette has applied it to the history of religion.¹ It is the right thing about the wrong dogma of the so-called "primitive monotheism".

(translated from the original German by Dr. Margarete Spiegel).



1. Compare R. Otto, *Philosophy of Religion*, based on Kant and Fries, London 1931.

KALIDASA !

At youth's coronation, Kalidasa,
 you took your seat, your beloved by your side,
 in Love's primal paradise.
Earth spread its emerald-green carpet beneath your feet,
 the sky held over your heads
 its canopy gold-embroidered;
the seasons danced round you
 carrying their wine cups of varied allurements,—
the whole universe yielded itself to your loneliness of delight,
 leaving no trace of human sorrows and sufferings
 in the immense solitude of your bridal chamber.

Suddenly God's curse descended from on high,
 hurling its thunder-bolt of separation
 upon the boundless detachment of youth's egotism.
The seasons' ministry in a moment was ended
 when the veil was wrenched from love's isolation,
 and on the tear-misted sky appeared the pageantry
 of the rainy world of June,
across which journeyed the sad notes of your bereaved heart
 towards a distant dream. *

Rabindranath Tagore

* Translated from his original Bengali by the Poet.



By Ramee Chanda

THE SIMILES OF DHARAMADASA (continued)

Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya

17, 18.

(i) महिषोपघातवत् ॥

(ii) शूनिकदारकवच्च ॥ p. 465.

(i) Like the killing of a buffalo.

(ii) And like the son of a butcher.

It is true that a king earns a great wealth for a long time, and it may be distributed among a great number of people. But this wealth cannot be earned without causing suffering to the great multitude of men, and by causing this suffering a great sin is committed. Wealth may be shared by many men but not the sin. The misery arising from the suffering of the people is to be felt by one only. *Like the killing of a buffalo, and like the son of a butcher.* One kills a buffalo for one's self and for others. It is a feast to many, but the sin thereof belongs only to the killer. So a king commits a sin for a kingdom which is enjoyed by many. And again, there is a son of a butcher. He does not kill, as he is afraid of an unrighteous action. His kinsmen persuade him saying; "Kill. The sin thereof will belong to us equally." He replied by way of stratagem, "Well, I have a strong head-ache, share it!" They said, "It is impossible." He said: "Then how will the pain in hell be equally shared among us?"

19.

वसुलब्राह्मणीवत् ॥ p. 466.

Like the Brahmin Vasula's wife.

The wife of the Brahmin, Vasula, said to him: "In point of womanly beauty there is none on earth equal to me; yet you do not honour me by presenting me with fit clothes and ornaments !" By a stratagem he made her enter the harem of King Rudra. And her pride of beauty vanished, when she saw there the maid servants and then the queen who was no other than Beauty (or the Goddess Lakshmi) herself. Similarly a king should give up his vanity and pride when he sees his equals and superiors.

20.

पाराशरकुलभिक्षवत् ॥ p. 466.

Like a Bhikṣu (a religious mendicant) in the house of a Parasara (one belonging to the family of Parasara).

A *Bhikṣu* went to the house of a *Parāśara*. He entered there the house of one learned in mechanical science. He was requested by him to pass the rainy season in his house and was told that he would be supplied with food. He accepted it. Underground the lofty palatial mansion, there were many metallic leaves (plates) for machinery work. He made the *Bhikṣu* stay there in the lofty building, requesting him: "Please rest here in any way you like." Now, when he (the *Bhikṣu*) came out the *Ācārya* gave him money for his robe as well as wages for a servant. The *Bhikṣu* said: "I have done nothing for you, why should I take wages ?" Replied the munificent man: "You were not here in the house without work even for a moment. You remained here observing the particular posture of a mendicant."⁵ Saying this he showed him the leaves and the profit therefrom.

As there was no posture of the mendicant which was not beneficial to the man working the machine, even so there is no effect of body, mind and speech of the Buddha which is small or useless.

5 There are four particular positions (*iryāpathas*): going, standing upright, sitting, and lying down.

21.

बन्धनमोक्षबन्धनाधिकृतञ्चरवत् ॥ p. 467.

Like the fever of a superintendent of prison at the (time of) release from prison.

A superintendent of prison was employed by a royal family and all imprisonments were under his control. Now, a son was born to the king and the release of all the prisoners was ordered. Every one was pleased with the order except only one, the superintendent, who was frightened and caught fever.

In the same way when the Buddha is born, the whole world is happy with the one exception of *Māra*, the evil one.

22.

दीर्घाध्यगवत् ॥ ⁶ p. 468.

Like a traveller bound for a long journey.

The more a traveller bound for a long journey travels, the more he suffers, owing to the fatigue of crossing the country and owing to the food being consumed in the course of the journey. In the same way the foolish beings by the way of the world (*samsāra*) suffer from troubles arising from lack of place of shelter and from the vanishing of their good actions.

[Or, it can be explained in another way.] A traveller suffering from the difficulties of walking begins to halt. By halting the trouble of walking disappears, the trouble of halting also disappears by sitting, and the pain of sitting disappears by adopting a different posture. Now, if one who feels the trouble of sitting does not change his posture,⁷ it is quite possible that all trouble arising from changes in the posture will cease altogether. The case is the same with regard to the annihilation of all actions (*karmas*). Thus a wise man makes up his mind to annihilate all actions thinking that it will produce the cessation of all pains.

⁶ See No. 4.

⁷ *Iryāpatha*, see Note 5.

23.

घटवत् ॥ p. 468.

Like an earthen jar.⁸

⁸ Details are wanting in the fragments

24.

कुम्भकारपाकवत् ॥ p. 469.

Like a baking by a potter.

Just as in the burning (of different pots) by a potter success is uncertain, while there is ultimate invariable destruction of all the burnt pots of the potter, even so the success of all worldly actions is uncertain and finally there is an annihilation of all worldly things.

25

पर्वतशिलारोपणवत् ॥ p. 469.

Like the lifting of a stone on to a mountain.

Just as a stone requires effort for being lifted up to the top of a mountain, but falls to the ground without any effort, even so all activities of this world which demand much effort and resource come to their end without any effort.

26.

नदीतीरगृहकरणवत् ॥ p. 649.

Like the building of a house on a river bank.

A person built a house on the bank of a river, but the place suddenly cracked. Then he built a house at another place on the same river bank, but that place, too, parted asunder. He continued doing so and there was an endless series of actions. Thus there was undergone great labour by the house-builder but without its reward ; even so are all the actions of this world.

27.

बालबन्धनमोक्षवत् ॥ 470.

Like the imprisonment and release of (the king) Bala.

There was a king, Bala, by name. He was cruel and harsh-looking and his punishments were terrible. Whosoever was imprisoned in his prison was strongly bound by five parts of the body, namely, two hands, two feet, and the neck. When he would not release any one he would order the guards: "This man is to be released, but so long as he lives he will have to remain fixed in only one position he chooses." And the guards carried out the orders undertaking to obey with the words: "Yes, Your Majesty." Now, to one who is released from King Bala's prison, the release itself is as horrible as imprisonment owing to the penalty attached to it.

In the same way even heaven is as horrible to the wise as hell.

28, 29.

(i) यक्षाभ्याहतवत् ॥

(ii) बालनायकवत् ॥ p. 470.

(i) Like one struck by a *Yaksa*.

(ii) And like a boy leader.

There was a man. He was seized by a *Yaksa* whom he had not seen. He thought to himself: "Such is the pain when he is not seen, but were he to be seen my body would be crushed like a handful of husk.

[The description of the second simile is lost in the fragments.]

(to be continued)



THE CHANGING AGE

Rabindranath Tagore

In the old days our gatherings took place in the temple pavilion; the people we met there were none but our neighbours; the matters discussed were confined to our village. Apart from a long mid-day siesta, our leisure time was spent in quarrels, or desultory talk, or cards or chess. Beyond these, occasional food for our minds was provided by wandering play actors, *kirtan* singers, recitations from the Ramayana, contests in improvising verses or songs,—the subject in every case drawn from our accumulated store of prehistoric legends, the stories, their characters, the emotions animating them, having all been repeated from year to year, generation to generation, till they had heaped up around us the same rigid materials for a uniform shaping of our individual lives. The narrow world in which we lived was thus all too familiar to each one of us. We knew nothing of the larger life, beyond and around of the vast universe of humanity; nothing of the distant, evolving, nebulous worlds outside the orbit of our own, which had not, like it, become hardened by force of old-time habits and social regulations; nothing of the mutual actions and reactions between these other worlds that are yet giving birth to ever-new problems, yet expanding their frontiers and making history.

Into this India of ours, the first impact from the outside was that of the Mussalmans. They, also, were of the unchanging East, with lives not lived in the present time, but hide-bound within the narrow limits of their history. They consolidated their empire in India by dint of their physical prowess, but their mind had no creative exuberance. When they settled within our borders, they came into friction with us, but a friction that was external—a conflict of one set of inflexible habits and customs, one set of fixed beliefs, with a different set. Their influence affected the system of administration, but did not penetrate the region of the mind. Persian became the Court language; Persian manners were adopted by the elite of the towns; any number of Persian words found their way into Bengali; and yet Persian influence was hardly shown by the Bengali literature of those days, comprised mainly of Vaishnava lyrics and Mangal ballads, of which the former have no trace of it at all, while in the latter there are only occasional references to the Mahomedan rulers.

The Mussalmans thus entered the country, but did not let in any light from outside. They occupied it as their home, keeping all doors closed to external influences. The clash of their arms left its mark on the land, but did not rouse its people into any great creative activity in any new field. In fine, these two civilisations, Hindu and Islamic, here stood side by side, with averted faces, each hemmed in by its own age-old traditions. Not that they had no influence whatsoever on each other,—the influence of Persian art on Hindu technique and of Islamic thought on Hindu sectarianism was both considerable and happy, but the two cultures so much contradicted each other that no new and vital ways of thinking on a national scale were released.

Even to-day we think of the Mussalmans mainly in terms of number. They have brought into our politics problems of addition and subtraction; their presence does not multiply our forces, but divides them; so that for India such increase of population has so far proved the reverse of fortunate.

Then came the Britishers, not only as men, but as representative of the new ideals of Europe. Men occupy space, ideals occupy mind; and in consequence their advent was of varied import. As men they were even farther away from us than the Mussalmans. But, as representing the spirit of Europe, they came ever so near, affecting us both widely and deeply, as no outsiders had done before. The moving force of European civilisation entered and stirred our inert minds, as the rain from the distant sky penetrates the earth and makes it shoot forth into exuberant life: the soil that cannot so respond is a desert, its inability only showing its moribund condition. When a certain type of Indian critic wishes to run down a modern writer he displays much imagination as well as some erudition in skilfully picking out from his work every bit of foreign influence. The same kind of influence was to be seen when the surge of the Renaissance, welling up in Italy, overflowed the whole of Europe; but the many and varied effects which it had on the creators of English literature has never been deemed either strange or derogatory—rather they would have shown themselves barbarians had they been unable to receive and use the wealth of new ideas that flowed in on them. Giving and taking needs must go on where minds are alive and awake.

Let us try to understand the character of this intellectual light from the West that, by force of some tremendous impulse, irradiated the whole sky of modern history. Wherever Europe set foot it conquered. By what power was this intellectual conquest achieved?

By the sincerity of its pursuit of truth, never content to be deluded by intellectual laziness, lure of imagination, superficial resemblances, or the blind following of old wisdom; ruthlessly overcoming the temptation to take for granted even what man's nature impels him to believe. It has conquered the world of knowledge at every step because of the purity of its strenuous exercise of reason, free from all taint of personal predilection.

Though the pages of our calendar of daily observances and prohibitions raise a screen of doubt against the free access of light, yet through its gaps the science of Europe has found entry into our court-yard, bringing before us knowledge in its universal aspect; infecting us with the eager curiosity to invade, by observation and experiment, all that is near and far, infinitely big and infinitesimally small, whether of practical or only of theoretical value; showing us that the realm of knowledge is one and indivisible and that no dictum of any wise man, however great his reputation, can be allowed to over-ride the testimony of even the slightest of natural happenings.

As is the case with the physical, so also is it with the moral, world. Among the doctrines of the new age that have come to us is this, that the crime does not vary with the person. Whether the Brahmin kills a Sudra, or the Sudra kills a Brahmin, it is murder all the same, and same the penalty, in spite of any fiat to the contrary of some sage of old. Not that we are even yet always sure in our hearts that the weight of right and wrong is not to be measured by our own social standards; nevertheless a considerable revolution has been brought about in our thought and behaviour. The very proposition that those whom social usage had decreed to be untouchable should be allowed entry into temples, is proof of this. No doubt, there is still a section of the orthodox who persist in quoting scripture against conscience; but their advocacy no longer carries general conviction. The inner voice of our people has begun to tell them that what is manifestly wrong cannot be made right by force of custom, scripture, or superior strength, and must not be respected even at the behest of one who calls himself Sankaracharya.

To return to Bengali literature at the time of the Mahomedan conquest, we there find the idea that unlimited right to do wrong is the mark of supreme power—an idea that has besmirched the character of the very divinities as then conceived. As ruthlessness was the means by which successive rulers consolidated their power, so was fear of oppression the factor that determined the precedence of the

gods and goddesses. The old phrase of flattery: "The lord of Delhi is as the Lord of the World", really meant that arbitrary exercise of power, unrestricted by considerations of justice, was thought to be characteristic of both. The Brahmin was then called *bhudeva*, the divinity of earth, meaning in effect that he did not need to acquire greatness to be popularly accounted divine, but was allowed by his birth to arrogate to himself, as we gather from our old codes of law, an inviolable right to perpetrate wrongs with impunity. There is no question that the British Empire is both wider and stronger than the Moghul Empire, and yet the veriest idiot now-a-days would not think of saying that the Viceroy of India is as the Lord of the World, because to-day we have not for our idea of divine lordship the power to shower bullets on defenceless people. Even as we suffer from it, we are now able to judge British rule by an ideal moral standard; we do not think it impertinence to adjure superior power to restrain itself on still higher grounds of righteousness. In other words, by admitting an independent standard of right and wrong, the all-powerful British Empire has placed itself on the same moral plane as the weakest of its subjects.

When we first became acquainted with English literature, we gained from it not only a new wealth of emotion, but also the desire to free man from the oppression of man. In our ears sounded the proclamation breaking the chains of human slavery. To our vision was presented a valiant struggle to prevent human labour from being treated as a mere economic commodity. Not that the Indian mind was unfamiliar with moral and spiritual values transcending the arbitrary distinctions of a social code, but it has to be admitted that their functioning in our social life was so effectively thwarted by the inertia of ancient usage and prejudice that it needed the full impact of an electric foreign influence to re-vitalise our moral sense—and perhaps a national humiliation to chasten it. Before this we had reconciled ourselves to the belief that, due to predestination or accident of birth, people of a certain race or caste were bound to accept without question or resentment the insult of social or religious disabilities,—a state of degradation that could only be cured by divine intervention, or more fortunate rebirth next time. Even to-day there are educated men who, while they believe in self-help for getting rid of political inequality, still advise the socially depressed classes to submit to the indignity of their position on religious grounds. They forget that this very habit of accepting as inevitable the conditions

into which one is born, is the chief factor that helps to keep the shackles of political serfdom intact. Our contact with Europe has re-familiarised us, on the one hand, with the universality of the physical laws of cause and effect, and, on the other, with the conception of an absolute moral standard over which no scripture, no custom, however old, no special dispensation for favoured classes, can claim superior authority. It is on this ground we take our stand in striving to improve our political status, and if today we challenge our rulers with claims such as would never have occurred to us to present to a Moghul Emperor, it is by force of the ideal voiced in the words of the poet:—"A man's a man for a' that."

I have now passed my seventieth year. I made my entry into this new age which may fittingly be called the European age, about the middle of the nineteenth century, at a period which the young people of the present day sarcastically refer to as Victorian. England, which represented Europe to us, was then at the height its power and prosperity. None of us could then have thought that ill fortune would ever invade its overflowing store-room. Whatever might have been the lessons to be drawn from past history, no sign was to be seen, no apprehension troubled us, that any adverse wind could thwart those who were at the helm of Western Civilisation, and bring about a reversal of its progress. Freedom of speech, liberty of the individual, the ideals for which the Reformation and the French Revolution had fought, were still firmly believed in. The age was glorified with the messages of Mazzini and Garibaldi; brother fought against brother in America for the abolition of slavery; Gladstone thundered forth his condemnation of Turkish atrocities. That was the time when we too had begun definitely to nurse a hope of India's freedom. In that hope, it is true, there was antagonism to the British conqueror, but there was also an assumed reliance on British character. How else did we at all arrive at the conviction that on the claims of our manhood could be based a demand for equal partnership in British rule? What a stupendous leap did that mark from the previous age into the new age! What a vastly liberal education it was that led us all of a sudden to think so bigly of the value of man, of the respect due to man as man! What if it has not even yet made us concede equal treatment and respect to all who are of our own family, our own neighbourhood, our own community, our own country? In spite of such contradiction by our behaviour, the fact remains that little by little this spirit of Europe has worked a large change in our hearts.

The same is the case with the scientific attitude of mind. Science has come to our door through our schools and colleges, but in our homes scripture and calendar have not relinquished their sway. Yet, for all such inconsistencies, the western cult of reason has won a real dominion over our minds.

So, on consideration, it becomes clear that this age is, for us, specially an age of inward co-operation with Europe. Such co-operation is easy enough so long as our respect for Europe receives no shock. For, as I have said, it is of this respect that the new age was born, of the respect paid by Europe in the region of the intellect to pure reason cleared of illusion, in the region of behaviour to pure justice uninfluenced by personal considerations. In spite of its frequent lapses in practice, it was Europe's respect for the ideal that kept open the door to our respect for Europe. And, by reason of the self-respect thereby engendered in us, we were and still are given the boldness to make what might once have seemed extravagant claims on behalf of our countrymen. We must admit that there was no such common ground on which to take our stand in the time of our former rulers, so that while it was possible to gain chance favours when they felt generous, no claim could be made by virtue of any universal standard, nor as man demanding help from man.

Since then history has sped on its course. Asia shows signs of awakening from her long sleep. Japan has gained an equal status with the European powers as the result of her contact and conflict with the West, showing that she is living in the present, not dreaming of the past. And all the Eastern races, likewise, have stepped into the new age. We had been hoping all this time that we would be able to come into harmony with the world's progress, that our chariot of self-determination would be set going, and that it would be British rule whose pull would assist such onward movement. But after a long, long wait we have come to discover that the wheels of the chariot were not meant to move. The Britisher has apparently advanced into a newer age in which his ideal of government has begun to find its glory in law and order and in constitutional rules and regulations; education, sanitation, and production of wealth by the people have all fallen into the back-ground, with no prospect of coming into the forefront in the near future, so insatiable are the requirements of law and order. It is England, again representing present day Europe, which has set about to deprive us of her own best gift, leaving India as a dark spot in the never-setting sun of the British Empire.

England, France and Germany are to-day indebted to America. Their debt is doubtless heavy. But had it been even double of what it is, it would have been quite possible to pay it off, if the debtor countries had been content with the mere maintenance of law and order, and had got rid of all compunction in cutting down their standard of life in every other way ; this is to say, if they had reduced their rations to a half-belly-full, their drinking water to much below their thirst, their education to about 5 percent of their population, and their expenditure on sanitation to the point of risking epidemics. But since such a course would have been wholly incompatible with the character of their civilisation, we have witnessed the spectacle of their repudiation of these debts. Should it not be open to the people of India, on the same ground of their paramount right to the bare decencies of life, to protest against the continuance of the heavy burden of debt incurred by the intolerably expensive regime which keeps her condemned to barbarous conditions ? Is Europe now proposing with her own hands to restrict her ideal of civilisation to the western hemisphere ? Does it own no responsibility to the rest of mankind, to future ages ?

Nay more, we have seen that for those whom she regards as aliens the torch of Europe's civilisation is no longer for giving light, but for setting fire. That is why opium packets, supported by cannon balls, were rained on China—an atrocity the like of which history has never known, except perhaps in the extirpation of the wonderful civilisation of the Maya people for the sake of their gold. In the middle ages the conquering Tartars raised monuments of heaped-up skulls, but the wound so inflicted on the conquered was not long lasting. This forcing of opium by Europe down the throat of China poisoned her to the marrow for generations. When the youth movement in Persia sought to rescue the country from its age-long inertia, the tragedy of the throttling of their endeavour by Europe is told in Schuster's "Strangling of Persia." And every one knows of the horrors of the Congo, and other similar cruelties perpetrated on the Africans. Even to this day negroes are subjected to untold indignities in the United States, where white men and women flock to enjoy the spectacle of the burning alive of victims belonging to that unfortunate race.

Then came the Great War, raising one more veil from western history. It was like witnessing the paroxysms of a drunken maniac. Such superabundance of deceit, such bestial ferocity, may have disturbed for a short time some period in the dark ages, but never in such

monstrous proportions. Invasions of barbarity in the old days came hidden in their own cloud of dust, but its modern irruption is like that of a volcano—long pent-up viciousness suddenly let loose in a conflagration, reddening the sky around, burning up the green fertility of the earth. After the war Europe seems to have lost the purity, the sanity of its civilisation. It now openly scoffs at the ideal of the universal well-being of man. The Europe which we first came to know through England, had a decency of reticence about things that were shameful. Now it is ashamed of such decency. Western civilisation no longer admits any call to be gentlemanly. Ghastly cruelty stalks along in public with chest thrown out. We have seen the doings of Japan, the first oriental pupil in the European school, in Korea and in China. If taxed with her insatiate ignoring of the rights of others, she smilingly points to European precedents. We could not even have imagined a few years ago the mad blood-lust shown by the Black and Tan hooligans let loose on Ireland. The very Europe which reviled Turkey as a devil incarnate is now openly flaunting Fascism in her own territories. The freedom of self-expression which we once had learnt to look upon as Europe's chief glory is being more and more suppressed all over the west. Respect for the religious beliefs, the moral scruples of others used to be inculcated from the pulpits of Europe. And now? Italy, the home of European Renaissance, is now more enamoured of her armaments than of her arts; she prefers to bully where she once sang. And Germany that once represented the best in European civilisation—how easy it has proved for her to shatter to pieces every ideal of that same civilisation!

As all this aftermath of that devastating war continues to spread all over the world with such demoniac abandon, the question repeatedly arises in my mind: "Where is that supreme tribunal of man before which the victims of outrage may make their final appeal? Are we then to lose our faith in humanity,—must barbarism for ever contend with barbarism? And, amidst the hopelessness of finding an answer, comes the thought: However terrible the modern degradation of the west may be, still we must, with heads held high, pass judgement on it. We must proclaim that it is self-doomed. It must perish—or we too shall stand self-condemned. That men are still to be found who risk torture and death to dare proclaim this, is for us the greatest thing of all. The batons of hirelings may break every bone in their bodies, and yet they do not say with folded hands as of old: "The lord of Delhi is as the Lord of the World."

Let us never admit that they who are in power can do no wrong. Let us continue openly to aver that it is the most powerful whose responsibility is the greatest, and whose crimes are, according to their own standard, the most heinous. If ever the day comes when the sufferers, the down trodden, lose the power to drown the shouts of raging tyranny with the cry of "Shame!", then indeed shall we know that the new age has spent its all and become hopelessly bankrupt. After that the deluge !



LEFT WING AND RIGHT WING

Acharya Kripalani

SOME of our learned friends try to prove elaborately what nobody, who has any experience or study, ever denies. In a sense they try to convert the faithful. All are agreed that there are poverty, unemployment and low purchasing power in the land. One also cannot deny such an obvious proposition as that production could be greatly increased by the mechanisation of agriculture and industry. We may, for the sake of argument, be prepared to admit that the last can best be done under a socialist regime. What, however, we would like to know is how the desired changes are to be brought about, how we are to get the necessary power and the means to achieve the end in view. It is admitted that we have not the necessary power and the means. The question therefore is, how are we to get these. Industrialization, socialization, divestment of vested interests, increasing production with purchasing power and the elimination of unemployment are not theoretical and academic questions. They are questions in practical politics and they cannot be solved unless we have the power and the machinery of the state in our hands. Lenin could not electrify Russia without first securing political power nor could his successors carry out industrialization and mechanisation of agriculture without absolute and unquestioned authority.

Why for instance is there no natural evolution of our industries? Wherever we turn we find hindrances in our way. These are not theoretical but practical. They must be removed before we can achieve anything. The obstacles in the way may roughly be classed as political, economic, and social. We know, in the last resort, our economic disabilities come to be buttressed by our political system. We cannot, to any appreciable extent, progress economically unless these political disabilities are removed. Recently we have also seen that we cannot remove any great outstanding social evils without political power. Even when the nation is prepared to abolish untouchability the law stands in its way with one pretext or the other. If we want to go "dry" the law renders us no help. If we want to make our nation literate, the state, by its refusal to grant money for nation-building purposes, acts as a block in our path. No great reform can be carried out unless the state authority either itself undertakes it or is at least ranged on

the side of the reformer. We must either generate or capture political power.

Japan had political power and, in thirty years or so, not only it industrialized itself but was able to throw an effective challenge to the western world. India began industrialization a little earlier, but what has been the net result? Census reports show that a greater percentage of the population lives upon agriculture today than ever before. Russia has been able to industrialize in fifteen years. And how futile seemed the dreams of the Russian idealists before political power became theirs!

Let us, however, examine in some detail the net results of the Indian effort at industrialization. All industries are in a precarious condition. In the present day division of the world into nations that are politically and economically at war with one another, it is impossible for any country to keep its industries going unless it has complete control over finances, currency, tariff and foreign policy. In the absence of this, industries are bound to be in a precarious condition. On account of the world depression even such Governments, as have all the control over finances, currency, tariff and foreign policy, find it difficult to protect their industries; how much more so in India when the best of our patriots are without political power! There is no normal healthy growth of Indian industries. This is so in spite of the fact that all indigenous enterprise has received heavy protection,—sometimes to the extent of 200 per cent or more—from the Swadeshi movement since the Partition agitation. The consumer has willingly and voluntarily borne the extra burdens in a country where the purchasing power is notoriously low. Public men have acted as the unpaid agents and advertizers of indigenous industry. Vast sums have been spent by the Congress and other public bodies to organise exhibitions and bazars. In the Councils and Assemblies the cause of big industry has been ever advocated and some protection got from an unwilling Government. What has been the reward to the public or the poor of all the sacrifice and all the effort? The industries have not tried even to put their house in order. Their efficiency remains the lowest in the world. They perhaps lack incentive. But how could it be otherwise? They know they may come to grief any day with one stroke of the finance member's pen. They therefore seek to make hay while the sun shines—the biggest profits by hook or by crook in the shortest time. The Government allows them to do this because it gives an equal and more than equal opportunity to the

foreign capital invested here. There is no great harm if some crumbs fall to the coloured capitalists. Only these crumbs should not be substantial enough to endanger industry in England or their foreign commercial and political relations.

This indifference of the capitalists, as of the Government, for the country and for the masses has such an evil effect that the elementary rights of labour are not protected. Indian labour, so far as the hours of work, conditions under which the same is performed, housing arrangements, compensation for injury, pay, pension, education, medical aid and entertainment are concerned, is much behind labour elsewhere. The nation has not been able to protect it from the worst kind of exploitation—an exploitation that was known to other countries only half a century ago.

Take again the case of agriculture. The land is divided in homeopathic holdings. In several provinces the average holdings are of less than two acres. This only means that there are thousands of holdings of less than half or quarter of an acre. The sub-division is ever on the increase. There is no law in the land that can arrest it. Only a Government that could provide for the disinherited of an agriculturist family could change the law. Such provision could only be made in the fields of commerce and industry. Government knows this fully well and therefore no effort has been made to arrest the sub-division of land.

The holdings, small as they are, are not in consolidated blocks but scattered and intermixed. What could a poor tractor do with such holdings? So the question is not one of theory, whether small holdings are more profitable or large scale production, whether peasant proprietorship will be more helpful or land nationalization. The question is of power in the nation to effect the one or the other revolution in agriculture; for I hold that under the present conditions both will be revolutionary changes, requiring in the hands of the reformers absolute political and economic power over the whole of India. None of these things can be done without some sort of planned economy. But to talk of planned economy without power is possible only in irresponsible conferences of theoretical economists afraid to say the right thing even when they know it, and yet having the desire and the vanity to look learned and up-to-date.

The first problem therefore in India is not a revolutionary programme of reconstruction as is implied by industrialization and socialism, but a radical programme for the capture of power. Till

such power is achieved all other social and economic programmes can only be of a reformatory character.

Apart from his fads, it is some such considerations that make Gandhiji keep before the nation things that it can do *without* the aid of state power and state machinery. His whole khadi and village programme has this political and economic background. Recently one Lord Farringdon, a Socialist Peer, visited Gandhiji. This gentleman wanted to know from him the real object of the Village Industries' Association. Gandhiji who was observing silence wrote: "To show the people how to turn waste into wealth." The questioner asked: "How do you want to tackle the problem of rural indebtedness?" The reply was: "That we are not dealing with. It requires state effort. I am just now discovering things, people can do without state effort. Not that I do not want state aid. But I know I cannot get it on my terms." This in a few expressive words reveals the whole economic basis of Gandhiji's programme. He was talking to a socialist who perhaps would not have understood his usual spiritual language or his ideas of simplicity and voluntary poverty. So he talked in plain political and economic language that a foreigner could understand. No economist worth the name can have any quarrel with Gandhiji for utilizing the waste of the nation and turning it into wealth. In the same interview he also said that there was no other constructive programme before the nation.

Under the present political arrangement, I believe there can be no revolutionary constructive programme. It will all have to be reformatory, "utilizing the waste" of the nation. It can only do very moderate things and that modestly. It is this fact that has made the socialists adumbrate no constructive programme. They tell us of their aims and what they stand for—nationalization of all instruments of production; which only means that all economic activity, whether of production, distribution, exchange, or consumption, will have to be regulated by the state, and a state necessarily managed by the producers, that is, the proletariat, in its own interest. Before this is done the proletariat or some body or some party on their behalf must first capture power. These are the aims and objects of scientific socialism. The real Socialists therefore do not countenance the work of the Trade Unionists. They hold that it is reformatory in character, concerned with the minor disabilities of the workers. Sometimes they tolerate it, because they consider such work as *prelude* to strikes which give the necessary training to the masses for the final class war.

Mostly they denounce such trade union activities which they think, by making labour a little more comfortable—such reformatory effort when successful dulls the edge of discontent—postpones the day of reckoning, the day of the revolution. They, as scientific socialists, know that when there is depression in the industry no strike can succeed. The owners sometimes welcome it. They even engineer it. But yet the scientific socialists, under such circumstances when the industries are in depression, will not mind engineering a strike, knowing full well that it would end in failure entailing untold misery and suffering. They think that this misery and suffering are inevitable. The price has got to be paid. Individuals can only be the means to collective advancement. They have no value or worth in themselves. The masses have ever been the fodder for the cannon of the capitalists and the imperialists. They will at least be better paid in their future generations if they become the fodder in the cause of the revolution.

On the other hand, a genuine trade unionist calculates the chances of success. He does not want the poor to be mere instruments. He feels individuals have also a life beyond the group. Their sufferings and sorrows as individuals are real. Their life, however humble, is an end in itself. He lies low if he sees no chance of success. For him a strike is a means for a reformatory change in the conditions of labour. He does not indulge in it as so much gymnastics preparing for the final struggle, the final war to the knife between the classes, which will establish a classless society.

So the scientific socialist cannot possibly do any constructive work among the city proletariat unless he modifies, or for the time being suspends for practical considerations, the rigour of his theory. If he cannot engage in any constructive work in the city, much less can he do so in the village. He would be lost in the village problems. They are so tiny, so local that with his world vision he will find it difficult, if not useless, to work for their solution. He will find, only in aeons, if ever, will such reformatory effort produce conditions suitable for a revolution. He would throw up the sponge in sheer disgust. Here therefore his work can only be to organise demonstrations. These demonstrations must necessarily be periodical. As soon as the agricultural season begins he will find that no revolutionary ardour of his, no picture of the millennium of a classless society to come, will induce the villager to leave his plough and his sickle. Such seasonal demonstrations will also be, if they are to be on a big scale,—and demonstrations would lose all their virtue and effect if they were not on a big scale—few and far

between. The village proletariat, when it assembles for a meeting or a demonstration, say, 50,000 strong, or even 10,000 strong, must disperse before 3 p. m. They all come on foot. They must disperse in time to reach their homes before nightfall. There can be no catering for a crowd of 10,000, much less of 50,000, in any village, even for a day. These crowds can therefore be spasmodic, having very little cohesion and serving no useful purpose for any constructive effort. They can have only some limited propagandist and demonstrative value.

So, the sole function of the scientific socialist, whether in the city or in the village, can only be propaganda, demonstration, and preaching of the socialist ideology. The last—preaching—must be done by select and chosen intellectuals. If put in the hands of all and sundry, if put in the hands of the city, and the village, volunteer, it would only teach one superstition in place of another and one fanaticism for another. All talk of scientific socialism would thus go by the board. What then are the rank and file of the socialists to do?

This problem of the rank and file of his army is solved by Gandhiji. He effectively provides for the periodical employment of the politically unemployed. His constructive programmes give scope not only to the leaders but to the humblest of his followers. All are provided with day to day work. They are provided with some daily wages, in keeping with the voluntary contributions received from a poor people. They live a neat, simple and clean life. They need never be out of work.

For the capture of power Gandhiji has a radical programme as radical as any red revolutionary, only it is non-violent. It is not my purpose here to go into the philosophy, or even into the practical value, situated as we are to-day, of non-violence. The latter has been recognised by a section of the socialists. The question is not whether this or that theory is right or wrong; that only the historian of the future or a prophet of the present can settle, and I claim to be neither. The question is whether the new method of non-cooperation is direct action and, as such, revolutionary, as distinguished from constitutional. I believe it is direct action and it is revolutionary. Non-cooperation is, as some have called it, an open conspiracy. I would say that it is a non-violent open conspiracy. So, in ultimate analysis, Gandhiji has a programme, which is revolutionary for the capture of political power, and reformatory for constructive work.

It is this double aspect of Gandhiji's movement that makes

the political phrase as used in the west of the Right and Left Wing lose most of its significance, when applied to Congress politics. Politicians who may be considered as belonging to the Right when their activities are viewed from the conservative tendencies of the constructive programme, come to belong to the Left when the movement of direct action is on; those who belong by their ideology to the Left wing sometimes fail to show their Left wing tendencies when the battle is on. This was clear at the conference at Poona in 1933 when Gandhiji's followers were for the continuance of the 1932 Movement while many socialists advocated the suspension of the movement. It is also because of this that socialists have not been able to dislodge Gandhiji's followers from their position of power in the Congress and of affection in the hearts of the people. There are among them tried and seasoned soldiers who have given good account of themselves in constructive work, in flood, in famine, in earthquake or any calamity that has befallen their people and, also, when the occasion has arisen, given determined battles to the Government. When the battle is on, Gandhiji, their leader, appears to be the greatest and the most uncompromising revolutionary. He is the one in whom the idea of personal safety is least present. I could mention other names, but I may not. The intelligent reader can think for himself.

It is also common knowledge that Gandhiji and his followers do not want to lose touch with other groups, even though politically such groups come nowhere near direct action. Moderates, capitalists, reformers of any party or community, are all asked to join the movement against Untouchability, of Hindu-parchar, Khadi, Village Industries and Village Reconstruction. There is yet another point from which the co-operation of other political and semi-political groups and classes is sought for by the Congress and by Gandhiji. Antagonistic groups and classes in India have one thing in common. They all suffer from the dwarfing effects of a foreign Government. It is not only the masses—if it were so the politicians would come from the masses exclusively. True the masses physically suffer more. But the greatest suffering falls to the lot of the most sensitive, and these are found in all classes and in all communities. Their pride in their country, in their culture, nay in their respective religion, is wounded. A national movement should harness all these forces and focus them to one centre and one objective, that is the achieving of national political liberty. The national sentiment, imbedded as it is in the present psychology of the peoples, is not yet

such a worn-out factor as would render it impossible for the different groups to join on it. Even Russian communists are not altogether without it, though some of our budding socialists seem to be ashamed to own it.

National and democratic movements the world over show how all the different elements combined together in other countries for a common objective. In Holland, England, America, Italy, France, and even in Russia, the whole nation rose as one man to throw off the native or the foreign yoke. True the share of the masses, their sufferings and sacrifices were the greatest, though power in those revolutions fell not always in their hands. In the earlier revolutions the power fell in the hands of a rich powerful middle class, considered in those days to be the natural leaders of the masses. In France there was an attempt to attach the newly wrested power from the king and the lords to the masses, but it failed, owing to the better ability, leadership and organization of the middle class. Even in Russia, after the overthrow of the Czar, power fell into the hands of the middle group which, however, was not sufficiently organised and vital to retain it for long. It also lacked the necessary leadership. The Bolsheviks, with a better knit organisation, with greater push and drive, with a fuller knowledge of what they wanted, and with the ablest possible leadership, were immediately able to carry through a second revolution which put them in power as guardians of the proletariat. In the first Revolution that overthrew the Czar and the Russian bureaucracy, the Bolsheviks did not stand apart; they too joined hands with all those who desired and worked for the overthrow of the old order. What happens at critical times in England? Whenever the nation is in the grip of a crisis the political genius of the British evolves a National Government. The differences between the diverse groups are for the time forgotten. So in all revolutions the progressive and effective elements of the nation join hands. The victory goes to that group which is the most prepared and the most organized and which, above all, has evolved the right kind of leadership; for in critical times much depends upon leadership.

Take the alternative where each group suspects the other and wants to keep itself pure and uncontaminated. Take the socialist group. It says the zamindar and the capitalist will never join the struggle for freedom. They will, in the last resort, back out because they would feel that their peculiar rights could only be supported by a foreign Government. If this is so, it holds true for the upper

middle class also. It holds true of the lawyer, professor, doctor and others of the learned professions. The lower middle class is always doubtful material, as has been proved in Italy and Germany. The peasant proprietors, if they knew the full implications of the socialist programme, the nationalization of land along with the other instruments of production, would be the greatest stumbling block. The communalists, be they Hindus, Muslims or Sikhs, will of course hold out. By this process of elimination—if whole classes are supposed to be homogeneous, organized and disciplined groups, and are guided by one and only consideration, the advancement of their own class or sectional interests and that in a narrow sense—the whole vast population of India will be eliminated. What will remain will be a few chosen people, the iron-sides. These must conquer for they represent the only true idea, the idea that is going to conquer the world in the near future. Such faith and fervour bordering on religious frenzy and fanaticism can be understood in the followers of a Christ or a Mahomed, or even of a Gandhi. But in scientific socialism wedded to objective facts, such frenzy would imply that the new faith of socialism is only another religion without a god. It will have its new frenzy, its fervour, and, above all, its fanaticism. All this I know will be repudiated in the name of history, science and realism. But, in fact, it is no whit better than any of the elder faiths, with like potencies of narrowness, formalism, bigotry, and the arrogance of the chosen people, destined not to inherit heaven but this earth, and destined also to throw into the pit all the unfaithful, to be there for all time to come. Such a faith will oppress, suppress and repress, even as the old faiths did, only with less sanctity for human life and keener and more scientific weapons and a better organization. It will not have the saving grace of Gandhiji's truth and non-violence. If new fanaticisms must arise, it would be better for humanity that they be at least non-violent.

I have stated in brief the position and merits of the Gandhian scheme of political and social reconstruction as contra-distinguished from socialism. I have not discussed the theory of non-violence nor any of the far reaching implications of the Gandhian programme. That would be going beyond the limits of the present controversy.

THE TEMPLE OF KONARAK

Nirmal Kumar Bose

THE artist Nandalal Bose is a very quiet man. It is seldom that he talks about all that he really feels as an artist ; it is as though he suspected too much the inadequacy of words to hazard his profound feelings and thoughts to their charge. But one evening, when there were not many men near by, he gave us an admirable exposition of what he felt about the great temple of the Sun at Konarak. Nanda Babu told us that although people talked more about the Tajmahal, he personally believed that Konarak was artistically superior to the more well-known monument at Agra. But he felt shy of expressing such a heretic opinion in public. He had tried it before, and had only succeeded in rousing a storm of protest from his hearers. And that was good reason for him not to talk about it any more.

But our readers may be curious to know what this temple of Konarak is like, and why it is considered to be the supreme example of Indian architecture by one of the greatest living artists of today.

The temple of the Sun-god at Konarak was built about the middle of the thirteenth century by Narasimhadeva II., King of Orissa. It stands about twenty miles east of the town of Puri, and about a couple of miles from the sea shore. The place is now in ruins ; the principal temple is gone ; only the audience-hall and a few walls of the adjoining temples remain to give evidence of the glory that once was.

King Narasimhadeva II. was a great conqueror, who had brought under subjugation all the country from the banks of the Ganges in the north to the mouths of the Godaveri in the south. One of his predecessors, Anangabhimdeva, had been a great builder ; and the present temple of Jagannath at Puri is generally ascribed to him. Perhaps Narasimhadeva II. tried to emulate his illustrious predecessor ; perhaps he determined to build something which would surpass all that the Gangas had ever built before in the kingdom of Orissa. In any case, he did not stint in the matter of expenses ; for it is reported that the revenue of Orissa for a period of twelve years was lavished upon this one temple of Konarak.

The style in which the temple of the Sun was built at Konarak was not new. The artists who were entrusted with the work did not

try to create anything extraordinary, in the way of form or ornamentation. They did not aim at startling the spectator into a feeling of astonishment. They took hold of a style of architecture with which the people were already quite familiar, but they did something which turned a common object into one of the masterpieces of architectural art.

It was usual in Orissa to build two temples, side by side, during the time of which we are now speaking. One of these consisted of a tall tower, the sides of which were bent slightly inwards, while it was surmounted by a ribbed and flattened spheroid which added a dignity to the whole form. This temple, technically known as the Rekha, enshrined the throne on which the image of the Deity was placed. The other structure, smaller in height, was, however, wider in proportions. It was the audience hall, and had huge doors on four sides. This building, known as the Jagamohan, was covered by a pyramidal roof built up of a series of thin horizontal courses arranged in a number of tiers. At Konarak, the number of tiers is three ; and right on the top of these courses, come the figures of crouching lions who hold up, on their back, an immense bell-shaped capital which is crowned by a flattened spheroid and the finial, consisting of a water-pot and a full-blown lotus.

This is the general appearance of an Orissan temple ; and the same was maintained at Konarak. Only the temple, in the present case, was built about two hundred and twenty feet high, that is, about forty feet higher than the next highest temple of Jagannath at Puri. The Rekha temple at Konarak is gone ; only the Jagamohan remains. But this latter by itself, in its present condition, without the water-pot and the lotus at the top, is no less than one hundred and twenty-nine feet high.

The artist who designed the temple of Konarak knew that, so far, he was merely following the established canons of architecture in Orissa. Where he showed his originality was in connection with the meaning that he gave to the whole temple. He built an immense stylobate, fully thirteen feet high, under the temple ; and on its sides he carved twenty-four huge wheels and seven horses ; and thus transformed the building, which was more than two hundred feet high, into a magnificent chariot for the Sun-god who was enshrined within.

In Hindu mythology, the god of the Sun is described as riding upon his chariot in the sky, drawn by seven fiery horses. The

architect of Konarak fixed this image for ever in stone ; and the proportions which he established between the stylobate and the body of the temple, and the manner in which he divided the facade into different members and introduced deep lines of light and shade in the two temples, was such that the temple became, not only a fit symbol of the march of the great Giver of Light, but one of India's noblest architectural creations.

The architect of Konarak then proceeded to decorate the temple with sculpture. In a frieze right at the bottom of the stylobate, he carved the figures of elephants and horses running in an endless procession round the temple. In order to add variety, the sculptors often introduced scenes of boar-hunt or deer-hunt in the frieze. The reader will be surprised to learn that the entire frieze is nearly four hundred yards long, while each of the figures in it is about nine inches high. Altogether there are no less than sixteen hundred elephants in that single frieze, with a sprinkling of horses and riders, deer, boars, bulls and lions. No two portions of the frieze are alike, and none of the animal figures seems to be the repetition of another.

Above the base, the stylobate is cut up into deep horizontal members, the intervals between which are then divided into smaller compartments by thin vertical sections of the wall being placed a little in retreat. These smaller compartments, as well as the niches formed at the points of retreat of the wall, are all overlaid by sculpture of great variety. The wheels of the temple, to which reference has already been made, are carved here at intervals ; and they too are decorated with figures of dancing women, with fluttering scarves, in order to give an impression of stately motion which is associated with chariot-wheels.

It must be remembered that all these sculptures in the stylobate, as well as on the wall of the Rekha and Jagamohan, to which we shall come later, are of the nature of space-compositions. The horizontal and vertical sub-divisions on the surface of the wall set certain limitations to the form of the figures, and so the figures are there, firstly, to fill in the open spaces, and, secondly, to emphasize the theme which forms the subject matter of the whole temple.

The Sun is the emblem of life ; and all that is living in this spacious world, all that throbs passionately with the breath of life, has been given adequate expression in the temple of the Sun-god. That was the reason why processions of animals found their place at the base of the stylobate. These figures of elephants and of horses



PL. V.

A PENCIL SKETCH FROM KONARAKA

By *Nandalal Bose*

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and lions not only added a sense of firmness to the entire structure, but also emphasized the idea that the manifestations of life are to be discovered and duly appraised not only in the world of men, but also in the world to which the animals belong.

The sculptures which follow on the surface of the stylobate above the base are mostly of human beings. But where the wall has been cut up by deep recesses, there the sculptors placed mythical figures of *viralas*, i. e. of lions trampling upon elephants, in order to overcome the sense of insecurity which might come from cutting up the wall into smaller fragments. These *virala* figures just overcome that sense of weakness; but they do not form the main theme of the sculpture on the stylobate.

This is formed by different aspects of human life; and more specially those forms of it which are considered vulgar or obscene. On the stylobate, as it is now, there are no less than two hundred and eighty-six figures of men and women in amorous embrace. But besides these there are also many scenes of combat and hunting. There are also representations of handsome women displaying the beauty of their well-formed bodies. Much has been written about the figures of men and women in sexual embrace which appear so frequently on Orissan temples. Some have tried to attach a deeply mystic significance to them, while others have condemned them as the result of a debased national taste. But if we examine these figures with less prejudice and more discrimination, we soon discover that there was neither mystic meaning nor any special love for the obscene in the minds of men who created these images. Quite frequently, the man in amorous embrace with a woman happened to be one with matted hair, and an alms-bowl and a thin strip of cloth round his loins. It was a *sannyasin* in full array—caught in the ecstasy of the forbidden pleasures of love. Our sculptors seem to have taken a superb delight in portraying life on many fronts.

It was an intensely human age, and the artists of that age were in love not only with all that was great or heroic in life, but also with everything that was human. In our pious zeal, we may find fault with the vulgarity of the age of Konarak; but we must remember that if the men of that age made love to women so openly, so flagrantly, they could also build a temple, the parallel of which could never be produced today.

That the artists of Konarak looked upon love or sex, half seriously and half in amusement is quite apparent from the subjects

which they chose for depiction. But that they were not caught inextricably in the obsession of sexual life, that their mind remained free to appreciate all that was greater in human life, this is proved abundantly by the sculptures which follow as we mount higher and higher along the body of the temple.

As we reach the pyramidal roof of the Jagamohan, the amorous scenes disappear altogether. They are followed by what might be described as purer forms of art. Life-sized women appear as they dance and play upon the cymbal, flute and the drum. The moment chosen for depiction is not when the dancers have given themselves up in absolute abandon to riotous movement, for such movement is foreign to the spirit of Konarak, but when their movements are yet restrained and dignified, though full of a vitality which fits in admirably with the spirit of the entire scheme of sculptures. The god Siva also appears with these women on the narrow terrace above the first tier of the roof; and he is depicted as dancing his dance of death upon a frail boat which is rowed by two frail human beings. Perhaps the neighbourhood of the sea, and the frequent scenes of boats being tossed about heavily by the storms which harass this coast, put the idea of changing the footrest of Siva from a bull or a trampled demon into a boat, in the mind of the artists of Konarak.

The frieze at the edge of the horizontal courses of stone which make up the tiers of the roof are also decorated with royal processions or sometimes with animal figures; while the vertical walls which separate the tiers from one another are decorated with beautiful figures of handsome women standing under trees, or, occasionally, caressing a body which rests upon their arms.

As we mount still higher, even the gods disappear and only women remain in various poses of dancing. The figures here are as well executed as those on the tier below; but there is a special technical point to be noticed in connection with their anatomy at this point. The platform between the central and the uppermost tier, which we find here, is about a hundred feet or more from the ground. The dancing women have not been placed exactly on the edge but a little backwards, so that their feet and legs are screened from the observer on the ground by the projection of the lower horizontal courses. The upright space left free for the figures to stand is also less than a man's height, i.e. less than that of the dancing figures on the tier below. The artist, instead of creating a properly proportioned human figure suited to the space available here, did one brave thing. He built the upper part of



PL. VI.

THE DANCE OF SIVA



FRIEZE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TEMPLE

PL. VII.



PL. VIII.

HEAD OF A WOMAN

the female figures almost in the same proportion as he had built the ones below ; but he shortened the body waist downwards in such a manner that they look distinctly ugly when seen from close quarters. But as the figures were not meant to be seen from close quarters, they look of the right proportions when seen from below, i. e. from the courtyard of the temple. One of the most handsome faces of women ever sculptured in Orissa is to be found in one of these dancing figures of the second tier.

When we leave the tiers below us, we come upon a space where crouching lions support the bell-shaped capital at the top. The bell is ribbed on its surface, but there is no more ornamental work to decorate the walls in the neighbourhood. On the top of the bell comes the flattened spheroid held up by crouching human figures. This too is practically undecorated. Then came the water-pot, and the full-blown lotus right at the top, both of which have now disappeared, but of which we read in the old temple-records left to us.

The whole temple of Konarak is thus ornamented with a succession of sculpture which are mostly animal or human in design. The range begins with elephants, horses and mythical figures, runs through the lower passions of humanity to the more chaste pleasures of music and dancing. The full-blown lotus is the symbol of completeness ; and, in order to show that all aspects of life had been given their due place in the scheme, the lotus was added as a fitting finial to the temple of the Sun-god who was the origin and the lord of all life.

There can be no doubt that the temple of Konarak is a masterpiece of architecture. Its form alone proves it to be so. But the wonderful manner, in which the sculpture has been laid to decorate it, has not only emphasized what the temple was meant to say, but has transformed it into the greatest example of architecture that India has ever produced.

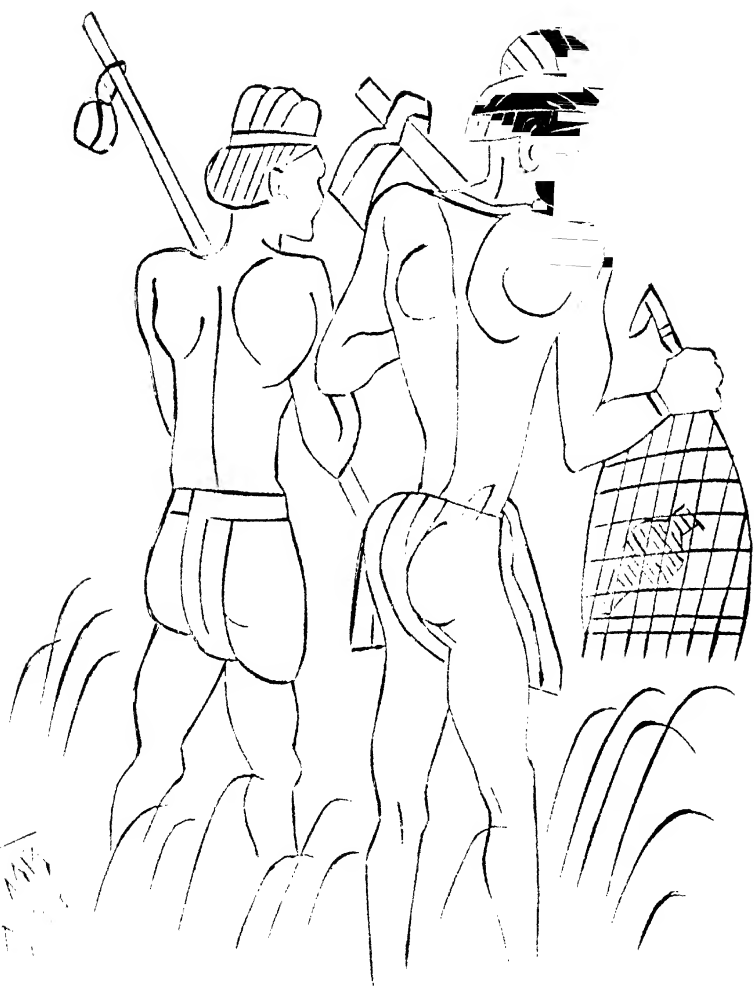
One often feels surprised that the name of the great architect, who designed the temple or planned its ornamentation, is not known to us. The name has been completely forgotten, and many stories have sprung up round the builders of the temple. There can be no doubt that the design must have been the work of one man. But the temple was so vast, and must have taken so long to build, that one particular architect with a band of labourers could never have been responsible for its execution. It must have taken a whole generation of artists, and many hundreds of them, to bring about such a task to its completion. But the unity of design has nowhere

been disturbed. This shows abundantly that although the conception was of one man, yet the other artists entered so completely into the spirit of the thing as to make the execution seem to be the work of one man.

The temple of Konarak, then, is not the creation of a freak of genius, but is rather the creation of an age and of an entire society which felt unified in spirit as well as in activity. And that is perhaps the reason why no architect has left his name to be associated with the building of the temple. Perhaps, he felt that the temple was the artistic expression of a great age to which he himself belonged, so that he preferred to remain submerged in the society which had given birth to that age. Konarak is not a lyrical poem like the Taj; it is more like an epic which incorporated the thoughts and aspirations of an entire epoch of civilisation, and which is continued in the succeeding generations of heroic men.

At first sight, the ruins of Konarak do not impress one so forcibly as one might expect. But after a time as we become more and more familiar with the design and scheme of ornamentation of the temple, the whole thing grows in our mind and we seem to be overwhelmed and ultimately identified in spirit with that age of great heroism and of immense activity.

It was, indeed, a great age, full of heroism; intensely human and realistic, the like of which India has never seen again. But one feels humbled when one realises that the same country, which was great enough to produce the temple of Konarak, has been reduced today into one of the poorest provinces of India. When one witnesses such transformations, one feels chastened and feels almost afraid to take pride in the achievements of our own age, for they too will one day be laid low by the hand of time.



By Nandalal Bose

GAṆAPATI—(continued)

HARIDAS MITRA

SECTION 7.

Gaṇeśa worship seems to have undergone many transformations and modifications.

Attention has already been drawn to the double character of Gaṇeśa as a bestower of gifts *siddhi-dātā*, and as remover and creator of obstacles *vighnanāśin*, and *vighnarāja* or *vighneśa*—literally meaning 'lord' or 'master', or rather, 'creator of obstacles' i.e. 'the Arch mischief-maker'. The *Gaṇapati*s seem to have been conscious of this apparently contradictory nature of the Gaṇeśa conception and are at great pains to explain it away. They had, therefore, to invent legends.

Once, King Abhinandana was performing a sacrifice, in which he did not reserve a share of the offerings for Indra. Enraged at this, the latter called Kāla and ordered him to destroy the sacrifice. He (Kāla Puruṣa) was aware that all good acts lead to the purification of mind which is the cause of the knowledge of Brahman, and that a person possessing such knowledge becomes deathless, *amṛtamaya*. Aware of the potent effect of pious deeds and of the fact that evil-minded people without merit would be under his power, Kāla assumed the form of a demon, called Vighnāsura.

After killing Abhinandana, Kāla thereafter began hampering pious deeds, here and there, openly or in disguise. Unable to recognise Kāla and being terrified by him, the sages Vasiṣṭha and others sought the protection of Brahman and being directed by the latter, they appeased *Pārśva-putra* Gaṇeśa¹, as no other deity had the power to destroy Kāla. Thereupon the demon Vighna was defeated by Gaṇeśa and he sought the latter's mercy. Then, Gaṇeśa made Vighna subservient to his own commands and assumed the title of 'Vighna-rāja' at the latter's request. From that time, it was arranged, Vighna would make his appearance at any pious ceremony where Gaṇeśa etc. are not worshipped or invoked. Having made this stipulation Gaṇeśa put this Vighna near-by his own self'.——Thus it has been related in the *Vināyaka-māhātmya* of the *Skanda Purāṇam* and also in the *Maudgala-Purāṇam*.

1. *Ahnikā Candrikā*: *Gaṇapatiyatharva-śiṣam*, *Śubhāṣyam* (Nirṇayasāgara Press, 1903), pp. 194-95.

In fact these peculiar interpretations of Vighnarāja or Vighneśa in the above mythical account seem rather to point to a time, when Gaṇeśa was yet a malevolent deity, whom one must dread and propitiate. For compare with this, the history of the popular village deity of Bengal, entitled Maṅgala Caṇḍī.²

Gaṇeśa was generally styled as *Vighna* 'obstacle', or *Vighnarāja* 'Chief of obstacles' by the Buddhists. He was the rascally and irascible son of Indra.³

The Nepalese Buddhist *Svayambhū* or *Svayambhuva Purāṇam* gives the story how the deity Vighnāntaka was specially brought into being or materialised for checking the mischievous Gaṇeśa⁴. This story is preserved in two nearly identical versions⁵ none of which is however to be found in the printed edition of the *Svayambhū Purāṇam*. The latter

2. (a) Though *Maṅgala-Caṇḍī* is generally regarded as 'the Caṇḍī of auspicious power,' or even, as 'the guardian deity of a king called Maṅgala' (in *Brahma-vaiavarta Purāṇa, Prakṛti Khaṇḍa*), a different and peculiar interpretation is given by the Bengali Poet Mādhavācārya whose work is well-known in and around the eastern district of Chittagong. The poet was a contemporary of Akbar and wrote his *Caṇḍī-Kāvya* about 1580 A.C. Mādhavācārya thus interprets the name.

মঙ্গলদেবতা বধি মাতা হৈলা মঙ্গলচণ্ডী ।

'The Goddess killed a demon called Maṅgala, whence the name Maṅgala Caṇḍī' (See Tārāprasanna Bhaṭṭācāryya's article, *Prācīna Vaṅgasāhitye Caṇḍī-Maṅgala*. V.S.P.P., Vol. 26, p. 151.)

(b) The Mythical stories of Gaṇeśa from the subject matter of a modern *Bhāṣā-Kāvya*, vernacular epic poem in Bengalee called *Gaṇeśa-sambhava Kāvya*, (Part I in seven *Sargas*. By Matilāl Datta. Khulna, Mūlghaḍa. *Kārttika*, 1293 B.S.). dedicated to Paṇḍit Īśvarcandra Vidyāsāgara.

The poem was regarded by eminent literary men and critics of the time, as excellent. It was composed in a sort of mixed verse half-metrical, half-prose (without fixed lengths of measures) which had to be read with special care to the pauses.

(c) The well-known Bengali Poem of Late Satyendranāth Datta about the Javanese *Kāpālīka Gaṇeśa* must also be mentioned.

3. *Ārya-Mañjuśrī-mūlakalpa*. Part III, (Ed. Gaṇapati Sāstrin's, *Triv. Skt. Series*, No. LXXXIV, 1925), 53 *Paṭalavisara*.

4. (a) Sylvain Lévi : *Annales du Musée Guimet, Bibliothèque d'études. Le Népal* Vol. I, pp. 208-212.

(b) Benoytosh Bhattacharya : *The Indian Buddhist Iconography*. (Oxford Univ. Press, 1924). S.V. *Vighnāntaka*.

5. (a) One version of the story is known from inscriptions in mixed sanskrit on a big Nepalese painted scroll. It has vivid illustrations in colour and is divided into bands; the spaces between these are filled with numbered descriptions which correspond to the scenes depicted. It was presented by B. H. Hodgson to the Library of the Institute de France. The painting is one continuous illustration of *Svayambhū Purāṇam*, or more exactly of the *Svayambhuva Purāṇam*. It is reproduced with translations of descriptions and discussed in Prof. Sylvain Lévi's *Le Népal*. Vol. III, pp. 158-178, Section 62; and Vol. I, plate at the end, entitled "La Légende sacrée du Népal".

(b) The other version of the story is given in the *Dharma-kośa-saṃgraha*, a modern Nepalese MS. compilation from the *Svayambhū Purāṇam*, done nearly a century ago by *Vajrācārya* Paṇḍit Amṛtānanda of the Nepalese court at the request of Resident Hodgson. (See Manomohana Gaṅgopādhyāya's article, *Nepāle prāpta Bauddha-mūrti*. V.S.P.P., Vol. 29, No. 4.).

is a recent compilation, but probably it reproduces a recognised and sensibly older model and is preserved in at least five different recensions.⁶

The following is the story of the origin of the Buddhist deity Vighnāntaka riding on Gaṇeśa *Gaṇeśa-vāhana*, preserved in two slightly different versions.⁷

"Once upon a time, a Master from Oḍiyāna *Adriyācārya* or *Odiyacarya*, for acquiring the eight magical powers *Aṣṭa-siddhis*, took his seat on an elephant-skin on the banks of the river Vāgmatī [under a meditation-pavillion *Yoga-maṇḍapa*, decorated with umbrellas, flags and flower-garlands], and began his mystic rites.

[While worship of the Buddha, Dharma, Saṅgha and the Lokapālas were taking place] Gaṇeśa arrived there to amuse himself in the waters of the Vāgmatī and was irritated to find a magician seated on an elephant-skin. [Gaṇeśa discovered that his own image was not in the temple. So, he angrily ordered to his *gaṇas*: 'Destroy and batter to pieces the *Adriyācārya* sitting on elephant skin, who stands in the way of my being worshipped'. Then a great fight took place. गजचर्मस्थमद्रियाचार्यं अस्मत्पूजाप्रतिबन्धकं विश्वं सय चूर्णय इति । तथेति तथैव जातो महान् युद्धः]

Gaṇeśa called to his aid the *Pātanas* and the *Kaṭapātanas* and put *Adriyācārya* into a hard plight. Then the Master of Oḍyāna called to his aid the *Ṣaḍakṣarī*; the latter brought in the *Daśakrodhas* and Gaṇeśa had to give way.

[ततः षडक्षरीप्रभावात् दशक्रोधेषु विनिःसृतेषु गणेशवाहनविघ्नान्तकं आलोक्य गणेशोऽसौ पलायितः । पलायितस्यापि एकदन्तः विघ्नान्तकेन उन्मूलितः । ततो निर्मदः गणेशोऽसौ ओडियाचार्यमापन्नः । Then among the *Krodhas* which came out through the power of the *Ṣaḍakṣarī*, Gaṇeśa discovered the Vighnāntaka riding on Gaṇeśa and he tried to bolt away. But the Vighnāntaka overtook him and pulled out one tooth of his.⁸ Then the humbled Gaṇeśa sought the protection of the Oḍiyācārya and prayed: 'O Master ! O Ācārya ! I have become Buddhist.' From that time Gaṇeśa had a place in the Buddhist ceremonies of worship]."

Mahākāla is yet another terrible Buddhist god, who tramples on Gaṇeśa⁹ (the demon Vinataka of the Buddhists) and his female counterpart¹⁰.

6. Sylvain Lévi: *Le Népal*. Vol. III, pp. 159-160; Vol. I, pp. 208-212.

7. This is the version of the Nepalese painted scroll. The differences in the other version are put within brackets.

8. Cf. *Phaṭka* of the Buddhist *Sādhana*s, meaning a tooth, according to the Lexicons. See Monier Williams: *Skt. Dict.*, S.V.; Also, for '*Danta*', a weapon—see K. P. Jayaswal: *J.B.O.R.S.*, Vol. XVIII, Sept.-Dec. 1932.

9. According to another Buddhist story, Gaṇeśa was the merchant, *sārtha-vaha* of the gods in heaven and through his own merit incarnated himself as the son of Mahādeva. He is the *Nirmāṇa-Kāya* of Āryavalokiteśvara. So both,

The Buddhists conceived of a separate *Śakti* or consort for Gaṇeśa called Gaṇeśa-hṛdayā¹¹.

Gaṇeśa was early adopted into the Buddhistic Pantheon. But he occupied there only an insignificant and degraded position. Even, the most important Brāhmaṇic deities, Śiva, Viṣṇu, Brahmā and Indra, etc., were described as *duṣṭa-raudra-devatās* mischievous terrible deities, and uniformly designated as 'catur-māras', or 'the four evil ones', by the Buddhists and were subjected to abject humiliation by male and female Buddhist deities. Sometimes the Brāhmaṇic deities are disgracefully represented, in positions of *coitus* with their respective *Śaktis* and as being kicked and trampled upon by more terrible Buddhist ones.

These facts might have reflected, as pointed out¹² by Benoytosh Bhattacharya, a spirit of religious intolerance on the part of the Buddhists ; but more probably all these would again point to a time, when at least Gaṇeśa was yet a malevolent deity, who could both be a powerful ally and a dangerous obstacle.

For it is significant that some of the most eminent Buddhist saints prepared Sanskrit originals and Tibetan translations of several works of the *Gāṇaṇḍīya* cult. These are to be found in the Encyclopaedic compilations the *Tanjur* and the *Kanjur*.¹³ Among the original authors and translators of *Gāṇaṇḍīya* works we find such eminent names as :—

Advayavajra belonging to the *Sabara-siddhācārya* etc.

Amoghavajra (8th Century, A.C.).

Śrīkṛṣṇapāda of Orissa.

Gayādhara.

Candrakīrti.

Gaṇapati and Mahākāla are gods of the same *Bhūmi*. Though Mahākāla tramples upon Gaṇeśa, he is by no means a deity of a higher plane. See Manomohana Gaṅgopādhyāya's article, *Nepālē prāpta Bauddha-mūrti*. *V.S.P.P.*, Vol. 29, No. 4.

10. Alice Getty : *The Gods of Northern Buddhism*. (Oxf. Clarendon Press, 1914). See under *Mahākāla*.—Also see Manomohana Gaṅgopādhyāya's article referred to in Note 9 above.

11. Benoytosh Bhattacharya : *The Ind. Buddh. Ic.* See under *Gaṇapati-hṛdayā*.

12. Benoytosh Bhattacharya : *Op. Cit.* See under *Paṇaśavari* p. 84;—*Gaṇapati* p. 142; *Vighnāntaka* p. 143;—*Aparājītā* p. 153. See also his article, *Identification of a Nalanda stone Image*. *J.B.O.R.S.*, Vol. IX, Parts III & IV, p. 397, and his article on *Aparājītā* in *Prācī* (Dacca), 1331 B.S., No. 1, Āṣāḍha, pp. 18-22.

Śiva, Śaṅkara, Kārttikeya etc. are all *Yakṣas* in the *Mahāmāyūrī* List. See Ananda K. Coomaraswamy : *Yakṣas*. *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*. Vol. 80, No. 6, 1928, pp. 12 and 29).

But *Gaṇeśa*, as such, is not at all mentioned, though *Lambodara* and *Vighna* figure in the list "La liste de la Mahāmāyūrī, par un ensemble concordant d'indications, correspond a l'inde des trois ou quatre premiers siècles ap. J.-C." Sylvain Lévi : *Le Catalogue géographique de Yakṣa dans le Mahāmāyūrī*, JA., 1915.

13. For lists of *Gāṇaṇḍīya* works, see A. C. Körösi : *Analysis of the Kahgyur*. *Asiatic Researches* Vol. 20, 1836; Cordier : *Catalogue du fonds tibétain de la Bibliothèque Nationale*. *Index du Bstan-Hgyur*. Also, see Appendix

Dipaṅkara Srijñāna Atiśa of Vikramaśilā (11th Century A.C.).

Dombi-heruka, king of Magadha.

Tathāgatarakṣita of Vikramaśilā.

Vairocana of Kośala.

Candrakīrtti of Suvarṇadvīpa.

Many of these teachers and saints are also known from other sources, e.g. as authors of *Caryāpadas* in the *Sandhā-bhāṣā*¹⁴, the mystic language of the Buddhists¹⁵.

14. See Haraprasāda Śāstri : Introduction, *Bhūmikā* to his *Bauddha Gān o Dōhā* (V.S. *Parīṣad*, 1323); Vidyushekhara Śāstri : *I.H.O.* Vol. IV, 1928, pp. 287 ff; Prabodh ch. Bāgchī : *I.H.O.*, Vol. V, 1930, pp. 389 ff.

15. The learned Brāhmaṇa Rāhula or Rāhula-Bhadra, known also under the name of the Grand Brāhmaṇa or Śrī-Saraha exercised the function of Professor at Nālandā. He was initiated to the doctrine, by the Sage Kṛṣṇa. However, it is to Gaṇeśa and to other superior Gods that the Grand Brāhmaṇa was under the greatest obligations; it is from them really, that he received the *Sūtras* and the *Tantras* of *Mahāyāna*. These legends contain the hidden acknowledgment that Śivaism played a very great part in the development of *Mahāyāna* in general. See—H. Kern : *Annales du Musée Guimet. Histoire du Bouddhisme dans l'Inde*. II, p. *400.

Also, see—E. Burnouf : *Introduction à l'histoire du Bouddhisme Indien*. (Paris, 1876) Section V. *Tantras*.—Alliance du Bouddhisme avec çivaïsme, p. 485 ff.

Gaṇeśa is associated with the legends of Padma-Sambhava and of the two Brāhmaṇa brothers Mudgara-Gomin and Śaṅkarapati, who visited Śiva on Kailāsa and having returned to their lands rendered all sorts of meritorious services to the Religion. See Grünwedel : *Mythologie du Bouddhisme au Tibet et en Mongolie*. (Leipzig, 1900) p. 55; and H. Kern : *Op. Cit.* II, p. *428.

MY HEART FEELS SHY

My heart feels shy to bring to your vagrant mind
the lyric of my secret
lest its meaning be missed
and its rhythm.

I shall wait for some auspicious hour
when the evening is compassionate,
your eyes drowned in its dimness,
and my voice reaches you
in a profound calm of truth.

I shall turn my secret round and round
through my whisper
at a lonely corner of your heart,
even as the cricket among the silent *sal* trees
turns single-toned beads of its chirping
in the rosary of night.

Rabindranath Tagore

THE ORIGIN OF THE HINDUSTHANI RAGAS :

Hemendra Lal Poy

HINDUSTHANI *rāgas* remain at best a mystery, not only to the layman but to the musician as well. Any criticism by the former is likely to be vague, while the latter knows hardly anything better than applying certain principles traditionally, without a clear notion of their significance. The musician will usually say that a *rāga* has its particular ascent and descent of the notes up and down the scale (*āroha* and *avaroha*), it may emphasise certain notes here and there (*vādi* and *samvādi*), it may be grouped according to the scale or the characteristic features in the scale (*mela* or *that* and *aṅga*), certain notes may have their usual pitch sharpened or flattened (*srutis*), and there he stops. Such bare and fragmentary statements leave much to be desired. Why should the ascent and descent be deemed so important? Why do we stress certain notes and not others or, for that matter, why should we stress at all? Whence do improvisations (*alapa*) come which distinguish the *rāga* so vividly from an ordinary song? These and similar questions never trouble the musician, for he can do without such fine probings into the matter. But the curious never remains long satisfied with apparently arbitrary laws and he gradually comes to see that these problems are insoluble as long as the evolution of the *rāga* is not taken into account. If he be a singer himself, he would find that this asset is of no great help to him in his search for the origin; for he, like all other musicians, learns the *rāga* directly by hearing it sung by others. He never passes through a preliminary or intermediate stage where he may observe the *rāga* in the making, which may supply a clue to this enigma of a *rāga*. As to the origin, the average musician unhesitatingly consigns it to the care of the *rishis*—ancient sages. But from the Sanskrit treatises on music it is clear that *rāgas* once current had disappeared and were replaced by new *rāgas*, and this has been taking place at all times. From this one naturally concludes that *rāgas* are being created even now as in the previous ages. The question needs a closer examination.

1 Adapted from the writer's Introduction to his book *Hindusthani Music, its Nature, Origin and Development*, to be published shortly.

The *rāga* is not an exotic growth on the Indian soil. As a complex type of music, it should have been preceded by simpler kinds ; but the only simpler kinds are the common folk songs which do not seem to observe any law, nor seem to be guided by any principles. The suspicion that the two may be related in some way naturally arises in the mind. At first sight, the *raga* and the folk-song seem totally different in their structure : the one seems regulated, the other built on haphazard and whimsical lines. But more careful attention will reveal certain similar features and it will be found that there is at least one very living link between the two forms, which may be stated thus.

A *rāga* is not merely a development of themes or characteristic features (*ālāpa*) in a scale. It contains songs and depends on them for its sustenance and nourishment. These songs have certain distinctive features. Folk-songs as songs should contain similar features and we shall see that they do. Secondly the *rāgas* which are brought into existence with the help of the Thumri type of Hindusthani music are intimately connected with folk-music. Any careful observer will at once detect that the Thumri is but another name of folk-songs in a polished garb. The disguise is so clever and artistic, that even the folk will scarcely recognise their own elements in it, in spite of the occurrence of the folk-tunes with their peculiar combinations of notes intact in many places. The fact is that the whole process is so unconscious that it is difficult to bring it under a clear perspective.

There is another serious handicap, which is that a *raga* proper takes at least half a century to mature. It is not created or manufactured at will, as some may imagine, by introducing a note here and omitting a note there in the scales. Such artificial attempts, as the history of Hindusthani music will amply show, have always failed and the musician has turned again and again to the spontaneous production of *ragas* among musicians and the common folk-singers alike. Not that the musician is not a creator ; he too creates owing to his superior aesthetic equipment but he usually bases the *raga* on suggestions and hints received from others. The *raga* is hardly, if ever, the creation of one man. It is built, as we shall see as we proceed, by the joint and co-operative efforts of several composers. It is this slow growth of it and the presence of many actors on the stage that make the task of bringing the *raga* under a close scrutiny almost impossible and hazardous.

And yet one should take the risk of presenting this novel

approach (it is not so new as it may appear, for this outlook was not unknown to our ancient grammarians of music) to the study of the Hindusthani *ragas*, if a coherent and intelligible explanation of music is our ideal. Our method will be to discover important and similar features in folk and *raga* music. How can we do that ? We have already mentioned that the folk music and *raga* music come into close relation in producing the Thumri type. Two types cannot combine in a joint effort unless they are related somewhere in an intimate way. For the right understanding of our problem we require a knowledge of the basic features of both the folk and *raga* music. If we turn first to folk-music hoping that it will reveal its character, being the simpler type, we shall be disappointed. The features that lie hidden in simple things are not so easily discovered. There the unrelated and the chaotic preponderate barring from view the indistinct thread of the related and the systematic. It is better, therefore, to turn to the *ragas*.

How do we learn a *rāga* ? The student is at first asked to learn a few songs of the *rāga* under question and, along with the songs, to hear, as often as he can, musicians developing that particular variety. Let us begin with the songs of a common *rāga*, say *Desa*, and try to find out, if possible, anything remarkable in the process of learning it. First we see the songs are similar but not exactly alike. It means that they contain a common characteristic and each individual song contains something over and above it. This common characteristic is contained in the ascent and descent in the scale (*āroha* and *avaroha*), and if it is *Desa*, it will be something like this: Ascent : *s, r, mp, ns*. Descent : *s, n (ni flat) dp, mgr, r, rgs*.¹

When we say that the progression of each song will be guided by this, we do not mean that each will go up and come down strictly following the given direction. There may be many ways of doing this but all will conform more or less to the pattern of the given ascent and descent. Had this not been the case, the *raga* could never have been composed. Each song brings its own contribution and enriches the *raga*. Gradually as these contributions accumulate, the development (*alapa*) of the *raga* is born. So *alapa* comes in when there is a considerable number of songs composed in the *rāga*. We cannot go into details here giving examples. Let us rather attempt an analogy and try to represent the principles of *raga*-creation visually.

1 *s* = *Sa* = *C*, *r* = *Re* = *D*, *g* = *Ga* = *E*, *m* = *Ma* = *F*, *h* = *Pa* = *G*, *d* = *Dha* = *A*, *n* = *Ni* = *B*.

Let us compare the *raga* to a species of flower, say the rose, taking each individual song for a particular variety of the rose. Now one variety of the rose may not resemble another in colour or smell, but certain features in each stamp it indubitably as a rose. Let us arrange the different varieties of the rose (as far as possible) in such a manner that one specimen shades off into another. If a sequence of pictures of the roses is now photographed on a film and is projected on a screen with the help of a cinematograph, very nearly a *raga* of the rose will result. A certain common feature persists on the screen in the case of the rose and on the ear in the case of the *raga*.

Now we know something about the nature of a song in relation to *alapa*, the latter being very conspicuous in a *raga*. With this equipment, we are in a position to analyse the folk-song. Can we detect similar features in them? Songs do not seem to be closely related to one another in folk-music, but the investigator need not be baffled by this apparent lack of types. We soon see that folk-tunes are not so chaotic as they seem: they too could be grouped. What goes by the name of a "popular" tune in folk-music is a tune which one singer catches from another, and, making some slight alterations, perhaps composes a second song in it. The tune is similar, though the songs may not be identical. The degree of accommodation varies with the tunes. The musician selects those which appear to have the greatest elasticity, that is, which allow him to create and improvise, keeping the essence of the tune undisturbed. He may himself hit upon one, though such an occurrence is rare, since no *raga* worth the name has been brought into existence in recent time by the effort of a single musician. When a tune of this nature is found, several musicians may soon join in the production. The scope of *alapa* (development or improvisations round the theme) increases with the number of artistically composed songs, and sooner or later a full-fledged *raga* comes into existence.

In the first stage of creation the musician must keep close to the folk-tune and retain some characteristic folk-flavour. Gradually he recedes until a time comes when the folk will scarcely recognise their own elements in the musician's rendering of the songs. Such a process is taking place at present in the Thumri type of music and analogous transformations have always been present in the history of Hindusthani music.

A discussion of the four main styles of singing the *ragas*, i. e. Dhrupad, Kheyāl, Tappa and Thumri, will throw further light on this

give-and-take between the *raga* and folk-music. They are not merely styles ; they play different roles in the evolution of the Hindusthani *ragas*. All the *ragas* can be sung in Dhrupad style. Kheyal can be sung in all *ragas* except those sung in Thumri and Tappa (which is similar in spirit to Thumri) styles. Thumri and Tappa accommodate only a few *ragas*. How are we to account for the strange fact that *ragas* like Khambaj, Bhairabi, Kafi, Gara, Pilu, Jhinjhoti and Tilak-kamod will adapt themselves to Dhrupad or Thumri but not to Kheyal ?

We may explain it in this way. In the first stage, along with Thumri, Dhrupad (lit. *Dhruva-pada*, permanent or dependable songs) songs begin to be composed as soon as a popular tune is available, but they are done on classical and severe lines. These compositions store, as it were, as many characteristic songs as possible. With Thumri and Dhrupad in the field, Kheyal tarries behind and appears only when Thumri has finished its polishing up of the tunes and Dhrupad has evolved the development (*alapa*) from the collected songs. Kheyal then borrows the *alapa* from the one and style from the other and, combining the two, brings a new and rich style into being. Kheyal is thus a natural development of Thumri, based on *alapa* received from Dhrupad. Dhrupad obtains the tunes from the Thumri experimentation, re-issuing them with its distinctive stamp. So Thumri or Tappa, which we use here as a general term for the first stage of experimentation with folk-tunes, proves to be the ultimate source of all styles.

Thumri is always in a experimental and unstable state. It is not sure of itself like a pretty young girl with the delicate bloom of childhood about her and uncertain in her moods. This uncertainty adds charm and freshness to Thumri but the impression is not lasting. It will be tiresome to hear Thumri for more than a fraction of an hour, whereas other types like Kheyal and Dhrupad can be continued for hours. With more stable types these two reach depth and precision of form. Thumri types do not survive as distinctive styles though there must always be a Thumri type to provide facilities for experimentation and innovation. Kheyal and Dhrupad build on the material obtained from it. But stability has its defect, for after a period of stable security, Kheyal and Dhrupad tend to become static and traditional. Then in despair they turn to music pulsating with life in the midst of the general mass and become heartened and refreshed. An illustration may be given. Kheyal sometime ago

showed signs of decay and Tappa, which was the prevalent style then based on folk-tunes, contributed substantially to enrich and enliven it. Anyone who sings Kheyal knows how indebted the modern Kheyal is to Tappa. But Kheyal assimilated as much of Tappa as was necessary for beauty and variety. The orthodox musician mourns to this day the down-fall of Kheyal. They do not perceive that another change is creeping up when Kheyal will be compelled to borrow from Thumri if it has not already done so.

Can we not find a *raga* which has just passed its Thumri or Tappa stage and has been incorporated in Kheyal? The *raga* *Desa* seems to be a suitable illustration to the point. Thirty or forty years ago it was not difficult to hear *Desa* in Tappa or Thumri style (for example, the *Desa* songs sung by Moijuddin, Johrabai and Gaharjan preserved in gramophone records) but it has almost died out at the present time. Now the Kheyal style predominates. On the other hand if one watches carefully, one is sure to find traces of the *ragas* in folk-music like Jayjayanti, Deskar, Kalingra, Paraj, Gouri, Sohini (*Suddhama* variety), Gaudmallar (*Khamaj* That), Sarang, in addition to the *ragas* mentioned with reference to Thumri. Names of *ragas* like Multani, Jampuri, Kanada, Gurjari, Bangala, Malavi, Sorati and Sindhu indicate their places of origin and show that *ragas* are also collected from different parts of the country.

It may be argued the other way. The folk-people might have borrowed these tunes from the musicians. There is hardly any possibility of the selection of tunes by the folk from the *ragas*. It takes at least half a dozen years for the musically gifted to gain his first tolerable acquaintance with a *raga* and very few among the folks enjoy such continued contact with *raga* music. The folk-tune consists of a few phrases repeated monotonously with a little improvisation, and usually extends only to part of the octave. It is not the *raga* but cheap tunes that percolate through the masses. Yet some of those very tunes often supply the nuclei of the *ragas* and might be called potential *ragas* in an undeveloped state.

We have only discussed here the aspect of ascent and descent of the notes in the scale with relation to *ragas*, as this is the most important and prominent feature. The emphasized notes (*vadi* and *samvadi*), their intonation (*srutis*) and the classification of the *ragas* follow naturally from this approach. The question now presents itself: can we substantiate this theory from our findings in the treatises on music written in ancient or mediaeval times? The answer is that not

only there is sufficient proof that the writers on music also analysed in this light but many obscure passages could only be explained by keeping this view of the matter in sight. But it is a long story. It may suffice here to state that even the Vedic grammarians recognised certain song-types, and some melody-types, akin to the present *ragas*, were existing in the first few centuries of the Christian era. The evolution of *ragas* seems to have occurred not only in India but in several culture-areas of the Near East, i.e. Egypt, Arabia and Persia. These might have been parallel developments or the idea might have spread by diffusion. Diffusion with local modifications, which has been useful in explaining similar cultural heritages, may prove a useful hypothesis.



NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL ART (*continued*)

Nandalal Bose

DIFFERENT "forms" appeal to different peoples, determining the national character of their decorative art.

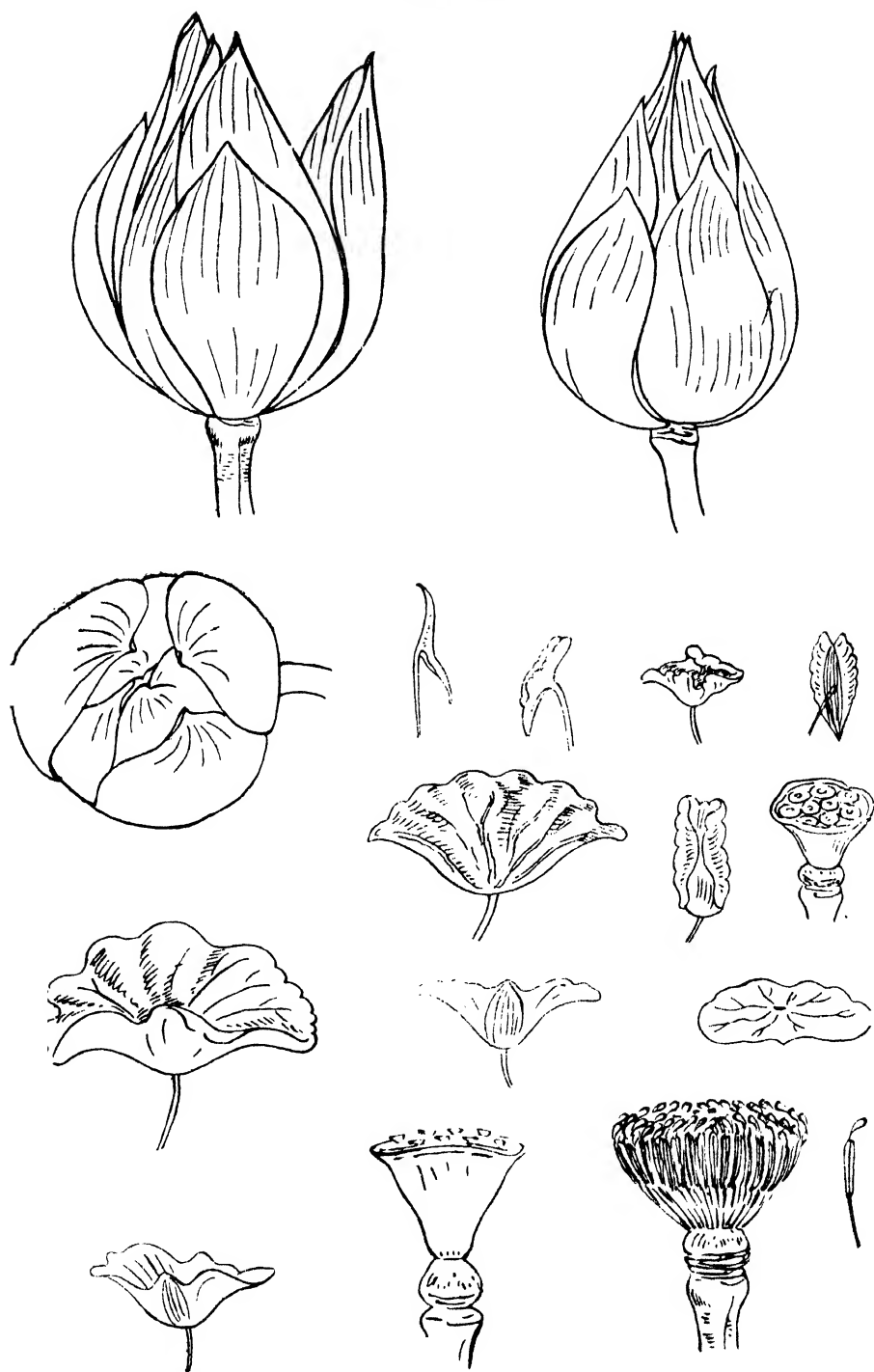
These forms are suggested to them by flowers and fruits, or animals and birds, or by such natural elements as water, fire, etc.

The factors which mainly determine these national preferences are : the flora and the fauna of the country, the temperament of the people, and their religion. As examples, we may mention pomegranate (both fruit and flower) in Persia, dragon and the *botan* in China, chrysanthemum and cherry in Japan, papyrus and lily in Egypt, olive and palm in Greece, grape (leaf and fruit) in Rome, and so on.

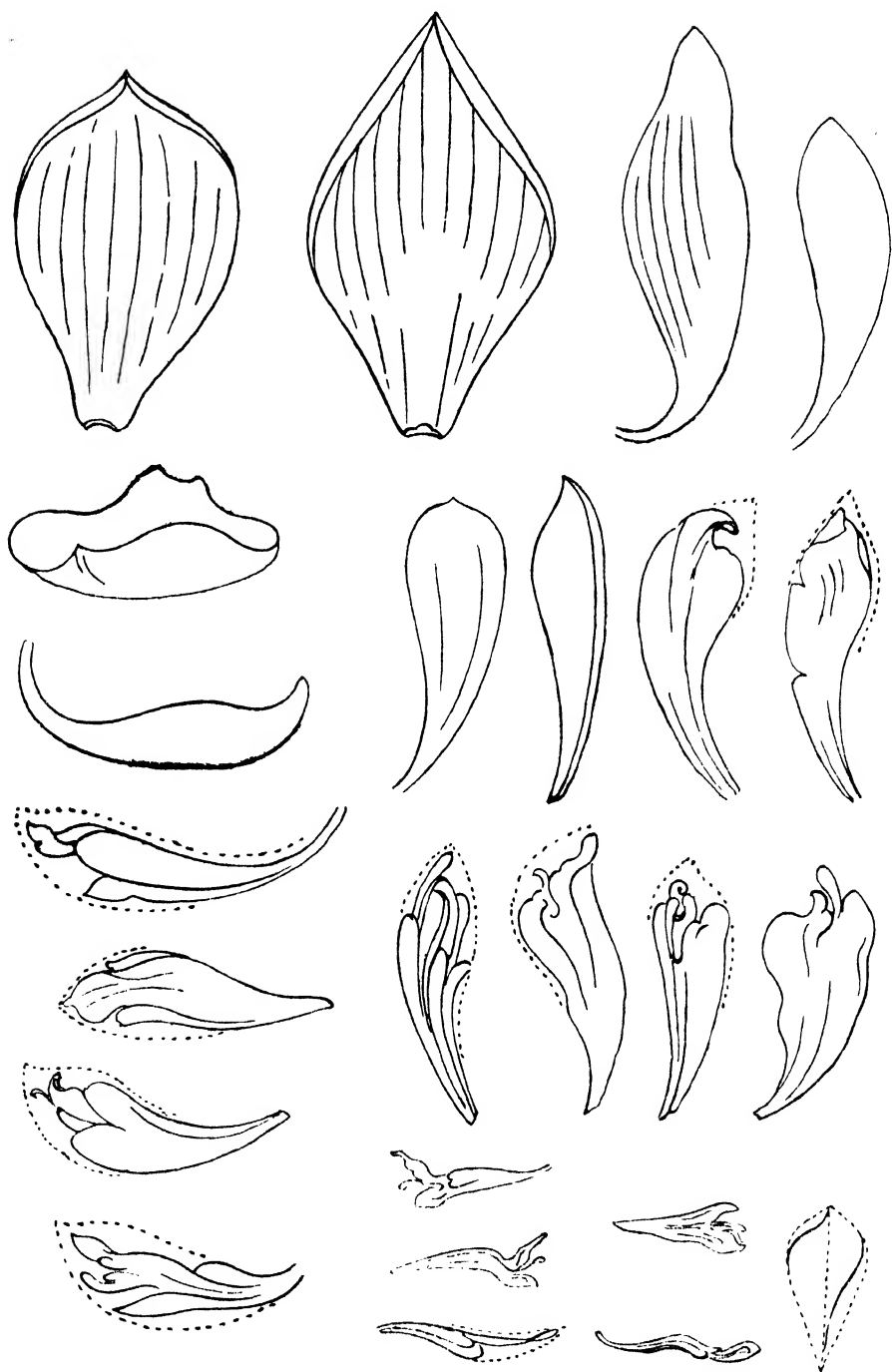
In India the lotus has the place of honour in her decorative art, though mango (leaf and fruit), peepul leaf and green coconut have their place. The lotus is found in abundance all over India. The uniform loveliness of its petals, gathering themselves into a fulness of beauty, has probably lured our people to accept the flower as the symbol of our ideal.

Our decorative art has made use of this flower in a multiplicity of ways : at the feet of our divinities, on altars (of sacrifice and of worship), in social ceremonies, in military formations, and, above all, in providing similitudes for all that is lovely and chaste.

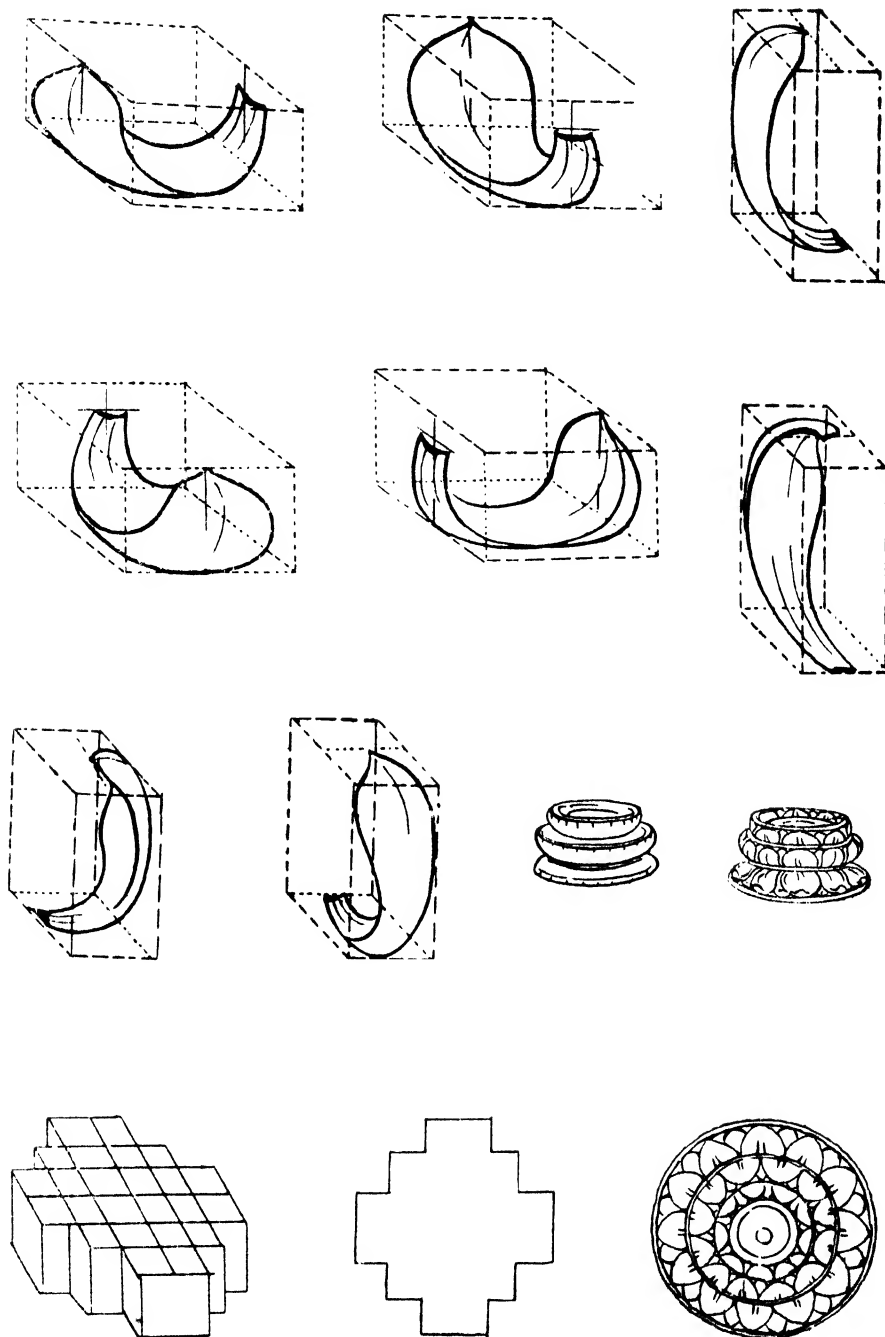
Here I shall attempt to give an idea—based on my own study and observation—of how the form of lotus has insinuated itself in the decorative art of India. These studies should make clear the diverse ways in which the decorative artists studied and made use of this symbol. The form of lotus gets modified according to the materials the artist has to work upon, and hence the remarkable variety of its designs.



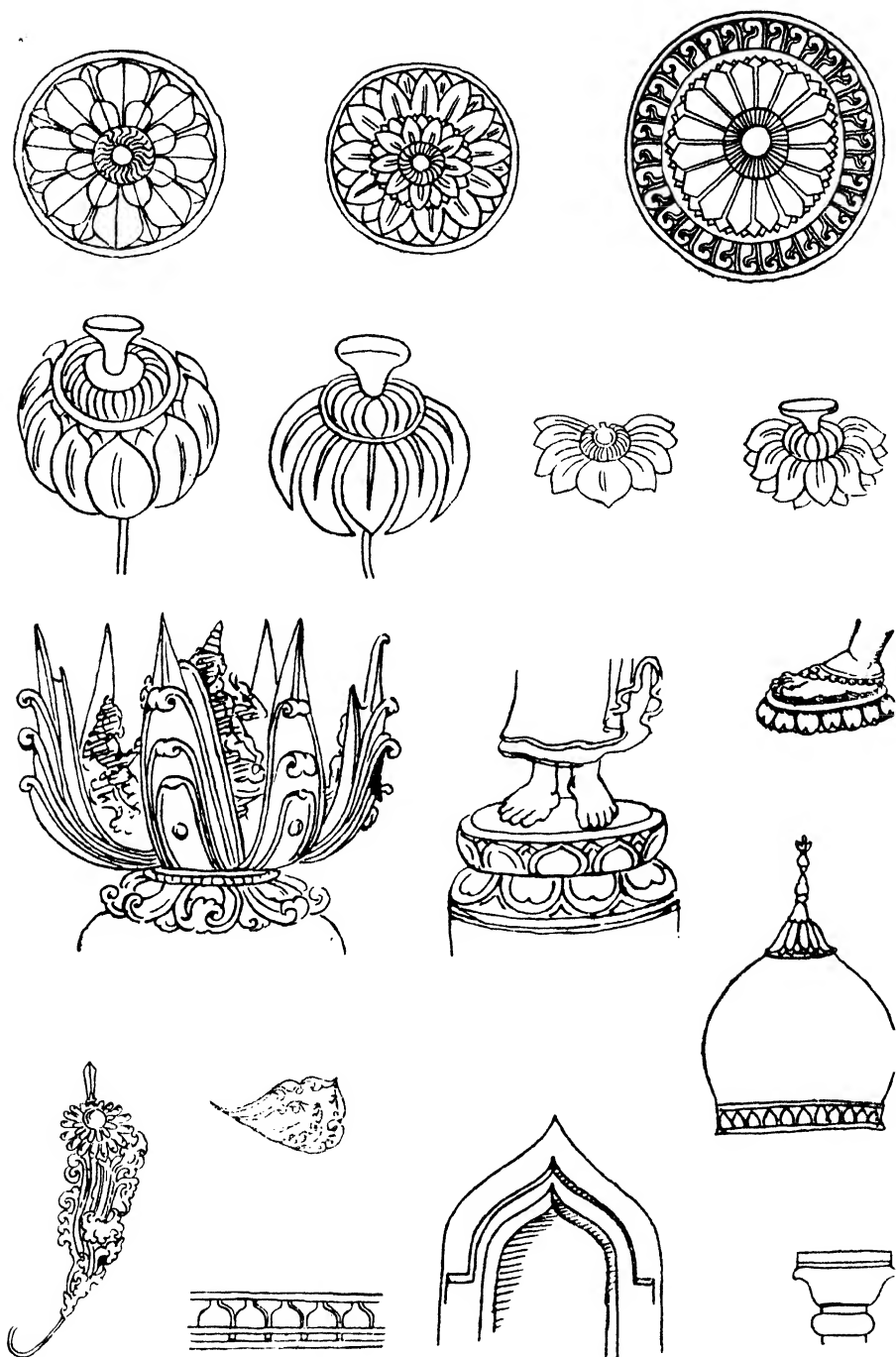
Studies of the natural lotus (flower and leaf) by the author.



Studies of the natural lotus (flower and leaf) by the author.



Studies of the natural lotus (flower and leaf) by the author.



Examples (from Architecture, Sculpture, Relief work and Painting) of the lotus (flower and leaf) used for different purposes and worked in different materials.



Examples (from Architecture, Sculpture, Relief work, and Painting) of the lotus (flower and leaf) used for different purposes and worked in different materials.

CIVILIZATION IN ANCIENT IRAN

Manilal Patel

I

AS one of the oldest seats of culture, Iran has long taken a place along with Mesopotamia, Elam and Egypt. It is only recently that, thanks to the epoch-making discoveries at Mohen-jo-daro and Harappa, India has also registered her claim to be reckoned as such beside these countries. India's relation to Iran goes back to those periods of prehistoric time when the forefathers of the Vedic Indians and of the Avestan Iranians were still one and the same people, a branch of the Indo-European stock, calling themselves 'Aryas' (Vedic *Ārya-*, Avestan *Airya-*, Mid. Pers. *Arīya-*).¹ The name Iran, which is now to replace 'Persia' as a designation of the country by the state order of the Imperial Government of Teheran,² is derived from *Airyaana*, an adjectival form of the Av. *Airya-*. For want of written evidence, we cannot say when exactly the separation between the proto-Indians and the proto-Iranians, culminating in the occupation of their respective homes of the historic period, took place, but it must have occurred at the least more than 3000 years ago.³ Even after the separation, intercourse between the two peoples continued uninterrupted and intimate for a long time.⁴

1. Their language is also termed 'Aryan' in the Inscriptions of Darius (Edward Meyer in the *Encycl. Britt.* 11th ed.—article 'Persia' : *History : Ancient*).—For a possibility of connecting the civilization of Mohen-jo-daro with the chalcolithic culture of the Iranian Highlands, see H. Frankfort in the *Annual Bibliography of Indian Archaeology*, vol. VII (1932), Introduction, pp. 11 f.

2. *Sunday Statesman*, January 27, and March 17, 1935.

The order has begun to operate from March 21, the Iranian's New Year's Day.—Apart from its being historically more correct, the new change appears to be quite appropriate inasmuch as the inhabitants of the country have always called the land as Iran. 'Persia' comes from Fars, the name of a province in the southwest of Iran, which the Iranians first occupied only after the destruction of the Elamite Kingdom at the hands of the Assyrians in 640 B.C. The name of the province was then transferred to that of the country.—The world was referred to by the Sasanian rulers as consisting of Iran and Aniran (i. e. Iran and Non-Iran).

3. *The Cambridge History of India*, Vol. I. p. 319.

4. For a convenient summary of the details of this intercourse, see George W. Briggs, *Brief Outline of Indo-Iranian Contacts*, in the *Oriental Studies in Honour of Cursetji Erachji Pany*, Oxford (1933), pp. 55-60.

We know but little about the aboriginal tribes inhabiting the Iranian plateau before the Aryan waves submerged them.¹ Nor is it possible at present definitely to determine the date, or clearly to trace the line, of the Aryan invasion of Iran.² Little or no information is available of the proto-Iranians of the period antedating 1000 B. C. It was once hoped that the startling find of certain cuneiform tablets at Boghaz-Keui, which Professor Hugo Winckler made known to the literary world in 1907,³ would very much remove our ignorance about the ancient Iranians. However, attempts at explaining as Iranian the four names of the native deities invoked (along with ten Babylonian gods) as witnesses in these Mitannian records (*circa* 1400 B. C.) have proved futile: the deities are decidedly Vedic—Mitra, Varuna, Indra and the Nasatyas. Moreover, among the Hittite archives of Boghaz-Keui is found a document⁴ by an author called Kikkuli, which deals with horse-breeding and contains a series of numerals: *aiku* (1), *tera* (3), *panza* (5), *satta*, *sapta* (7), *nava* (9);—and these also seem to bear Indian, rather than Iranian, appearance. Similarly, the theory that some names (e. g. Artassumara, Abhiratha, Aitagama) in the Tel el-Amarna tablets are of the Iranian origin, is now being given up in light of the fact, now established, that “Sanskrit was spoken in the near East in the fifteenth century before our era, and that a Proto-Indian people were once included within the limits of the Hittite Empire”.⁵

The ancient Iranians, then, enter the arena of history in the beginning of the first millennium before Christ. The oldest literary monuments of Iran are the Avestan *Gāthās*, a major portion of which

1. It has been suggested that the representatives of these tribes in historic period might have been the Elamites and Cassites; see L. H. Gray, *Foundations of the Iranian Religions*, Bombay (1930), pp. 10 f.

2. Gray (*op. cit.* p. 11) thinks that the Indo-Iranians advanced into the Iranian Plateau “through the mountain-gaps to the east of the Caspian, just as other waves migrated from the same centre to new homes in the Balto-Slavic lands”,—a theory which he ‘hopes to demonstrate in detail elsewhere’.

3. *Mittheilungen der deutschen Orientgesellschaft*, XXXV, p. 51. Great attention has since been paid to this important discovery; for a partial list of studies thereon, see *CHI*, Vol. I, p. 320, note 2. The list is made more complete by V. Lesny, in *Archiv Orientalni*, Vol. IV, p. 258, n. 2.

4. E. Forrer in the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, LXXVI, p. 250 ff.; cf. also the studies mentioned by V. Lesny, *ibid.* p. 259, n. 3.

5. A. H. Sayce in the above-mentioned *Pavry Oriental Studies*, p. 402; for a list of other relevant studies, see *ibid.* p. 157, n. 3.

can legitimately claim to be *dicta prophetae* of Zarathushtra. Of the various theories regarding the date of Zarathushtra, the two that have received the greatest attention are : (i) middle of the seventh century B. C., a date based on the native tradition and on the assumption that Kavi Vishtaspa, the Prophet's patron, is identical with Hystaspes, the father of Darius I ;¹ and (ii) 1000-900 B. C., first advanced by Ed. Meyer² and supported in the main by others³ on the evidence of the Median names, such as *Mazdaka*, occurring in the Assyrian records of the eighth century B. C. Here is not the place to enter into critical examination of the arguments relating to these theories ; suffice it to say that the present writer shares the assumption of those who would place Zarathushtra at a time antedating the eighth century B. C. at least, probably a little before the first appearance of the Medes in Western Iran.

II

For an idea of the state of civilization and religion in pre-Zoroastrian Iran, we have therefore to rely on the information contained in stray passages of the Avestan scriptures. Among the foreign sources supplementing our information, the Vedas render indispensable help inasmuch as they, particularly the earliest hymns of the Rigveda, contain some references reminiscent of the Indo-Iranian, and even of the Indo-European, period. A comparative study of these two literatures enables us to know that pre-Zoroastrian Iran worshipped nature-deities like the Dragon-slayer Verethraghna, Mithra, Apam Napat, Airyaman, Asura, and Vayu. Sacrifices, though simpler in detail, were offered to these deities and *Soma* (Av. *Haoma*) served the purpose of a sacrificial drink and was, perhaps, deified also.⁴ It is said that Vivanhvat, Athwya, Thritha and Pourushaspa, all of legendary fame, performed the Hoama sacrifice and, as a reward, to each of them an illustrious son was born.⁵ Many of the myths and ideas, alluded to, or often presented in obscure ethical garb in

1. This theory is followed by Gray, Hall, Hertel, Herzfeld, Jackson, Junker, Meillet and others.

2. *Encycl. Britt.*, 11th ed., art. 'Persia'.

3. Such as Bartholomae, Charpentier, Christensen, Clemen, Geldner, Keith, Lommel, Markwart, Reichelt and v. Wesendonk.

4. *Haoma* is not mentioned by name in the *Gathas*, but by its well-known epithet *duraosha* "keeping death away", in Ys. XXXII, 14.

5. Ys. IX, 4 ; 7 ; 10 ; 13.

the Younger Avesta, appear to be remnants of the pre-Avestan cults. Thus, for example, the conception of *Fravashis*,¹ "guardian-spirits", had its origin in all probability in some primitive, ancient faith of the Iranian. Some of these myths, e.g. Yima and his *vara*, the dragon-fight between the valiant Thraetaona and Azi Dahaka, can be traced back to the Indo-European period. The same thing may also be said of the belief in *Asha*,² the 'Divine Order', governing the world. To all intents and purposes, life was in a nomadic stage; sanctity of the cow was scrupulously believed in, and, perhaps, so also of the dog. Religion, in short, was hedged round with ritualism, and therefore, naturally, the fire and the fire-priest played an important part in the daily life of the ancient Iranian.

III

It was on the background of this primitive and nomadic civilization and polytheistic religion that Zarathushtra, one of the earliest and greatest saviours of humanity, commenced his religious reform. It was no easy task that he set himself to tackle; the opposition of his sacerdotal adversaries was at times overwhelming, and his own material resources being scant, success was slow in attending his message and mission.³ And yet with his indomitable will and supreme faith in the sacredness of his prophetic mission, Zarathushtra emancipated Iran from tribal, polytheistic nature-creeds and gave the world, for the first time in the history of human civilization, the noblest conception of one God, the omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient Ahura Mazda.⁴

The religious and moral teachings of Zarathushtra may be summarized in a few lines. There are, for the time being, two principles in the world, operating against each other: the Good and the Evil. Ahura Mazda, the "Wise Lord", is ever opposed to Angra Manyu, the "Evil Spirit". Certain powers, in a way attributes or 'aspects' of the

1. Read as *Fravurti*—by Andreas and his followers.

2. Also read as *Urtom* by the above-mentioned scholars; Ved. *Rta*, 'truth' 'unalterable law'.

3. In the *Zat-spāram* 23,2 the prophet is made to say to Ahura Mazda: "In ten years only one man has been converted by me." Cf. also Zarathushtra's own lament in Ys. XLVI, 1 f.

4. Rabindranath Tagore: "Zarathushtra was the first prophet who emancipated religion from the exclusive narrowness of the tribal God, the God of a chosen people, and offered it to the universal man". *Introduction* (p. 8) to *The Divine Songs of Zarathushtra* by D. J. Irani, London, 1934.

Supreme Being, help the Wise Lord to counteract the deceitful play of the Evil Spirit. In this battle between the good and the evil none can remain neutral: man has to make a definite choice himself and play his part and face for all eternity abiding consequences resulting from the choice. There is no doubt that the forces of Evil will be decisively vanquished at a definite point of the struggle and that Good will triumph and reign supreme in the end. The prophet therefore exhorts mankind: "None of you shall listen to the doctrine and precepts of the followers of the Evil."¹ It is then clear that man's choice should be willingly to assist God against the Evil Spirit; and to assist Ahura Mazda is, according to Zarathushtra, to lead a life conditioned, not by external practices of sacrificial rites, but by the noble triad of *humatem*, *hukthem*, *hvarshtem* (good thought, good word, good deed).²

The spiritual upheaval brought forth by the religious reform of Zarathushtra made Iran a significant factor in the evolution of world-culture and world-civilization. Every phase of the Iranian life bore the impress of the lofty, monotheistic faith of Ahura Mazda, and wild, restless, wandering nomads were transformed into settled, virtuous, refined agriculturists performing "a purified worship, shorn of the blood sacrifices which still soiled the altars of every Aryan people".³ And although the original form of the Zoroastrian religion had, during the centuries that followed the passing away of the prophet, to be modified under the pressure of popular cults and credulities, the religion itself grew in vitality ever more with the lapse of time, spreading its wings of influence over Northern India, Cappadocia, Commagene, Pontus, Armenia, Georgia and the Caucasian Highlands. Whether Judaism of the Exile was also influenced by the Iranian religion or not, Professor Gray informs us: "There are some traces of Iranian beliefs in post-Apostolic Christianity, as in Muhammadanism, Gnosticism, Mandaeanism, and especially Manicheism with its ramifications in Europe to the days of Albigenses, while under the name of Mithraism they swept the Roman Empire,

1. Ys. XXXI, 18.

2. Ys. XIX, 45 and 47.

3. S. Levi, in the *Revue de Paris*, 15th Feb. 1925, p. 801; quoted by Henri Berr in his *Foreword* (p. XVI) to *Ancient Persia and Iranian Civilisation* by Clement Huart, London, 1927.

stopping only at Hadrian's Wall and constituting by all odds the most formidable rival of nascent Christianity."¹

IV

From nomadism to a community, from community to a powerful nation: such is the story of the progress of the Iranian under the Zoroastrian religion. This progress culminated in the creation of vast empires such as the Achaemenian and the Sasanian. In the making of these empires, the contribution of the religion was as important as was the part played by these empires in helping the religion to spread so far. Darius I, whom Darmesteter rightly called "administrator of genius", is an instance in point. In the Behistun inscription, which reveals indeed the dignity and spiritual bent of mind of Darius, he expressly ascribes the cause of his conquests to Ahura Mazda.² This great emperor organised his empire, the first of its vastness in history, in such an enlightened way that internecine warfare and brigandage were rooted out, and peace and prosperity and justice ruled in all the lands from the Aegean to the Indus. Great arterial roads were built across the vast empire and the state took great precautions to ensure safe travelling. It was due to this "Persian Peace" in the sixth and fifth century B. C. that not only trade but intellectual intercourse also was possible *for the first time* between the Ancient East on the one hand and Greece and Rome on the other, that scientific and religious knowledge of the former could reach the latter without any let or hindrance. And it is certain that Darius inspired both Alexander the Great and Ashoka, the former in establishing a vast Macedonian empire, and the latter in taking a deep interest in the prosperity of his peoples and in addressing them and posterity through rock-inscriptions.

Under the fostering care of the Achaemenian empire, both science and art flourished, though the inspiration for the same seems to be foreign in its origin. Assimilating the foreign elements, the Iranian art developed its own special characteristics found in the huge size of the buildings at Persepolis and Susa, and in the brilliance and harmony of colour. We are told that it affected the Arabs, and through them, the Western art of the Middle Ages.³

1. *Ibid.* pp. 1-2, Where previous Studies bearing on this problem have been cited in footnotes.

2. Col. I, lines 12, 24-26.

3. Henri Berr, *ibid.* p. xiv.

The final curtain over this glorious political Iran fell with the fall of the last Zoroastrian empire, thirteen centuries ago. And yet those who have seen the country assert that the soul of Ancient Iran is not dead. Even the Islam had to modify itself, after it entered Iran, in terms of the Iranian attitude toward life and world. Because of its peculiar position, Iran was predestined, as it were, to become an intermediary link between the East and the West in the past. Its contribution to the wealth of human civilization was, therefore, both real and remarkable.



AN EVENING WITH 'A. E.'

C. F. Andrews

IT had been one of the great longings of my life to meet George Russell, the Dublin Poet, who had taken the initials 'A. E.' for the *nom-de-plume* by which he was known all over the world. Not only had I greatly admired him for his poetry, (which had, in a very strange manner, the touch of the East in almost every line), but also for his magnificent idealism in the political sphere and his power of transferring this idealism into action.

Perhaps the greatest inspiration to me, from anything he had written, came from his book, called "The National Being". I remember quite well running to Gurudeva with this treasure, immediately after reading it, and how Gurudeva himself read it through eagerly at one sitting and ordered copies of it for the higher class-work in Visva-Bharati.

Fortunately, during a short stay in London, at the beginning of this year, I found out that George Russell was living near at hand. Mrs. Alexander Whyte, with whom I was staying, knew him well. We had a mutual friend, Dr. Hector Munro, a Highlander, who had the same Celtic temperament as George Russell. Both of them came to Mrs. Whyte's house and we spent a rare evening together. He sat back in a comfortable chair and told us story after story with his own inimitable Irish humour. We were able, between us, to get him to go on talking that evening, hour after hour, and it was evidently an intense relief to him to do so, since he had been somewhat lonely in the rooms where he had settled down in London for the winter. Mrs. Whyte had not invited any other guests, so we were alone together,—he seemed to become at once at home with me because of my knowledge and love of the East, which he shared to the full.

For Rabindranath Tagore himself, he had a very deep affection, which had reverence at its base. He admired him, not only as a poet, but as a man ; and while he sought from me information about the poet he also gave me lavishly his own ideas in return. He seemed to know Tagore's prose-poems almost by heart and referred to them again and again. *Gitunjali* was the book he loved best. Among the prose works of Tagore he told me that *Sadhana* had been of

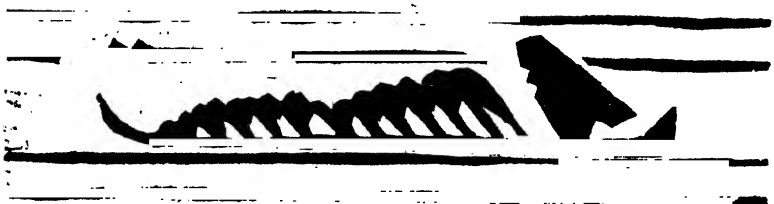
the greatest help to him and had made its deep impression on him because it was the first book to explain to him quite clearly the outline of the philosophy of the East, which he longed so much to understand.

While he talked, he kept on using the common words that were employed in Indian philosophy. He had very little idea how they were pronounced, but he had a remarkable grasp of their inner meaning.

He was very deeply interested, when I told him how the poet had found delight in painting pictures from his own imagination during the leisure hours of his old age. George Russell himself was an artist and he told me that the joy of creating a picture was as great as that of producing a poem. The same creative faculty was present in each. I told him how the poet Tagore had a third gift, namely, the creative power of producing beautiful *music* for his poems. "Ah," he said to me, "that's the way all great poetry should be written. The true poet is the bard."

Looking back on that evening, the strongest impression of all that is left to me is that of a great and noble personality who had retained the heart of a child in his old age.

As he lay back in that easy chair talking, with humour sparkling in his eyes, he gave me an insight into his humanity which was rich in its vast store of imaginative beauty. He had lived his life as a poet to the full and his deeds had always been equal to his words.





By Sutan Harhap

A STRANGE PARADOX

K. R. Kripalani

IT is a strange paradox that the most selfless man of the age should be so sadly obsessed with "human egoism" as to assert that Nature's convulsions wait on men's frailties. In a recent issue of the *Harijan*, in answer to a correspondent who had asked: "At the time of the Bihar earthquake, you had no hesitation in saying that it was to be taken by Savarna Hindus as a fit punishment for the sin of untouchability. For what sin must the more terrible 'quake of Quetta be?", Gandhiji wrote: "If I had known Quetta, as I know Bihar and the Biharis, I would certainly have mentioned the sins of Quetta, though they might be no more its specialities than untouchability was Bihar's. But we all—the rulers and the ruled—know that we have many sins, personal and national, to answer for. The call is to all these to repentance, prayer and humiliation."

To emphasise that both the rulers and the ruled of this unhappy land have many sins to answer for may be very pertinent, but to imply that the earthquakes were provoked by them is a form of intellectual indulgence which should scandalise anybody's common sense, were we not used for ages to this ancient habit of the prophets to explain in detail the ways and motives of what they never cease to exalt as the Inscrutable. Not every prophet is a Buddha to believe that silence is the best answer to most human queries concerning the Divine. In vain did Rabindranath protest, at the time of the Bihar-earthquake controversy, that the motives of God should not be dragged into explaining the working of Nature's phenomena. Nature has its laws which are accessible to the enquiry of the scientist, while the Divine is a conception, at once transcending and transforming our moral biases, and useful mainly for releasing us from our earthly egoisms. But the poet's protest, along with the philosopher's logic, were of little avail against "the inner voice" that kept on insisting: this is so.

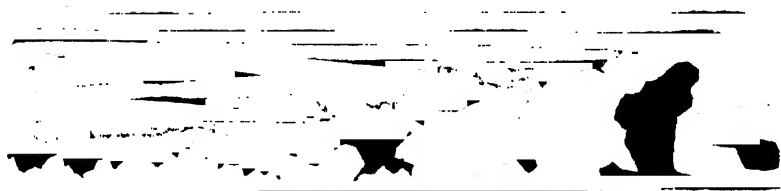
There is, no doubt, some truth in Gandhiji's assertion—an assertion which has been the main theme of some of Rabindranath's finest utterances—that science cannot explain everything about the workings of the universe. Science can only explain how the earth quakes and how men perish, but it cannot tell why so much human suffering should be inevitable. If A stabs B, a scientist, watching from a distance, may

be able to analyse, in purely physical terms, how passion seized the brain of the assassin, how his will was provoked, how his muscles moved, how the gaping wound was dug in, but something more than that is needed to satisfy our human interest in the act. We should like to know why A should want to murder B ; for an explanation of which we should have to study the psychic relationship between the two. Even so, without postulating a conscious will behind the happenings of Nature, one may still wonder—specially one who carries an infallible assurance of the validity of the human soul—if there is not some other relationship, subtler than the purely physical, between human destiny and the workings of Nature. The act of wondering is not in itself unscientific ; if at all, it is much less unscientific than the fanatic assertion that the physical explanation of a phenomenon exhausts all the truth of it. What is unscientific in Gandhiji's statement is his cocksureness that there *is* a moral law controlling the physical laws, that *he* has mastered the elusiveness of that law, and that *this* is an instance of the law.

We need not, however, protest too much that Gandhiji is not logical and scientific. He is one of those rare beings who are great enough without being logical and scientific. Indeed, the greatest charge we can bring against him amounts to no more than this that he is not greater than most great prophets and redeemers of mankind who have preceded him. But there is, nevertheless, an unhappy significance in Gandhiji's statements regarding the Bihar and Quetta-earthquakes which raises issues far beyond the purely logical. It is not a mere matter of aggressive intuitiveness. Such aggressive intuitiveness should be harmless in other mystics. But in Gandhiji it is particularly unfortunate in as much as it contradicts the moral significance of his historic role in the political life of the world. Gandhiji has always called upon men to do the right because it is right, even though immediate victory lay by different means. He has exhorted men neither to be coerced by fear, nor to be lured by wrong, into doing what is not dictated by their moral sense, the mainspring of which should be love. In other words, he asks men to be moral and not "political". That has been, and will remain, the abiding value of his personality to this morally-harassed century. When he asked us to revolt against "untouchability", not because it is not sanctioned by our religion, but because it violates our sense of moral justice and human dignity, we hailed him as our best prophet. But when he frightens us into a dread of our "sins" lest God's thunderbolt descend on us, we stand aghast

at the spectacle of a prophet crumbling into a priest. For it is the old old trick of the priest to frighten men into "virtue".

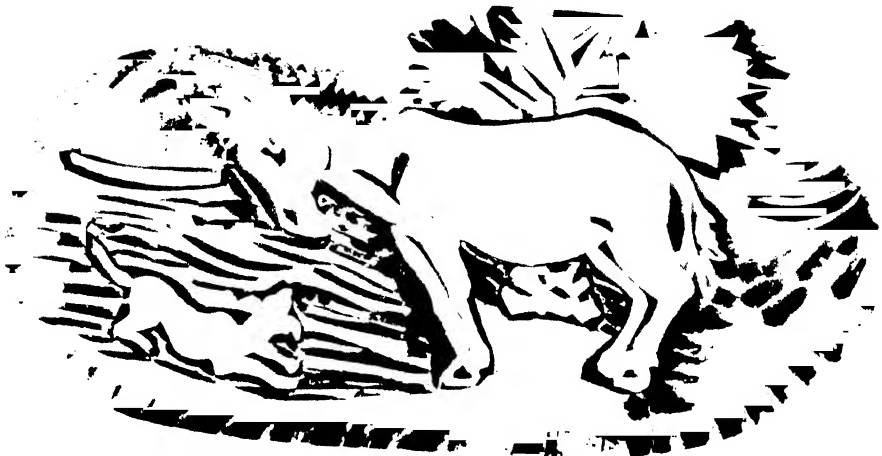
It is not therefore the lack of logic in the earthquake statements that dismays us but the lack of Gandhi in it. The priest in him we refuse to recognise. It is Gandhi who has quickened our sense of what is wrong, who has taught us to defy mere power, even when it seems omnipotent, who has inspired us to trust in love even when it seems so impotent, that we shall continue to cherish as the true prophet of the age.



THE IDOL GRINS

EVEN to the intellectual,
Entranced in the sacred actual,
A moment happens when the idol grins,
 When the real retires,
 And Love conspires
To fling its falsehood about :
 And the warning shout
 Of the sobered sense
Seems such an impertinence.

K. K.



REVIEWS

The Power Of Non-Violence :

by Richard B. Gregg. (Published by
J. B. Lippincott Company.)

THE book under review has frankly been written to explain, as well as to examine critically, the method of non-violent non-cooperation pursued in the freedom-movement of India under Mahatma Gandhi.

In the first seven chapters of the book, the author compares the institution of war with non-violent non-cooperation in the matter of settling human disputes. According to the author, war has certain fine features about it. But in its total effect, its results are always poor in proportion to the human wastage involved in it. Historical instances are also cited to prove that when non-violence is practised in the right spirit it not only succeeds in settling a particular conflict of interests, but also leaves both the parties involved in a happier and nobler frame of mind at the conclusion of hostilities.

In a true non-violent fight, the fighter is not a passive agent ; as a matter of fact, he is the more militant of the two parties concerned. It is he who forces the issue by refusing to serve under a particular institution. He makes the latter unworkable and subjects it to a thorough examination. His aim is to draw the attention of its champions to the injustices involved within it ; and then to gain their co-operation in building up a new institution or a new synthesis of interests. But in this task of non-cooperation, the truly non-violent man refuses to hate the persons against whose institution or established habits he is fighting. He distinguishes between the latter and the personality of his opponent. He resists the institutions, and draws upon himself all the suffering that his opponents may shower upon him. But he resolutely refuses to inflict suffering upon the person of his opponents. According to the author, this involved respect for the personality of one's opponent succeeds in breaking through their obduracy, and they become a willing partner in finding a substitute for the existing institution which may be to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

This being so, our author believes that non-violent non-cooperation is not only a good substitute for war, but one which is infinitely

superior to it. It ennobles the human race by its insistence upon the essential oneness of mankind. It also involves much less total suffering for mankind ; for, in this case, only one party in a conflict suffers and not the other.

The second part of the book, consisting of three chapters, is devoted to a consideration of specific political questions in relation to the method of non-violence. It discusses how non-violence may be practised by the subjects of a State against the State itself as well as by the State against its subjects ; how the class-war might be solved by non-violence, and so on. Although such important questions are dealt with here, yet to the average reader in India, some of the arguments may seem like special pleadings on behalf of non-violence meant expressly to set the mind of the western reader at rest. The very basis of the State is violence ; so it can hardly practise non-violence against its subjects. Moreover, when non-violence is carried to its logical extremity, it results in a state of philosophical anarchy, which means the end of involuntary social institutions like the State. This aspect of non-violence does not seem to have received adequate treatment from the author. Chapters XI. and XII., which are practically an appendage to the second part, share in the general weakness of construction. They are devoted to some special arguments as to why non-violence is more conducive to human progress than war.

The third and last part of the book, consisting of the next four chapters, is of a practical nature. It clearly sets forth the discipline which is necessary for carrying out a campaign of non-violent non-cooperation successfully. It tells us how a continued and energetic reformation of our personal and social habits is required before this new method can be practised successfully. It lays down some of the rules of this discipline, and will therefore prove helpful to those who are interested in the practice of non-violence.

We are sure the average reader, who knows so little about the real significance of non-violence, will derive much benefit from reading the book. It will clear up many current misconceptions and also stimulate him to read and think more deeply about the subject.

The Holy Koran

English translation and commentary, with Arabic text, by A. Yusuf Ali,
Part I. (Published by Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri
Bazar, Lahore ; Price R. 1, or 1s. 6d.)

‘ABDULLAH YUSUF ‘ALI’S English version of the first chapter (sipara) of the Koran is undoubtedly an improvement on its predecessors, in as much as it succeeds in reproducing some at least of the original elegance of the Koran. The Koran, claim Muslim scholars, commands a literary position of supernatural excellence. It was indeed the rhythm and the lofty style of the Book that made the Arabs—a race of poets and thundering orators—believe in the claim of its divine origin. And such a book, strange as it may sound, had so far been translated into European tongues by Christian scholars who regarded its oratory as its most serious defect, which they did their best to expose in their translations. The Koran had so long been in need of a translator who could bring out, to an appreciable extent, its literary elegance and rhythm in English. ‘Abdullah Yusaf ‘Ali is to be congratulated on having attempted it with success. But, as for the ‘Allama’s attempt “to make English itself an Islamic language”, I can only offer my sympathies and hope that it might be possible. One peculiarity of this English version is that each chapter has a prologue—summary and an explanatory introduction in free verse—which creates an atmosphere and gives a general understanding of the contents that are to follow. This prologue in free verse would be much appreciated by the readers.

The English is the language of a Christian race. The English translations of the Koran, done mostly by Christian missionaries, have been, as is natural, greatly biased and done almost as if to discredit the Book.

“What Bibliander published for a Latin translation of that book,” writes G. Sale, “deserves not the name of a translation ; the unaccountable liberties therein taken, and the numberless faults, both of omission and commission, leaving scarce any resemblance of the original . . . ”; and yet this was taken up as the basis by A. Arrivabene for his own Latin version of the Koran. Basing his version on such a faithless origin, this translator declared it to have been done “immediately from the Arabic”. “Wherefore,” says G. Sale, “it is no wonder if the transcript be yet more faulty and absurd than the copy” (*The Koran*, pp. vi, vii).

Andrew du Pryer translated the Koran into French. G. Sale's opinion about his translation is that it is "far from being a just translation ; there being mistakes in every page, besides frequent transpositions, omissions and additions, faults unpardonable in a work of this nature" (p. vii). And yet this was the version on which Alexander Ross based his English translation of the Koran. A. Mingana declares it to be an "extremely bad one" (*Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. X, p. 550), to say the least of it. Now, A. Ross "being utterly unacquainted with Arabic, and no great master of the French," what havoc he must have created can easily be imagined. He "has added a number of fresh mistakes of his own to those of Du Pryer ; not to mention the meanness of his language, which would make a better book ridiculous" (*The Koran*, G. Sale, p. vii).

Father Lewis Maracci, confessor to Pope Innocent XI., translated the holy Book to discredit Islam, and, to quote Sawary's opinion, (quoted in Sale,) " has not expressed the ideas of Koran but travestied the words of it into barbarous Latin" (*The Koran*, p. viii).

On this very "barbarous Latin" G. Sale himself was pleased to found his own English version, with no other purpose than to "un-deceive those who, from the ignorant or unfair translations . . . have entertained too favourable an opinion of the original, and also to enable us effectively to expose the imposture" (*The Koran*, p. v.). Regarding Sale's translation and the tangled English in which he has presented the Koran, J. M. Rodwell remarks, "Sale has, however, followed Maracci too closely, especially in introducing his paraphrastic comments into the body of the text . . ." (*The Koran*, 1876, p. xxiv). Like A. Ross, though perhaps not to the same extent, Sale has not been honest enough to admit his version to have been totally based on Maracci's Latin work. Though he has admitted his indebtedness to Maracci, in his Preliminary Discourse, yet, as Sir E. Denison Ross has pointed out, "it does not go far enough. A comparison of the two versions shows that so much had been achieved by Maracci that Sale's work might almost have been performed with a knowledge of Latin alone, as far as regards the quotations from Arabic authors" (*The Koran*, Introduction p. ix). This apparently leads to a very serious charge of dishonesty against G. Sale. "I do not wish to imply," continues Sir E. Denison Ross, "that Sale did not know Arabic, but I do maintain that his work as it stands gives a misleading estimate of his original researches, and that his tribute to Maracci falls far short of his actual indebtedness" (*The Koran*, p. ix). What strengthens

this charge still more is the fact that Sale had with him few Arabic works of first-rate importance while translating the Koran. What is significant," writes Sir E. Denison Ross, "is the fact that it (that is, the list of works that Sale possessed,) contains hardly any of the Arabic works and *none* of the commentaries which are referred to on every page of Sale's translation of the Koran" (p. viii).

The necessity for the followers of Islam was clear, that they should translate the Koran themselves if the English-speaking people must have an honest and correct rendering of it.

Of the English translations that Muslims have produced, 'A. Yusaf 'Ali's has the merit that it reflects the literary side of the Revelations too. I am afraid this version would not satisfy a philologist who would prefer an underlinear translation, word for word, without any regard to the syntax of the language it is translated in. Nor would a polemist or a scholiast be quite pleased with the commentary that rather aims at the elucidation of the sense in the text than dwells on the points of departure and theological dissensions bearing on the text. Its principal beauty is its rhythmic English, with verses properly distinguished, that give a reflection of the original Arabic style. This version follows the generally accepted significance of the text, except perhaps, in the commentary, where the translator is a little too sure of the symbolic nature of Hell and Heaven as also that of Satan, the evil one.

M. Ziauddin

The Examination Tangle and the Way Out:

Report of the International Commission on Examinations of the New Education Fellowship, 1935. New Education Fellowship,
29, Tavistock Square, London.

PROGRESSIVE educators all over the world are confronted with the problem of the existing system of examinations. Bismarck spoke about them in the following terms: "We are being destroyed by our examinations. Most of them who pass are so mentally exhausted that they are incapable of any initiative of their own, take a negative attitude to everything and, worst of all, have a great opinion of themselves because of their success."

Bergson, the great modern philosopher, distinguishes between the intelligence which understands, discusses and accepts or rejects and the intelligence which invents. He says that written examinations are particularly adapted to the reactive, as against the spontaneous or

inventive intelligence. Another great educator Dr. Hylla speaks of examinations, saying that they test only "the reaction to a definite set task, not initiative which searches and defines its own problems."

Sir Philip Hartog in his book *Examinations And Their Relation To Culture And Efficiency* expresses a similar view when he says that "Examinations which started as tests of efficiency have not been called in to test culture. But this is precisely what they cannot do, although they can easily be brought to kill it. For 'culture is that part of education which is meaningless unless it is sensitive and individual.' "

The New Education Fellowship, a world-wide educational movement of progressive thought, appointed an International Commission on examinations which after working for more than six years has brought out a very valuable document on the subject and put forth concrete proposals, with a request that they be discussed by all Sections and Groups of the Head Quarters in London.

The Commission's report is summarised in the following words : "As long as External Examinations are used as the chief means of evaluating schools and the pupils in them, they will lead to a deplorable over-emphasis upon the more External and easily examined parts of the curriculum, together with a neglect of these less easily assessed, and an ignoring of creative and social activities and gifts, besides tending to stereotype curriculum and methods.

"The present examination system is a handicap to the normal progress and development of education throughout the world."

The commission has offered their opinions and suggestions in regard to the mischief of External Examinations and how they can be replaced by Internal Examinations.

The Report is one of the valuable documents of our age on the subject and should be in the hands of every teacher in progressive Schools.

P.C. Lal

Bharat-iya-Chitrakala :

By Nanalal Chamanlal Mehta. Published by Hindustani Academy, Allahabad.

THE author is a well-known writer. He is to be congratulated, even apart from the merit of the book, on having written the first history of Indian painting in Hindi. One must acknowledge with

regret that no such book has yet appeared in Bengali—indeed, as far as I know, in any other Indian language.

The most interesting as well as the most instructive chapter is the first, in which the author discusses the sources of the literature about the Indian Painting. His comparative estimate of the Indian perspective and the western perspective deserves to be noticed. The succeeding chapters, though claiming to trace the evolution of Indian Painting, are mainly a panegyric of the Moghul style of painting. We have no wish to quarrel with the talented author over his admiration of the Moghul style, but we cannot help noticing that he has entirely overlooked the influence of the western art on the Moghul art in India, specially in its evolution in the 18th and 19th centuries.

The book contains several coloured reproductions which, the author acknowledges, do little justice to the originals. That is, however, a matter of the poor standard of Indian printing.

Benode Mukherjee

A Complete Catalogue of the Tibetan Buddhist Canons

(*Bkah-hgyur* and *Bstan-hgyur*),

edited by Prof. Hakuji Ui, Prof. Munetada Suzuki, Prof. Yensho

Kanakura, and Lect. Tokan Tada, published by Tohoku

Imperial University, aided by Saito Gratitude

Foundation, Sendai, Japan, 1934.

Two Parts, pp. 701 and 124 respectively.

THOUGH there are indigenous Catalogues (*Dkar-chags*) to be found at the end of the two great collections of the Tibetan Buddhist Canons, *Bkah-hgyur* and *Bstan-hgyur*, popularly known as *Kanjur* and *Tanjur* respectively, and considerable improvement on them is made by those written in European languages (French and German) mainly by Cordier and Beckh, scholars were still keenly feeling the want of a new catalogue with indexes that could easily and adequately serve the purpose of a scholar. There was no complete index of works and authors with special reference to the *Bstan-hgyur*. Thus a catalogue meeting all these requirements was long a desideratum and thanks to the learned editors and the Tohoku Imperial University, Sendai, Japan, under the able guidance of its president, Mr. K. Honda, we have now got it supplied in two parts. Part I is the complete catalogue of the two collections, *Kanjur* and *Tanjur*, prepared according to their Derge (*Sde. dge*, a remote eastern district of Tibet) edition which is considered to be the

best of all editions. It contains with full references the names of the works in Tibetan in Tibetan script with Roman transliteration, their Sanskrit and Chinese names, where available ; the former in Roman and the latter in Chinese letters (Chinese names being gathered from catalogues of Nanjio and others), and also the names of authors, translators, revisers, as well as in many cases the names of places where the translations were made. The second part is the full index of all the names in part I.

The work is so useful that no scholar interested in Tibetan studies can do without it. By publishing it the Tohoku Imperial University has really done a great work. The get-up is also very good.

Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya

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- (3) Our Trip to America—K. Natarajan (The Indian Social Reformer, Bombay).
- (4) Speeches and Writings of Sachchidananda Sinha (Ram Narain-Lal, Allahabad).
- (5) Bharat-iya-Chitrakala—Nanlal Mehta (Hindustani Academy, Allahabad).
- (6) The Karnatak Historical Review (Jan. 1933).
- (7) Contemporary India (Vol. I. No. 2).
- (8) The Reform of Muslim Society—Prince Said Halim Pasha (The Anjuman-i-Khuddam-ud-Din, Lahore).
- (9) The Harijan (weekly).
- (10) The Servants of India (weekly).
- (11) The Rajkumar College Magazine.

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Where the mind is without fear
And the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up
into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms
towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way
into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee
into ever widening thought and action
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father,
let my country awake.

Rabindranath Tagore



THE VISVA-BHARATI QUARTERLY

November

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1936

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE *

Rabindranath Tagore

OUR scriptures tell us that the One desired to be Many, and the result was Creation. The One that is in me, the individual person, also seeks to realise itself through the many: in its power of such realisation is its wealth. On my consciousness there impinges an incessant flow of the waves of form, event, cognition and emotion, and its response to all these is the feeling of "I am". The mingling of these two currents of "I am" and "these are" builds up my particular life. Obstacles to such mingling make my realisation of "self" narrow or perverted. On the intensity and depth of such realisation depends the degree of my joy: when it is feeble or vague I am depressed and despondent. The greatest torment of solitary imprisonment is the loss of the external current that feeds the flow of consciousness.

This union of the external and internal currents of our being is brought about in two ways: by need, and by emotion. The satisfaction of need makes for a shallow union that affects only the surface of our life. The union effected by the rousing of emotion goes deeper and wider, and causes our consciousness to become richer, our individuality to grow bigger. It is the object of Literature and Art to gain for us the greater joy of such profounder union, such self-enlargement.

Some say that Literature gives joy through beauty. This point is worth consideration. Let us, however, not make the impossible attempt to explain beauty by analysis and definition.

* From a recent lecture delivered under the auspices of Calcutta University ; translated from the original Bengali by Surendranath Tagore.

So far as beauty is manifested outside, it appears to inhere in certain things or facts, which by themselves are neither beautiful nor ugly. The rose has its petals, its stalk, its surrounding leaves: beyond and transcending all these there is some principle of wholeness, of unity, which is beauty. This unity appeals to that which is within us as our own inmost unity—our individual self. There are conglomerations which may give us the impression of wholeness, but of which the seeming unity is incidental, not essential. These do not appear to us as beautiful. It is the harmony between the separate presentations of the parts of the rose which gives us the vision of true unity,—that “something more” than the bare fact of their existence, which is beauty.

This, however, is not a characteristic special to beauty. Any whole that transcends the facts of its parts presents itself with the like force of truth to the unique self in me which transcends the separate facts of my existence. For instance, in the syntheses arrived at by the higher mathematics, there is this deep-seated harmony between the several formulæ from which they are derived, which gives rise to a vision of transcending unity, one that doubtless appeals profoundly to the mathematician. This harmony, this vision, is a source not of mere intellectual, but of heart-felt satisfaction,—a pure joy not depending on any expected material benefit, but arising from the liberation of knowledge into heights above all need.

The question naturally occurs: Why then does mathematics not find a place in poetry, in literature proper? That is simply because a sufficient knowledge of mathematics is confined to a small coterie, being beyond the comprehension of the multitude. The highly technical language of its expression has not been imbued with life by contact with the lives of men at large; and a language which has thus no means of direct access to the heart is not fit for the creation of literary forms. Machines and factories are, on the other hand, finding an increasing place in literature, for in our imagination they are coming to transcend their particular uses, wherefore it has become possible for their harmoniously-built wholes to appear real to us, as manifestations of power apart from their various components. It is possible for men to enter into emotional relations with them, like the love of the captain of a steamship for the vessel under his command.

In our system of Rhetoric, literature is described as emotion-charged words. Beauty rouses emotion, but, as we have seen, all sources of emotion may not be given the name of beauty. Neverthe-

less, howsoever they may be evoked, all kinds of emotion have this quality in common, that they immediately penetrate into and stir the depths of our being.

Man wants his water and so needs must bear the burden of the vessel in which to fetch it. Had the matter ended there, the water pot would have been merely a part of his not-self. But he makes it a thing of beauty. That is not necessary for its purpose of holding water,—but by his artistry man takes away its burdensomeness; that which was merely material transcends its materiality; that which was merely a necessity for him is given a value beyond all need and becomes a part of his *self*. This process has been carried on from the very beginning of man's career as a human being. The opposite is also to be seen, of water being carried in shapeless kerosene cans, hung at either end of a bamboo pole, borne over the shoulder—a picture of man compelled to surrender his humanity to the tyranny of necessity, leaving no room for the acknowledgment of his individuality.

Art and Literature belong to that revolutionary region of freedom where need is reduced to unimportance, the material is shown to be the unsubstantial, and the ideal alone is revealed as the truth; there all burdens are lightened, all things are made man's very own.

The solid earth is a lump of close-packed stone and ore, soil and dust. Round it is the roomy expanse of its atmosphere, from which it draws the breath of life,—ineffable life. From this same atmosphere, Life, the artist, gets in turn the colour and light with which its brush variegates the earth with moving pictures. Thus on earth is seen the play of creation in sound and form, in expressiveness. Man also wants his own atmosphere in which he can have his leisure and his playground where, without being distracted by need, he can express himself in his own creations that do not depend on knowing or getting, but involve only becoming. As I have already said, when outside "becoming" enters into our being, it brings about a corresponding expansion of "becoming" within us, resulting in the play of our own creative activity in art and literature.

Emotions also function in our every-day life, and whether we are engaged in preserving ourselves, overcoming our enemies, or propagating our kind, they give us zest and joy in our work. Within these limits man is not radically different from the other animals. His distinction comes in where his heart longs and endeavours to get rid of the incubus of duty, and with the aid of imagination to qualify for the higher disinterested joy which has no reference to expectation

of results. So we find man, even when indulging his destructive instincts, seeking to raise them above primitive need by giving them a trans-utilitarian garb ; when he goes to fight he is not satisfied with bearing death-dealing weapons, but rigs himself out in feather, or paint or uniform, and dances or marches along to beat of drum or blare of trumpet—sometimes carrying this kind of thing so far that it may even be an impediment to the practical purpose in hand.

Again we find man occupied with the reverse process of seeking images for his own emotions in outside creation. His love wanders in flowering woodland, his reverence makes pilgrimages to river bank, sea side, and mountain height. He searches for the affinity of his inmost self, not in substantial things, nor in abstract principles, but gets into touch with his Playmate in the blue of the sky, the soft green of young grass. Where there is beauty in the flower, sweetness in the fruit ; where pity flows for all creatures, and the self is surrendered to the Highest ; there, in our hearts, we find our eternal relation to the All. That alone I may fittingly call real which has by such relation become my very own.

No doubt man is naturally afraid of, and instinctively avoids, sorrow which means some wound to his life, some loss of cherished possessions. But this is only true, so to speak, of the ground-floor of humanity. In the higher levels of man's being we find him ignoring loss, courting danger, acknowledging no impossibility—for the sake of what ? Not material gain, but for the joy of the larger self-realisation thus achieved. Not only our own, but the sorrows of others have the same rousing effect on our consciousness, whence the taking of pleasure in cruelty for its own sake as seen in children, barbarians and gaolers, to whom higher sources of self-stimulation are not open ; whence also the cultured man's preference for tragedy. Of such need of ours for sorrow I have thus spoken in one of my poems :

সুখের শয়নে শ্রান্ত পরান	তাই ভেবেছি আজকে খেলিতে ছইবে
আলসরসে	নূতন খেলা
আবেশ বসে।	রাজিবেলা।
পরশ করিলে জাগে না সে আর,	মরণদোলায় ধরি রসিগাছি
কুসুমের হার লাগে গুরুভার,	বসিব দুজনে বড়ো কাছাকাছি,
ঘুমে জাগরণে মিশি একাকার নিশিদিবসে ;	ঝঞ্জা আসিয়া অটু হাসিয়া মারিবে ঠেলা,
বেদনাবিহীন অসাড় বিরাগ মরমে পশে	প্রাণেতে আমাতে খেলিব দুজনে ঝুলন খেলা
আবেশ বসে।	নিশীথ বেলা।

I made for her a bed of flowers
and I closed the doors
to shut out the rude light from her eyes.
I kissed her gently on her lips
and whispered softly in her ears
till she half swooned in languor.
She was lost in the endless mist
of vague sweetness.
She answered not to my touch,
my songs failed to arouse her.

To-night has come to us the call of the storm
from the wild.
My bride shivered and stood up:
she has clasped my hand and come out.
Her hair is flying in the wind, her veil is fluttering,
her garland rustles over her breast:
The push of death has swung her into life.
We are face to face, and heart to heart,
my bride and I.

Stagnant water is dumb, close air is oppressive, and it is, I repeat, vacancy or vagueness of consciousness that is most intolerable for a human creature. When, on the other hand, the consciousness of "I am" attains a certain fullness, reaches a certain intensity, it brings our individual personality into touch with the Supreme Person, whereupon from Infinity comes, in turn, the response "*I am*." At this level our being rises above all distinction of pleasure and pain into the ineffable bliss of supreme realisation. And, as in the work-a-day world man is occupied with endeavours to fulfil his needs, to add to his possessions, to increase his knowledge, so in his literature and art he is persistently striving to enlarge and enrich the content of his consciousness, in order to raise his soul to higher and higher levels, to become more and more his true Self. To what an empty desert would man's life be reduced if some cataclysm were to destroy his accumulated treasures of art and literature!

To express the beautiful, therefore, does not sufficiently indicate the aim and end of literature. The perception of beauty has also its different levels. Beauty is easily distinguishable on what I have called the ground-floor. It is clear that the flower is beautiful, the butterfly is beautiful, the peacock is beautiful. At a higher level, where Mind sits jointly in judgement, and character comes in as an element to be taken into consideration, it is not so easy to come to a decision about what is

or is not beautiful, for reliance cannot then be placed on the verdict of the senses alone. Whereupon there comes in what may be called the distinction between the attractive and the significant, the latter being the giver of deeper joy. The dance tune attracts by its prettiness as soon as it is heard. The classical melody has a character which makes a profounder appeal, an appeal that requires culture of mind for its appreciation, for the realisation of that which is implied.

This brings us to the fundamental characteristic of literature. The attractive things that we ordinarily call beautiful or interesting are such as are obviously real to us. Merely to express them as they are, would be but the reporting of news. It is for literature to bring home to us the appeal of that which is not obvious about them,—in a word, to make us aware of more and more realities, ordinarily beyond our ken.

Most things in this world belong to the category of common or ordinary. Thousands of people pass along the street, and though each one of them is an individual, they are to me merely a crowd, shrouded in the vagueness of a collective name. To myself I am special, unique. Another person can only become real to me if he is presented on the same footing. This cannot be done through the relation of need. Let me here relate, once more, an incident of which I have told before in a poem.

I was then away in the country, all alone. I had only one servant who used to go home at night and come early in the morning, duster over shoulder, to start his day's work. There was nothing noteworthy about him, either of body or mind. His great quality was his taciturnity. So that I became really aware of his existence only on a morning when he failed to make his appearance ; for which reason I found my bath unprepared, my study untidy. When, somewhat later in the day, he turned up, I asked him, with no little asperity, where he had been all this time. "My little girl died this morning, Sir !" was all he said, as he fell to work with his duster. A shock went through and through me. He, who had so long been hidden from me under his servanthood, now came and stood by me on the same platform, revealed in his individuality.

The beautiful carries on itself the Creator's passport and so has entry everywhere. But what is to be said of such invasion of my consciousness by my old servant ? By no stretch of language could he have been called beautiful. Nor was the fact that, like so many other men, he was the father of a girl, of any special interest. What

was it, then, that happened to awaken me to a sense of his individuality?—One touch of sorrow had, all of a sudden, made him real to me ! That is what literature has done for Sancho Panza, the servant of Don Quixote, whose existence has been made much more real for us than the lives of all the Indian Viceroy's put together. I dare say that the times when Kalidas created his *Sakuntala* were teeming with matters of social, political and economic interest, but where are all these today ? There remains only *Sakuntala* !

Man's ordinary world of reality, so called, is a veritable Milky Way, comprised mostly of the vague nebulae called Society, Nation, Empire, Commerce and what not ; the sentient life of individual man is hardly to be discerned through their foggy amorphousness. Under the ashes of the one generalisation. War, there lie smothered the smouldering griefs of thousands of hearts ; the crimes and horrors covered up by the name of Nation, if brought into the light, would leave no place for humanity to hide its shame ; if we fail to see the folly and slavery perpetuated under the shadow of Society, it is because we are of the victims whose minds it has paralysed. Amidst the vast insensibility pervading these nebulous abstractions, it is Literature that comes to our rescue, by making vivid to us, by causing us acutely to feel, the existence of the speciality of things and events, in relation to our own speciality.

This speciality, this individual personality, of man is the greatest mystery with which he has to do. It begins at the core of his being and extends to infinity. It inhabits man's body, rises beyond it into his mind, and transcends even that, to overflow the very ends of past and future. It appears to range within limitations, but in truth it overpasses them, and acknowledges no boundary ; that is why it seeks the aid of Literature and Art to express itself, to get itself recreated in terms of deathless joy. Such expression brings it into relations of similarity with the universal. Through such creations it sends its reply to the messages of the Supreme Person who, from beyond the darkness of multitudinous facts, shines in the unutterable mystery of the Truth which is Beauty.

A LULLABY

SLEEP: I would silence the nightingale
If she made you stir ; I would veil
The moon if her light shone over bright
On your sleeping eyes.

Sleep: I have blown out the evening star,
And the cradle songs from afar
That every mother sings, the night wind brings
For your lullabies.

Sleep: for my warning finger is laid
On the lips of Night : she had made
You hers, and alone, I watch by one
Of her mysteries.

Barbara Bingley.

(Mrs. Vere-Hodge

RABINDRANATH TAGORE THE HUMANIST^{*}

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I

THE humanism of Rabindranath Tagore has two aspects : the actuality of individual joy and suffering in the concrete, and the reality of a world-culture of humanity as its background. Both give full scope for creation, one in the life of action, the other in the life of the spirit. Rabindranath has worked unwearyingly to relieve the distress due to flood and famine, chronic poverty, ill-health, and want of education in his own villages of Bengal ; equally untiringly he has endeavoured to spread to the four corners of the world the message of the coming together of the races of mankind, of universal humanity. The Poet is not interested in the arid region of mere abstract principles. He does not believe in the cult of organised patriotism nor in that of an unfocussed cosmopolitanism. His is not the philosophy of negation, of barren renunciation, but a realization infinitely varied in content. Rabindranath has placed his faith in the Kingdom of Man on earth, rich with the variety of human relationships. For man's true freedom lies in the growth of personality. from the life of the flesh to the life of the spirit, which finds its supreme expression in the divinity of Man the Eternal.

II

Rabindranath was born in the atmosphere of the advent of new ideals in Bengal, ideals 'which at the same time were old, older than all the things of which that age was proud.'

That atmosphere was created mainly by Ram Mohun Roy. The Poet has repeatedly acknowledged that the first source of his inspiration was from that large-hearted man of gigantic intellect :

Ram Mohun Roy was the first great man of our age with the comprehensiveness of mind to realize the fundamental unity of spirit in the Hindu, Moslem, and Christian cultures. He represented India in the fulness of truth, based not upon rejection but on perfect comprehension. I follow him, though he is practically rejected by my countrymen,

* I have given everywhere a literal English translation of the original Bengali titles. The dates refer to the Bengali writings unless otherwise mentioned.

That atmosphere was a confluence of three movements—intellectual, spiritual, national—all of which were revolutionary. The Poet's father Debendranath was the great leader of that movement after Ram Mohun, a movement for the sake of which he suffered ostracism and braved social indignities. The Poet was thus born in a family which had to live its own life, and which made him seek guidance for his self-expression in his own inner standard of judgment.

It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the Poet's faith in his own country and in a culture of universal humanity transcending all barriers of time and place both find expression in his earliest writings. At the age of sixteen he discussed the promotion of material prosperity in Bengal, and the possibilities of building up a new civilization through the meeting of East and West in an essay entitled *Hope and Despair of Bengalis* published in the *Bhārati*. The titles of other essays such as *The Anglo-Saxons and their Literature*, *Dante and Beatrice*, *Petrarch and his Laura*, *Goethe's Loves*, *Anglo-Norman Literature* and *Tasso* reveal his wide interests at this period (1878-80).

This was the time of the awakening of national sentiments in Bengal, traces of the Poet's share in which are left in a number of patriotic songs of which *To you have I dedicated my body and my spirit, my Motherland* (1877) is probably the best known.

Along with the national movement occurred the neo-Hindu revival in Bengal. The sentimental obscurantism and the bellicose patriotism of this pseudo-religious movement repelled the Poet strongly, and with merciless logic and biting sarcasm he lashed the smug self-satisfaction and shallow boastings in scathing satire in *Boorations*, *Loud Speaking*, *Tongue-waving*, *The Agitation of Neo-Bengalis*, and in a small group of poems in the *Mānasi*: *Wild Hopes*, *Uplift of Our Country*, *The Heroes of New Bengal*, and *The Propagation of Religion*. The anger of the Poet flamed up against the social thinking which glorified caste and child-marriage and the sophistry which discovered pseudo-scientific justifications of unintelligent customs and fantastic superstitions in such essays as *Moustache and Eggs*, *Superiority of Monkeys*, *Truth*, *Hindu Marriage* and in the poem *Love-making of a newly-married Bengali Couple* (1882-88). The darkest pictures were, however, invariably relieved by touches of humour.

Rabindranath was convinced that there could be no real political progress until social injustices were removed. He asked his countrymen if the freedom to which they aspired was one of external condi-

tions. Was it a transferable commodity? Had they really acquired a true love of freedom? Had they faith in it?

Unless we have true faith in freedom, knowing it to be creative, manfully taking all its risks, not only do we lose the right to claim freedom in politics, but we also lack the power to maintain it with all our strength. Men who contemptuously treat their own brothers and sisters as eternal babies, never to be trusted in the most trivial details of their personal lives,—coercing them at every step by the cruel threat of persecution into following a blind lane leading nowhere, often driving them into hypocrisy and into moral inertia,—will fail over and over again to rise to the height of their true and severe responsibility.

In all these discussions he maintained, however, a remarkable detachment of mind, and although he always showed an enthusiastic appreciation of the intellectual greatness and strength of character of the European nations, he vigorously denounced the habit of blind imitation, and emphasized the need for preserving much of permanent value in the traditional culture of the country. In an article written in 1883, on the occasion of the opening of the National Fund, he foreshadows, at the age of twenty-two, his later outlook on the political work of the country. He protested against political agitation being made the sole object of the proposed fund; he felt that the only aim of such agitation was to influence an alien government and had no real connexion with the welfare of the country. This policy of 'begging favours from the white masters' could only foster an infantile mentality of irresponsible criticism and a spirit of parasitic dependence on others. He distrusted rights which could be conferred or withdrawn at the sweet pleasure of the rulers. He realised that the use of English as the sole language of political work effectually isolated such work from the people; he urged that a vigorous attempt be made to awaken the mind of the masses by spreading education, and to create a spirit of self-reliance by initiating welfare work by our own efforts. The patriotic songs of this period are inspired by the same spirit of independence; in one the Poet implored his countrymen to throw away 'the salver of petitions and memorials.'

The appeal of a wider humanism was not lacking in the writings of this period. At the age of twenty, Rabindranath made an angry protest against the forcing of opium on the Chinese in an article, *The Traffic of Death in China* (1881). In another essay he said: The call of humanity is ever sounding. Have we nothing of permanent value to contribute to the future of human civilization? He pointed out that

true freedom consists in subordinating selfish interests to the universal spirit of humanity, while isolation, even in independence, was bondage. In the *Song of Invitation* (1885) he called upon Bengal to take her place in the world of humanity. At the same time he made clear his dislike of a nebulous cosmopolitanism. In an essay on *A Plot of Land* (1884), he said : The universe is present in each and every small holding. To be able to know truly even a small plot of land is the only way of realizing the Universe. In an essay on *Ram Mohun Roy* (1884), he pointed out that the significance of a people lay in the individuality of its contribution to sum of human culture.

III

In 1891 Rabindranath took charge of the Tagore estates in North Bengal and went to Shileida, where he stayed for several years. He came into intimate contact with 'the poor, patient, submissive, family-loving, home-clinging, eternally exploited ryots of Bengal,' and gained a deep insight into their everyday life and needs. His passionate preoccupation in village welfare work which is such a marked feature of his latter day activities may be said to be a direct resultant of his stay among the peasants. He wrote at this time :

I feel a great tenderness for the peasant folk—our ryots—big, helpless, infantile children of providence. I know not whether the socialistic ideal of a more equal distribution of wealth is attainable, but, if not, then such dispensation of Providence is indeed cruel, and man a truly unfortunate creature. For if in this world misery must exist, so be it; but let some little loophole, some glimpses of possibility, at least, be left, which may serve to urge the nobler portion of humanity to hope and struggle unceasingly for its alleviation. . . . If there be any undercurrent along which the souls of men may have communication with one another then my sincere blessing will surely reach and serve them.

The relation between the rulers and the people increasingly engaged his attention at this time. In an essay on *Englishmen and Indians* (1893) he pointed out the lack of human touch in the British administration of India. The British rule was terribly efficient, but was purely mechanical and thoroughly impersonal. The rulers need never come into any personal contact with the people; they might help or hinder their aspiration but only from a disdainful distance. And what was a matter of mere policy to the rulers might pierce into the very core of life, might threaten the whole future

of the governed but never touch the chord of humanity. This was his greatest condemnation of British rule in India.

In a large number of short notes and comments (1893-98) he showed how this mechanical administration was creating in the bureaucracy a mentality which looked upon the subject people as less than human, in dealings with whom the human code of honour and morality could be abrogated. It weakened the moral sense of the white man, and debased the humanity of the rulers as well as that of the governed. In *Remedy to Insults* and in *Digestion of Whipping* (1896) he suggested that the best interests of both Englishmen and Indians demanded that the former should be taught the lesson that the latter could not be insulted with impunity. The lynching of Negroes in the United States, the pogrom against Jews in Russia, or the atrocities in Belgian Congo did not escape his attention and called forth strong condemnation (1898).

At the same time, he grew more and more dissatisfied with the activities of politicians which had protests as their sole aim, and proposed that the Indian National Congress, instead of passing resolutions for the benefit of Government, should take up a definite programme of constructive work in the country. The problem of education thus began to loom large in his mind. In *The Tortuosities of Education* (1892) he vigorously advocated making Bengali the medium of instruction and emphasized the need for making education fit in with the life of the people.

Amidst the growing perplexities of social, educational and political problems, his mind slowly turned to the past in an endeavour to discover in the history of India a central ideal for regulating our life and work. In 1895 we find a small group of poems: *Brāhman* (in *Chitra*), *To Civilization*, *Forests*, *Forest-homes*, *Ancient India* (all in *Chaitali*) in which the mind of the poet was evidently captivated by the Message of the Forest.

The forest, unlike the desert or rock or sea, is living; it gives shelter and nourishment of life. In such surroundings the ancient forest-dwellers of India realized the spirit of harmony with the universe and emphasized in their minds the monistic aspects of truth. They sought the realisation of their soul through union with all.

Shortly after this we have a series of studies in which Rabindranath emphasized that the history of India had not merely been one of the rise and fall of kingdoms, of fights for political supremacy.

The history of our people was that of our social life and the pursuit of spiritual ideals.

He contrasted the political civilization of the West which is based on exclusiveness with the social civilization of India which is based on human relationship and co-operation.

The Nation is the organized self-interest of a people where it is least human and least spiritual. The spirit of conflict and conquest is at the origin and in the centre of Western nationalism; its basis is not in social co-operation. It has evolved a perfect organization of power, but not of spiritual idealism.

He rejected the cult of nationalism very decisively, and in a series of essays and sermons (1898-1902) expounded the ideals of the social civilization which he considered to be the most valuable contribution of India. It was the peculiar gift of India to invest even utilitarian relations with human value. The ideal of Indian civilization was the unitary society which was maintained through the social regulation of differences on one hand, and the spiritual recognition of unity on the other. Rabindranath rejoiced in the fact that when Asoka was the Emperor of India, he sent messengers of peace and universal love, instead of conquering armies, to the different countries of the world. The Poet found the truth of India in the spiritual message of the Upanishads and of the Buddha.

The *Naivedya* poems of this period (1900-1) are permeated by an austere spiritual idealism. At the close of the 19th century, just before the outbreak of the South African War, he wrote with almost prophetic vision :

The last sun of the century sets amidst the blood red clouds of the West and the whirlwind of hatred.

The naked passion of self-love of Nations, in its drunken delirium of greed is dancing to the clash of steel and the howling verses of vengeance.

He knew that this was not the way of India :

Keep watch, India.

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful.
Let your crown be of humility, your freedom the freedom of the soul.
And know that what is huge is not great, and pride is not everlasting.

Rabindranath reminded his countrymen again and again :

With the help of unrighteousness men do prosper.

With the help of unrighteousness men do gain victories over their enemies.

With the help of unrighteousness men do attain what they desire.

But they perish at the root.

In order to give concrete form to his ideas he left Shileida and started the *Brahma-Vidyālaya* (as the school used to be called at that time) at Santiniketan in December, 1901, on the model of the forest-hermitages of ancient India. Rabindranath sent his invitation in the name of the one who was *Sāntam Sivam Advaitam* :

The Peaceful, in the heart of all conflicts; the Good, who is revealed through all losses and sufferings; the One, in all diversities of creation.

IV

In 1904 the Swadeshi movement broke in tumult all over Bengal. To Rabindranath it came as a splendid opportunity for initiating a great movement for constructive work of which he had been dreaming so long : We must look after our own interest, carry out our own work, earn our own welfare, do everything ourselves.

Of our impoverished and helpless villages he said : It will not do merely to remove wants ; you can never remove them completely ; the far greater thing is to rouse the will of the people to remove their own wants.

He gave a complete scheme of constructive work in the presidential address to the Provincial Congress at Pabna (1907), and suggested that our young men should form themselves into bands of workers who would go round the villages ; give a new orientation to the village fairs (*melās*), bring together Hindus and Muslims in fruitful work ; confer with and help the villagers in starting schools, making roads, supplying drinking water and the like ; devise other ways and means in regard to all matters of general interest. In his address to the students (1905) he said :

The down-trodden and the despised who have become callous to insults and oblivious of even the rights of their humanity must be taught the meaning of the word brother. Teach them to be strong and to protect themselves; for that is the only way. Take, each of you, charge of some village and organize it. Educate the villagers and show them how to put forward their united strength. Look not for fame or praise in this undertaking. Do not expect even the gratitude of those for whom you would give your life, but be prepared rather for their opposition

His sympathy for the lowly and the despised has also found expression in his poems, for example, in the *Gitanjali* in *My unfortunate land, you must come down in humiliation to the level of those whom you have despised.*

Rabindranath threw himself heart and soul into the agitation

against the Partition of Bengal.* He gave lectures, wrote articles, composed a large number of songs such as '*My Golden Bengal*,' '*From the heart of Bengal, you have arisen in your glory, my Mother*,' whose central theme was Bengal and which created a patriotic fervour never known before. He spread the use of the handloom, experimented with the *charba*, and actively participated in the organization of co-operative societies and cottage industries. It is interesting to note that in *Leader of the Country* (1905), he proposed that a single individual should be invested with full powers of leadership. In his opinion such a step would consolidate the discipline of the people in a personal allegiance to an individual man.

In his writings of this period he made it clear that he considered it a moral duty to fight evil. In fact, although he has no faith in force or violence, he has never given non-violence the status of a cult. His position in this respect is more akin to that of the *Gita*. For example, in an article written in 1903, he thought it right, under certain circumstances, to have recourse to force, provided this could be done without hatred or anger.

Throughout the Swadeshi movement his mind remained essentially creative and positive. In one of his letters we find :

I remember the day, during the Swadeshi movement in Bengal when a crowd of young students came to see me and said that if I would ask them to leave their schools and colleges, they would instantly obey. I was emphatic in my refusal to do so, and they went away angry, doubting the sincerity of my love for my country.

This incident took place in the midst of his activities in connexion with the Bengal National Council of Education, which had been set up as an independent organization in opposition to the University of Calcutta. He was one of its founders, and he worked hard in its cause, made plans, raised money, gave courses of lectures to the students, but was not prepared to support a merely destructive boycott of the official university.

Politics was always a secondary thing with him. His views on the function of the Congress are significant. He said that even if all the political aims of the Congress failed completely, the Congress would still serve a most useful purpose if it succeeded in bringing the different provinces of India into closer personal contact. At the height of the

* In 1904 it was decided by Government to divide East and West Bengal into separate administrative provinces.

Swadeshi movement he declared that the ultimate object of political work was to mould the mind of the people into one.

In the midst of his activities, as the excitement and the heat of the movement increased, Rabindranath suddenly retired to Santiniketan. The Hindu-Muslim problem and the clash of varying interests in India continued, however, to trouble his mind. In his novel *Gora* (1907-09) he laid more and more emphasis on the unifying principle which manifested itself throughout the whole course of the history of India :

To India has been given her problem from the beginning of history—it is the race problem. Races ethnologically different have in this country come into close contact. This fact has been and still continues to be the most important one in our history. It is our mission to face it and prove our humanity by dealing with it in fullest truth. We have to recognize that the history of India does not belong to one particular race but to a process of creation to which the various races of the world have contributed—Dravidians and Aryans, the ancient Greeks and the Persians, the Mahomedans of the West and those of Central Asia.

Just at this time violence made its first appearance in Indian politics. In an important essay on *The Way and its Fare* (1908), Rabindranath tried to stem the impatience which sought quick results through violence. He opposed recourse to violence, not by an appeal to an abstract moral maxim, but on the ground that it violated the truth and ultimate purpose of the history of India.

In the same essay he insisted upon the need for toleration in the face of opposition, and advised the lifting of the ban on British goods on the ground that the boycott movement was accentuating Hindu-Muslim differences and was encouraging race hatred. He described the conflict of ideals of this period at a later date in the novel *The Home and the World* (1915-16).

In *East and West* (1908) he said : In India, the history of humanity is seeking to achieve a definite synthesis. The history of India is not the history of Aryans or non-Aryans ; it is not the history of the Hindus, nor that of only Hindus and Musalmans taken together. He declared :

Now at last has come the turn of the English to become true to this history and bring to it the tribute of their life, and we neither have the right nor the power to exclude this people from the building of the destiny of India.

His vision of the meeting of Humanity in India was now complete. It found magnificent expression in two *Gitanjali* poems (1910) begin-

ning with, 'I see before my eyes the rolling clouds of humanity,' and 'On the sacred shores of the ocean of humanity of this India, Awake my heart.'

V

The award of the Nobel prize in 1913 gave him the opportunity of establishing personal contacts with the different countries of the world. During the Great War he joined the intellectuals of the world in issuing a manifesto against war. In 1916 he toured in Japan and America, and delivered the well-known lectures on *Nationalism* which contain his indictment of the modern nations which had become organized as machinery of rapine and destruction. The contrast between the aggressive spirit of the modern West and the peaceful ideals of the ancient East becomes increasingly vivid. When he returned to his own country his thoughts naturally turned to the heritage of ancient India. He felt the need for an institution which would be a true centre of human culture.

In 1918 in his lectures on *The Centre of Indian Culture* he faced the two stupendous problems of India : the poverty of intellectual life and the poverty of material life. He proposed to start an institution which would be a centre of Indian learning for the co-ordinated study of the philosophy and literature, art and music of the various cultural streams of India : the Vedic, the Puranic, the Buddhist, the Jaina, the Islamic, the Sikh, and the Zoroastrian ; to which would be gradually added the Chinese, the Tibetan and the Japanese. This institution would also be a centre of the economic life of India.

It must cultivate land, breed cattle, feed itself and its students ; it must produce all necessaries, devising the best means and using the best materials, calling science to its aid. Such an institution must group round it all the neighbouring villages, and vitally unite them with itself in all its economic endeavours.

The Poet coined the word 'Visva-Bharati' at this time ; *Visva* in Sanskrit means the world in its universal aspect ; *Bharati* is wisdom and culture.* The Visva-bharati was to be the centre of learning for the whole world. Appropriately enough the following Sanskrit text was selected as the motto of the Visva-bharati :

Yatra Viśvam bhavati eka-niḍam :

'Where the whole world forms its one single nest.'

* There is an allusion to India (*Bharata*) in the word *Bharati*, which thus also represents the Spirit of India.

Since the days of the Swadeshi movement Rabindranath had kept himself aloof from political activities, devoting his energies to his institution at Santiniketan. In 1919, the Jallianwalla Bagh incident, however, brought him into a momentary contact with the political life of the country. He renounced his knighthood, "taking all consequences upon himself in giving voice to the protest of millions of his countrymen, surprised into a dumb anguish of terror." It was a protest recorded in the name of humanity, not in the hope of gaining concessions or to make political capital out of it. This was made clear by his emphatic refusal to support the movement for erecting a memorial at Jallianwalla Bagh.

After the end of the Great War, Rabindranath undertook a long tour in 1920-21 in Europe and the United States. He spoke everywhere on the need of the meeting of East and West in a common fellowship of learning and a common spiritual striving for the unity of the human races.

Western science was destined, through the mastery of the laws of nature, to liberate man from the bondage of matter. This was not all. Rabindranath was convinced that the West owed its greatness not only to its marvellous training of intellect and its readiness to suffer martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth but to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. In his appeal to the people of the West, he said :

The world to-day is offered to the West. She will destroy it, if she does not use it for a great creation of man. The materials for such a creation are in the hands of science, but the creative genius is in Man's spiritual ideal.

When he returned to India in 1921, the non-co-operation movement was at its highest. Although great pressure was put upon him from all sides, he steadfastly refused to join it. He was unable to accept the claim of a spiritual movement made in its behalf. He thus explained his position in a letter :

I believe in the efficacy of *ahimsa* (non-violence) as the means to overcome the congregated might of physical force on which the political powers in all countries mainly rest. But the great personalities of the world have preached love, forgiveness and non-violence, primarily for the sake of spiritual perfection and not for the attainment of some immediate success in politics.

He could never agree to isolating India from the stream of world thought and progress. In the midst of an unprecedented political unrest and excitement, and against the whole force of the current of

popular sentiment, he expounded his own views with great courage in two lectures, *The Call of Truth* and *The Meeting of Cultures* (1921). He said :

It is a fact of unique importance in the history of the world to-day, that the human races have come together as they had never done before.... The mentality of the world has to be changed in order to meet the new environment of the modern age. Just as, hitherto, the collective egoism of the Nation has been cultivated in our schools, and has given rise to a nationalism which is vainglorious and exclusive, even so will it be necessary now to establish a new education on the basis not of nationalism, but of a wider relationship of humanity.

It has been said in our scriptures: '*atitih deva bhava*,' asking us to realize that the Divine comes to us as our guest, claiming our homage. All that is great and true in humanity is ever waiting at our gate to be invited. It is not for us to question it about the country to which it belongs, but to receive it in our home and bring before it the best we have.

Our wealth is truly proved by our ability to give, and Visva-bharati is to prove this on behalf of India. Our mission is to show that we have a place in the heart of the great world: that we fully acknowledge our obligation of offering it our hospitality.

Rabindranath founded the Visva-bharati in December, 1921, and proclaimed that Visva-bharati was India's invitation to the world, her offer of sacrifice to the highest truth of man.

VI

Since then he has carried the message of the Visva-bharati far and wide. In 1924 he visited China. In his address to his hosts, he reminded them of those days when India sent her messengers of peace and universal love who found their unity of heart with the people of China. The poet hoped that the old relationship was still there, hidden in the heart of the people of the East, and his visit would reopen the channel of communication. Asia must seek strength in union, but not in competition with the West in selfishness or brutality.

The West is becoming demoralised through being the exploiter. We must fight with our faith in the moral and spiritual power of man. . . . Machine guns and bomb-dropping aeroplanes crush living men under them, and the West is sinking to its dust.

In the autumn of the same year he went to South America at the invitation of Peru on the occasion of the Centenary of its independence, and visited Italy on his way back.

The growing strength of the cult of power with its increasing

tendency towards the mechanization of institutions and the repression of personality stirred the poet deeply. He gave voice to his protest in a number of lectures and essays, and also indirectly in two dramas of this period, *Waterfall* (1922) and *Red Cleandlers* (1924).

The possibilities of acquiring money have increased tremendously in modern times. Production has assumed gigantic dimensions. This has led to an enormous number of men being used merely as material ; so that human relationships have become utilitarian and men have been deprived of a large part of their humanity. Modern society has lost its integrity ; its different sections have become detached and resolved into their elemental character of forces. Labour is a force ; so also is Capital ; so are the Government and the People. The repressed personality of man is smouldering in the subconscious mind of the community, and has created a dangerous situation. Faced with the possibility of a disaster, the great Powers of the West are seeking for peace by concentrating their forces for mutual security. The Poet warned them, however, that the conflict of selfish interests was bound to grow more and more acute so long as their League was based on the desire for consolidating past injustice and putting off the reparation of wrongs.

Rabindranath does not believe in systems or organizations. All systems produce evil sooner or later, when the psychology which is at the root of them goes wrong :

Therefore I do not put my faith in any new institution, but in the individuals all over the world who think clearly, feel nobly, and act rightly, thus becoming the channels of moral truth.

In 1926 he again went to Europe and received a great welcome in Italy as an honoured guest. He was favourably impressed by the material prosperity of the country, but inspite of his delicate position in having accepted her hospitality he was unable to accord his approval to a political ideal which had declared its loyalty to brute force as the motive power of civilization.

He made an extensive tour in the countries of Western and Central Europe, and visited the Balkan States, Turkey and Egypt. In *The Rule of the Giant* (1926), one of the lectures delivered during this tour, he described the suppression of the human personality as the parent ill of the present age. He admitted the need for having organizations. These help to simplify the application of energy for attaining our purpose. They are our tools. But if this fact is for-

gotten, and huge and hungry organizations are allowed to overwhelm the individual man, then the life stuff of humanity will be eaten up. The only remedy was to restore the value of personality in human civilization.

I believe in life, only when it is progressive ; and in progress, only when it is in harmony with life. I preach the freedom of man from the servitude of the fetish of hugeness, the non-human. I refuse to be styled an enemy of enlightenment, because I do stand on the side of Jack the human, who defies the big, the gross, and wins victory at the end.

In 1927 Rabindranath visited the Malay States, Java, Bali, and Siam, and revived the ancient bond of India with these countries, which at one time were culturally integral parts of India. In 1929 he attended the Triennial Conference of the National Council of Education of Canada. He was the outstanding figure at the Conference, and he roused a wonderful enthusiasm wherever he went. The welcome given to him gradually became not only a personal homage to his greatness but also a testimony of good will from Canada to India itself. On his way home to India from Canada, he visited Indo-China. In 1930, in his seventieth year, he again undertook an extensive tour in the West, visiting England, France, Germany, Denmark, Russia and the United States.

The visit to Russia created a deep impression on his mind, and his *Letters from Russia* (1930-31) give a remarkable picture of the Soviet experiments in State Socialism. On the eve of his departure from Moscow he said :

I wish to let you know how deeply I have been impressed by the amazing intensity of your energy in spreading education among the masses: I appreciate it all the more keenly because I belong to that country where millions of my fellow countrymen are denied the light that education can bring them. You have recognized the truth that in extirpating all social evils one has to go to the root, which can only be done through education.

But he remained a convinced individualist. In his farewell message he told his hosts :

I must ask you : Are you doing your ideal a service by arousing in the minds of those under your training, anger, class hatred and revengefulness against those not sharing your views ? You are working in a great cause. Therefore you must be great in your mind, great in your mercy, your understanding, and your patience.

There must be disagreement where minds are allowed to be free. It would not only be an uninteresting but a sterile world of mechanical regularity if all our opinions are forcibly made alike. If you have a mission which

includes all humanity, you must for the sake of the living humanity, acknowledge the existence of differences of opinion. Freedom of mind is needed for the reception of truth..

VII

The humanism of Rabindranath Tagore has its deeper source of inspiration in his Religion of Man which is the highest expression of his own spiritual experience.

The universe has significance only in terms of human values. Beauty has no existence apart from the appreciation of man. All values have their origin in the mind of man. Even the truth of science is reached through the process of observation and reasoning which is human ; its value as truth being a creation of the human mind. Science can only deal with such facts as man can know and understand, and the Absolute which is beyond the intellect of man can never be the subject matter of scientific investigation. The nature of the universe does not, however, depend upon the comprehension of the individual persons. There exists a universal mind of humanity which transcends separate individual persons, and has an integrity of its own which is something more than the sum of its components. It endures beyond the life of the individual person. It is super-individual, it is the Universal Mind. The truth of science receives its validity by reference to the standards of judgment of this Universal Mind. Truth thus has its existence in the Universal Mind, and is independent of the comprehension of the peculiarities of individual minds which are limited in space and time.

It is not merely a reasoning mind. It is also the ultimate ground of all other values. It is the Supreme Personality : "The God of this human universe whose mind we share in all true knowledge, love and service."

It is the Eternal Person manifested in all persons. It may be only one aspect of *Brahman*, the One in whom is comprehended Man and the Human Universe. But this is the only aspect in which he can reveal himself to human beings.

He is the infinite ideal of Man, towards whom men move in their collective growth, with whom they seek their union of love as individuals, in whom they find their ideal of father, friend, and beloved.

For Rabindranath this is not an abstract philosophical system ; it is a matter of direct spiritual realization. In his *Hibbert Lectures*

(1930-31) he has described his first experiences when he was working in the Tagore estates :

On that morning in the village the facts of my life suddenly appeared to me in a luminous unity of truth. I felt sure that some Being who comprehended me and my world was seeking his best expression in all my experiences. To this Being I was responsible; for the creation in me is his as well as mine. I felt that I had found my religion at last, the Religion of Man, in which the infinite became defined in humanity and came close to me so as to need my love and co-operation.

This idea found expression in the group of poems addressed to *Jivan devatā*, the Lord of Life. 'The idea of the humanity of our God, or the divinity of Man the Eternal' was the one theme which unfolded itself through all his religious experiences. Speaking of the time of starting the Santiniketan school, he said :

I am sure that it was this idea of the divine Humanity unconsciously working in my mind, which compelled me to come out of the seclusion of my literary career and take my part in the world of practical activities.

The meeting of humanity now receives a new significance. It is the acknowledgment of the spiritual kinship of man which is universal. Rabindranath has said :

So long men had been cultivating, almost with religious fervour, that mentality which is the product of racial isolation; poets proclaimed, in a loud pitch of bragging, the exploits of their popular fighters; money-makers felt neither pity nor shame in the unscrupulous dexterity of their pocket-picking; diplomats scattered lies in order to reap concessions from the devastated future of their own victims. Suddenly the walls that separated the different races are seen to have given way, and we find ourselves face to face.

And thus to all men:

The God of humanity has arrived at the gates of the ruined temple of the tribe. Though he has not yet found his altar. I ask the men of simple faith, wherever they may be in the world, to bring their offering of sacrifice to him. I ask them to claim the right of manhood to be friends of men.

I ask once again, let us, the dreamers of the East and the West, keep our faith firm in the Life that creates and not in the Machine that constructs.

*ya eko' varno bahudhā śakti-yogāt
varṇān anekān nihitartho dadhāti ;
vicāiti cante viśvam ādāu sa devah,
so no buddhyā śubhayā saṃyunaktu :*

He who is One, and who dispenses the inherent needs of all peoples and all times, who is in the beginning and the end of all things, may He unite us with the bond of truth, of common fellowship, of righteousness.

THE FORSYTE SAGA*

K. R. Kripalani

THE ocean, while yielding its surface to the influences of the passing winds, keeps its depths guarded against their transient turbulence. Even so a truly great artist, while sensitive to the mood of his times, must preserve in the inner deeps of his consciousness a tranquil poise of dispassionateness. That is why, I suppose, one is always conscious of a want of something essential in the works of otherwise such undoubted geniuses as H. G. Wells and D. H. Lawrence. The complex problems of their age have provoked their genius to such violent reactions that the necessary inner tranquillity has been overwhelmed in a turbulence of theories and prophecies and denunciations. The reader may feel grateful to them for their intense, though violent, interest in his welfare, but he sometimes wonders why their works either stimulate or bore but rarely satisfy, as all great literature should. In this respect the genius of John Galsworthy, though neither so stupendous as that of Mr. Wells, nor so intense as that of D. H. Lawrence, has yet kept truer to its function, with the result that his works,—at any rate, his most important work, *The Forsyte Saga*—, really satisfies. As an artist, therefore, Galsworthy can claim a place alongside of the world's great artists in fiction, as most of his contemporaries cannot.

To most of his readers Galsworthy is known as the author of *The Forsyte Saga*. This fact seems to bear out the contention of some philosophers that popular judgments of works of art and letters have the value of intuition. For *The Forsyte Saga* is undoubtedly the greatest of Galsworthy's novels; indeed, some critics have called it the greatest masterpiece of the present century.

It will therefore be more fair to him if, in judging this author's place among the great artists of this age, we dwell chiefly on this particular work of his. But here the difficulty arises of how to explain in general abstract terms the work of a writer whose genius lay in the concrete; how to spare him the injustice of reducing his genius to qualities when it actually lived and still lives only in characters, pictures and attitudes. Perhaps we could mitigate this injustice if,

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after the manner of the great novelist himself, we could give form to the central conception of this masterpiece, before we proceed to measure its reactions on our mind. We shall, therefore, draw a sketch of the central characters and their relation to one another.

Let us picture to ourselves the dining room of an upper middle class English home in the later Victorian era. A gentleman is sitting at his breakfast, looking—well, all English gentlemen of that class look very much the same, with their determined lips and well-fed faces, almost like the smooth, self-complacent cigars of which they are so fond. A butler is noiselessly and most scrupulously coming in and out.

The master sitting at his breakfast is looking more determined than usual. Like a true Englishman he will not let his manners betray his inward agitation even to his butler. Only an acute eye can guess from the nervous movements of his fingers the tempest working within that stolid, self-complacent exterior. Every now and then, he looks at the unoccupied chair opposite him. His wife, the beautiful Irene, his most precious possession, now no longer comes down to breakfast with him. He bites his lips and turns his head away. He has been cheated. Yes, he cannot help thinking that he has been disgracefully cheated. As an Englishman of his class, he has the firmest belief in the sanctity of Contract. Where would society come to, if people did not get what they had paid for? And what is there that a man of property cannot pay for? But Life, unfortunately, has not the decency of the English tradition, and Life has cheated him of his due. His mind travels back to when he had first met Irene in a drawing room at a sea-side resort. She was at that time the victim of a stepmother's persecution. Soames Forsyte, fascinated by her beauty, had stepped in and offered to take her in marriage. Irene had consented, taking marriage as a way out of the tyranny at home; while the step-mother was only too glad to get rid of a burden that had committed the impertinence of being conceived in some other woman's womb.

Soames brought Irene to his house in London, happy, supremely happy, that he had at last got beauty. He had *bought* her for life. Of course, he never admitted it to himself that way; for an Englishman cannot bear to have things put so crudely. She was his; and his home was hers. But very soon Soames became aware that there was something in Irene which eluded his grasp. He had her body, and it was a most delicately fashioned body. But Irene was more than a beautiful woman: she was the very spirit of beauty. That

beauty eluded Soames' grasp. The more he advanced to it, the more it withdrew into itself. He had noticed this failure, and had been humiliated by it; but the man of property was not so emotionally sensitive as to let his mind linger on it for long. He consoled himself that the beautiful Irene was still the mistress of his home and might bear him an heir.

But then something dreadful happened. Nature, ever ironical, with a wink in its eye, shoved in a third party between these two: an artist, or to be more precise, an architect.

Even before the artist had won Irene's heart, Soames had disliked him. It was a case of instinctive antipathy. Soames, the man of his class, could not help despising a penniless artist who dared to declare that the spirit of English culture was too vulgar to foster real art, and that when the Greek civilization perished, in so far as it did really perish, the goddess of Art was left without true votaries. And now this penniless, impudent architect was robbing him of his most precious possession. For, so long as the spirit of Irene had withdrawn into itself, she did not regard her body as its medium; and indifferently, almost cynically, had surrendered her body to the physical demands of her husband. But now love had come to her; love the most creative of all forces. The barrier had been washed off, the spirit released, and the body brought in tune to the spirit; so that, henceforth, her spirit suffused all her senses, and her senses vibrated to all its flutterings. To borrow the exquisite language of Emerson, her soul became wholly embodied, and her body wholly ensouled. Henceforth, her body as the vehicle and the dwelling place of her love became sacred to her; and she could not allow it to be touched by any one save her lover; although her lover had not touched it so far. She refused to let Soames come to her, and accordingly locked her bedroom door at night.

Poor Soames! he was now torn between two fiends. On the one hand, were his humiliation and fury at having been robbed of his honour. (After all, the honour of men of his class is largely rooted in their claim to possession.) On the other hand, was the fiend of physical passion. So long as marital rights last, this rarely takes its naked and unashamed form of physical necessity, but rather is hallowed as a marital duty. But now that the marital right was banned by the other side, it showed up its nature in all its savageness, and brutality. The previous night, the otherwise respectable and honourable man of property had knocked furiously at the door, and finding Irene unamenable, had forced his way by breaking it open.

This morning, as he sits at his breakfast, he can still hear his wife's stifled sobs as she lay, at first writhing, then motionless, in his strong, burning arms, while he fulfilled his marital duty, and justified the ways of man to woman, and broke the poor woman's heart. And now, the imp in him—for even in such well-sheltered minds the imp sometimes manages to break in—the imp is repeating: Soames, it was a rape. In sheer defence of his honour, Soames the solicitor, repudiates the little, impertinent, invisible stranger. No, it was his right. He simply broke her perversity. In fact, his very honour demanded it. How easily our instincts assume the garb of honour! Is it the compliment they pay to the reality of the conscience in the individual? What a cynical compliment, though!

The imp, however, persists, until Soames rises to seek refuge from these thoughts in his own private picture gallery. For he is a great connoisseur of art, although one of his impertinent cousins had once called him a *dealer* in fine arts. In his picture gallery where hang the originals of the masters of many nations, he walks up and down. Then suddenly he stops before a portrait. His face lights up. He is thinking of those foolish friends who had tried to discourage him from buying that work by an at-that-time-unknown artist. But his judgment has been justified, his taste vindicated. If he sold it now he could get twenty times the sum he had paid for it. Of course, there is no question of selling it, for he is a real lover of art. But, "Yes, I *could* get twenty times what I paid for it, if I *want* to sell it." For a moment, triumph and satisfaction beam on the face of the man of property.

We shall now take leave for a while of Soames, and follow Irene. Irene, the beauty incarnate, the beauty ravished under the rights of property, hurries to her lover's room, as soon as the night is over. He lives in a small apartment, for he is very poor. And there she sobs out to him the terrors of the previous night. When she has left him, you may imagine the condition of the poor architect. The artist's nerves are notoriously on edge. He despises the possessing and the grabbing classes. He adores beauty. And now to see the beauty he adores ravished by the type he despises, and the heart of his love break in sobbing; and to stand by and watch, impotent, unable to do anything, simply because he is too poor to keep her, and support her, not to speak of the divorce costs and compensations, while society, the state, and the church are all ranged on the side of the man of property! With his hands clenched, his gaze fixed on

the ground, he rushes about the streets, like a man half-mad, eating his heart out in his impotence. A terrible London fog falls on the town, the traffic is slowed to a snail's pace, horns are blown. But the lover is deaf and blind. The sobbing is still ringing in his ears.

When Irene gets back to her husband's house, she can endure it no longer. Putting her personal belongings in a case, she leaves for her lover's room, intending to weather poverty and disgrace in love rather than comfort and security in slavery. The architect is not in his room. Leaving her case there, she goes to wait for him on the road. As she stands, looking for him, her ears catch the cries of the newspaper boys, bawling out the death of an architect run over by car in the fog. For a moment she stands dazed. Should she cry or should she laugh? For the moment it seems monsters rule human fate.

Soames, when he comes back home, finds Irene gone with her personal belongings. Half frantic, he rushes out. When he returns, there in the sitting room, huddled up in a corner of a sofa, like a tender, hunted creature, is sitting Irene. Pale as death, and blank with dumb despair, in her look is epitomised all that woman has suffered for ages in the grip of the grabbing, lustful male. Reproach of ages is in that look, and mute appeal—but appeal to what, to whom? The man of property strides in, for the moment conscious only of his renewed triumph, and convinced that even God is on his side, as, of course, He should be. "So you have come back!" Irene does not reply; cannot reply.

But Soames has not taken into account the tremendous strength that lies in despair, that final resource of life, driven back on itself. That very night Irene again leaves the house, and never comes back to Soames. . . . We shall take our final farewell of Soames, walking up and down his picture gallery, himself a picture of loneliness, humiliation and tragedy. The beauty and the love for which he had stretched his hands so eagerly, and on which he had tried to close his grasp so violently, they have eluded him and would elude him for ever.

This finishes our sketch of this half pathetic, half tragic character in the greatest of Galsworthy's novels—*The Forsyte Saga*. Now it is legitimate to enquire wherein lies the essential tragedy of Soames, and why this particular novel stands so high among Galsworthy's works. Above all, we may enquire why it is called a Saga. What has it in common with the Scandinavian prose epics that it bears the name of their class? or, for that matter, what has it in

common with any epic at all ? I shall try to answer these questions as I have answered them to myself.

The Forsyte Saga, in the first place, is a gallery of character-portraits, so various, so finely drawn and so tenderly touched that one can only view and admire them as the strokes of a master-painter. In the hands of Galsworthy, literature becomes a plastic art. There are characters who live with us and make us share their lives ; and there are attitudes that give enduring form to the delight, the poignancy and the irony of life. Whether it be an old uncle or a spinster aunt, a butler or an old clerk in a solicitor's office, we are delighted with their foibles and share their simple sorrows.

In the second place, the *Saga* is a history of a typical upper middle-class family in the England of the later Victorian era—a family and a class portrayed in all its strength, its stubbornness, its sanity and its possessive appetite.

Galsworthy would still be great if he were merely a historian-artist. But happily he is greater: and the reason why he is so dear to all—English or foreign—to whom literature, as the intimate expression of life, is precious, is that though his eye is always on the English, his vision, at any rate in *The Forsyte Saga*, lays bare the universal in human sentiment and relations. He has taken hold of particular incidents and struggles of particular types of a particular class in a particular period of time, to reveal through them one of those conflicts in life that are universal, in that they might be true of all societies, all generations and all times. The conflict portrayed is a conflict rooted in the human nature, although it has been grossly aggravated by the kind of development human society has followed so far ; and although manifest in petty details of everyday life, its scope is none the less titanic, its intensity none the less violent. It is the struggle of the possessive instinct of man exposed to the vision of beauty. It is this nature of the struggle which gives to the book its epic quality. And its hero, or rather its victim, though a prosaic middle-class gentleman, has still the tragic quality of any epic hero, struck down by the ruthless fates.

In Soames the possessive instinct has taken a particularly determined form because he is—this we must never forget—at once the backbone and the victim of a class of society whose tradition, whose state, whose church, have all strengthened and blessed this instinct. This instinct grows and hardens until it takes the form of a psychic shell, as it were, and encrusts the whole personality of man. It can then

serve as an excellent protection. It is then called sanity. And sanity, as we all know, is the most characteristic of all English virtues.

But Life, the great onward-moving, creative life cannot be cheated of its creativity by the crusts and shells of its own particular manifestations. It has in its keeping many mysterious rays which can penetrate the shell and stir the dormant response which lies somewhere in all living things by the mere virtue of their being parts of the same Life. And then the raw self quivers on the brink of the unknown and is held entranced by a twilight into which our sun, the light of our light, seems to disappear, and from which it seems to arise. Anything may do it—

A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
As old and new as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring. . . .

Now just one of those mysterious rays, one of those Browningian sunset touches is the vision of human beauty. It was not for nothing that Plato, the exponent of that divinely unreal love which goes by his name, calls physical human beauty the first vision of the true and divine Beauty.

And just such a beauty was Irene when her form penetrated the safety-crust of Soames. Some who are too intellectual to be anything but cynical, and who are familiar with the maxims of psycho-analysis, may object that the ray which penetrated Soames stirred only his libido, and that his need for Irene was purely physiological. To a certain extent they may be right. But how explain the fact that even when Irene was in the arms of Soames and was his for all practical physical purposes, even then he felt that the beauty which he sought eluded him? How explain the fact that when, later in life, Soames has married again a young, beautiful and sensuous French girl, and all the voluptuous bliss is his, whenever he stumbles on a sight of Irene all the fortresses of his self-complacence collapse? Indeed, Irene is so much the incarnation of elusive beauty that even Galsworthy, so much at ease with every other character, seems to be afraid of outlining and touching her too much. He brings her on his pages only to leave her, as it were, half hovering on the atmosphere.

She has stirred Soames and aroused in him a desire to absorb her. But the only strong and living force in him is his possessive

instinct. He can feel and enjoy her only through it. His nature and his tradition have crippled his soul and left him no other finer medium. He spreads out his grabbing hands towards her and he misses. Therein lies the tragedy of the man of property. It is the tragedy of the inherent and inevitable contradiction. For we cannot possess beauty. Beauty is like the moon. We may cry for it and spring at it ; but can never possess it. At the best, if we have the mentality of a child, we may be given an object in which it is reflected. By holding it we may get the illusion of possessing the moon. And so Soames married Irene and bought works of art for his picture gallery. But the only way of really enjoying and filling ourselves with the glory of the moon is to strip ourselves of all our coverings and protections, and stand under it, naked as in a plain, and let its light flood us and bathe us until it is absorbed in us. Not by grabbing its reflection, but by giving ourselves to its floodlight can we get beauty. But this secret only the poet, the artist and the saint, in so far as he remains a poet, an artist or a saint, knows. Like Maeterlinck's blue bird, beauty changes its colour as soon as we seize it. He who plays the game of grabbing for long will stand disillusioned. If intellectually weak, he turns a hysteric ; if intellectually strong, he turns a cynic ; and in either case he is pitiful.

In a sequel to *The Forsyte Saga*, called *A Modern Comedy*, Galsworthy describes a painting, hanging in the sitting room of Soames' daughter, Fleur. The picture is of a white monkey. (In fact, the first book of the sequel is itself titled *The White Monkey*.) In the hand of the white monkey, is the squeezed-up rind of an orange. At the empty mangled rind, and its own tired hand, sticky with wasted juice, the monkey is gazing with pitiful disgust. The white monkey is, of course, the modern white descendant of the pre-historic anthropoid ape. Impatient, and sceptical of the sources of life, he has grabbed and squeezed too much the fruits of life. The juice proves to be limited ; and what remains is the sticky hand ! The only revenge that the monkey can take is cynicism and disgust. Rather, it is the revenge that life itself takes on us for making it hideous with possessive grasp. The revenge is simple. Life simply withdraws its value from us, and then life appears cheap, petty and vain. Thus man is proud that he has subdued, broken in, and possessed woman. In fact, he has merely succeeded in reducing her to a mere doll, useful only for continuing the race. For Life, at least its reproductive work is carried on ; but for man, in so far as he has any sensitiveness left,

what remains but disgust and cynicism ! In Soames, of course, this disillusionment does not lead to cynicism. His instinct of sanity is too strong and covers him up again, and protects him all through his life, only now and then penetrated and shaken, whenever Irene or her memory crosses his life.

This finishes whatever idea I could give of Soames and his tragedy. But *The Forsyte Saga* consists of three novels and two long short-stories ; and I would fail in my justice to the author if I made no reference to the two short stories.

The first one, called *Indian Summer of a Forsyte*, can only be described as prose-poetry. It is the description of life's radiant grace, opening on a soul who has not asked for it, has not earned it, and, it seems, therefore, hardly deserves it. It is like a dull, prosaic and cloudless day suddenly ending in a glorious sunset. Just at the end of its tedious, arrogant and colourless journey, clouds spring up, somewhere from the hidden corners of heaven, and stealing about it, break the waning dazzle of the tired sun into such tender hues and shades as make a human heart melt, and as reveal to the dying day the miracle of its own light. It is like a tree that has squandered its sap in an aggressive over-growth. The credit with the living earth is almost all spent ; and the tree stands, a huge monstrosity, with half-withered leaves and a dried-up root, imposing only in its stature. But just then a shower from the heavens falls, and, for a moment, the leaves recapture a glimpse of life's first "green felicity", and the branches wave as though unaware that the sap is dried up ; and it seems the tree is dying with a promise of a fuller rebirth.

Such is the Indian Summer of a Forsyte, the oldest of the living Forsytes, and the best of the elder Forsytes, Uncle Jolyon, Soames' uncle. A proud, determined, successful Forsyte, who knew how to enjoy the good things of life up to his last hour, and always accustomed to having his own way, so much so that for years he refused to see his only son who had deserted his wife for another love. This old gentleman is awaiting his death : and with the sunset comes the dawn of his realisation of the spirit of beauty in Irene. Once more the Forsyte shell is penetrated. But this time there is no resistance ; and there is no perversion. The Forsyte crust has already crumbled off, for it has served its purpose. The Forsyte has finished his work in life, and he need offer no resistance. There is no attempt at perversion because life's sap is dried up ; and love of beauty having freed itself from its physiological basis and sex-root, remains itself half-ethereal, and need

not grab beauty and need not stifle it in its burning heat. And so Uncle Jolyon sits on his seat in his garden, and, half-closing his eyes, waits for the gentle foot-steps of Irene, and dreams of her in the meanwhile. Ashamed to disturb such a beatific mood, Death itself is hushed, and comes stealing, as it were, on tiptoe. Uncle Jolyon's eyes close for ever. And we wonder: is it death or new life ?

The second short story is called *Awakening*. Awakening of the first realisation of beauty in the consciousness of a child. The child is the son of Irene herself, through her second marriage with young Jolyon, the son of Uncle Jolyon, and perhaps the most lovable character in the whole Saga. Gazing at his mother's face one day, the child suddenly awakens to the consciousness that there is such a wonder as beauty. And with this consciousness the very depths of the child's mind are stirred. For love of beauty is not like a waft of breeze that comes to us from afar. It lies hidden in us, rooted in our vital urges, even as the rose's fragrance, though seeming to hover around its petals, is rooted in the living seed and the stinking manure. Love of beauty is rooted in the mysterious nature of our libido ; or, even if it is not ultimately rooted there, it can express and realise itself fully only through the vital mechanism at the disposal of the living organism. This subtle connection between the sublime sense of beauty and our primordial urge is beautifully and most delicately—so delicately that many will miss it—traced and followed in that exquisite short story. Those who have admiration for the psycho-analytic theories of Dr. Freud may be interested to know that in his "Civilisation and its Troubles" the eminent psychologist refers to this story of Galsworthy in a foot-note, and pays it a deserving tribute.

HOBBY

Yone Noguchi

ONE who looks in my section of *Who's Who* will notice that walking is my hobby. Some fifteen years ago when I was asked about my life by its editor, I found that the item of "Hobby" was difficult to satisfy, because I had no hobby that might pass under its name. But to have nothing of it, I thought, it might bring disgrace upon my gentleman's dignity. Driven into a corner, I might say, I put down the word of walking as my hobby. But this walking, at least in England, was supposed to be a legitimate kind of hobby for any gentleman. Especially as a hobby of old men it is healthy, economical and proper. It is true that I know personally a few men in England who make a hobby out of walking. It sounds somewhat spiritless to become one of them ; but I thought that, when walking was said to be my hobby, nobody would spin controversies out of it. As I said, it was the affair of humbug altogether ; so I never happened to think whether walking suits me or not. If you accuse me with irresponsibility, I will say that I only feel small. But when in *Who's Who* I see many men whose hobby is walking, I cannot help feeling suspicious, smiling in thought that they might be as I am, a poor creature with no hobby to mention of. I know that nearly all my friends are better off for the matter of hobby ; even when people criticise me saying that I am a miserable fellow like a dry herring, hard and tasteless, I have no word to protest against them.

But I feel sometimes terribly lonesome from the very reason that I have no hobby. In the book of Issa's *hokku* poems which I opened not long ago, I found the following :

"Alas, thirty-six years passed since the 6th of Anei when I left my country home for life's vagabonding over ten thousand miles ; thirty-six years are fifteen thousand nine hundred sixty days. How bitterly have I been subjected to application ! There has not been even one day when I felt ease in my mind. But before I knew it, I became a white-haired old man.

How strange it is
That I should have lived fifty years !
Hallelujah to flower's spring !

First day of spring at last !
Fifty years I've lived . . .
Not a beggar in rush-clothes !

Alas, fifty years have passed,
Having no night
When I danced in Joy."

How strongly I was impressed by the last *hokku* poem, since I myself, like Issa, had spent long fifty years with no night in dancing ! Issa must have been a poor fellow, like myself, who, if he was asked about his hobby, had no other way to answer but with the word of walking. I have had no opportunity to suffer Issa's intense application ; even though I had no chance to feel a mother's great love for the blood's knot was not so strong,—I had no experience like Issa's, to suffer under step-mother's tyranny. Issa, it is said, was turned out from home when he was a boy ; but from my own free will, in elated spirit, I left home toward the western country, where I spent more than ten years. Now having already passed fifty years, I look back upon the past and often think what a hard life I experienced. Indeed, my fifty years were a painful series of fight in loss or gain, having no favourite pursuit in leisure to please myself. I was a miserable creature, like Issa who "passed fifty years having no night when he danced in joy."

I used to play a game of *shogi*-chess when I was a boy, my usual opponent being a son of neighbouring priest, who was a better player, beside being clever to make me irritated ; I always lost the game eight times out of ten, because my passionate love of it made me more awkward and clumsy. With a great determination to beat him during my life, I played the game with him one summer night, sitting on a wooden bench which I brought out in front of my house. But fate was not kind to me again so that my king became almost checkmated, when at this moment of death agony I kicked off the chess-board by my foot, and exposing my cowardice, I jumped back into my house. Never again my fingers touched chessmen.

I cannot understand how the game of *go*-checkers is played, although I have seen its contests so often in the past. While I lived in America, I went not so seldom to a place where my country-men met together in joy or sorrow, and I saw sometimes how they played this game. In spite of my complete ignorance with its rules, I felt some agreeable sensation running through me. How pleasantly the

checker stones sound striking the board ! I should say that the pleasure in their sound was something hard to define. And it was so amusing to see the faces of the players with their special expression not seen in ordinary time, which, as if an autumnal sky, now became cloudy and then clear, or as if a spring bird, now sung songs and then stopped singing. It is the mischief or playfulness of the game that makes a man who is close-tongued in usual days talkative and jolly in mood, or makes a man who is simple and straight, unmask of his hidden psychology when he repeats "not yet" all the time. Since returning home, I have had hardly any occasion to see a *go* contest. Once some years ago when I was living in a monastery at Kamakura, I happened to hear a cool refreshing sound of the checker-stones echoing through the large rooms with sliding screens unclosed ; I knew that the master monk was playing the *go* game with guest. But not wishing to see their contest, I only enjoyed then the rhythmical sound of the checker-stones which was most appropriate to the summer morning. It is indeed the sound that suggests Oriental solitude. If I asked what I love in sound, I will point out, first of all, the sound of *go* stones, then the sound of a wind playing fox and geese in a bamboo forest.

There was a "Chinese Town" in San Francisco of olden day, a dirty extraterritoriality where dusky weird atmosphere obscured Oriental immorality into mystery ; not the Chinese Town of late, but that of thirty years ago, revolved on its axle of gambling and harlotry. It was, in truth, a human garbage wherein Japanese labourers threw freely money, which they earned with sweat. Comparing life with the game of cards, Rossetti writes :

"What be her cards, you ask ? Even these :—

The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed ; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave,
The club, for smiting in the dark ;
The spade, to dig a grave."

Indeed these are life's cards. A heaped gold, Rossetti sings, is found beside the card-dealer whose "eyes unravel the coiled night and know the stars at noon" ; the dream that wraps her brows is wonderfully rich. We human beings surround this mysterious card-dealer, and stake all upon the cast. This poem reminds me of the Chinese Town in San Francisco of olden day, where I went once to see how life's living blood drips and trembles there upon the cruel board of

reality. I shuddered thinking that we will soon shrivel and die between "There, you win" and "Here, I lose".

When Rossetti writes about the cards flying on life's board faster than a dancer's feet, a pale skinny Chinese in the gambling den comes to my mind, whose long fingers, so cunning and slippery like a snake, counted the buttons on the board with a bamboo stick. I was charmed strangely, I confess, by the stillness in the den, that kept for a time all the gamblers in anxiety. I was, however, a man of whom game or sport was not in blood ; so I never felt to bet any thing that night when my friend took me to the gambling den about which I am speaking. My friend wished me to put down his stake on his behalf ; but when I obeyed him and lost the game, I was sorry for him that fate had opposed me in this new undertaking. How could the gamblers' God have smiled, I wondered, on one who cursed him ! When I gave my friend some money to cover a portion of his loss, I felt easy in my mind thinking that it relieved me somewhat from a responsibility which, however, I had taken reluctantly. One more occasion on which I showed that I was born without gambling instinct, came to me afterward at Santa Barbara of California in south, where I found a shelter from rain on my way of journey on foot. There were many Japanese farmers who tried to kill time with buying a Chinese lottery called "Fool's Ticket". They were buying it in hope that this lottery might change into a wise man's ticket. Being asked by one of the farmers to do it, I chose for him characters of the lottery which, being wise words quoted from the analects of Confucius, were used for such a vulgar purpose as gambling. I mused, however, thinking that this Chinese lottery was not without the suggestion, that in China a sage and gambler live together. Unfortunately I could not represent these two persons myself ; so you will know, without my telling how the lottery ticket which I marked, turned out. Although I lived in America for a long time, where gambling might be a sort of gentlemen's pursuits, I never again put my hands on any game or sport. I never saw even a game of base ball or boxing match in America.

As next thing I would like to dwell on my diet. Being a person with a sweet tooth by nature, I kept myself apart from any bottle of wine. But the majority of my old friends, strange enough, were wine-bibbers or even soakers ; being sober myself, I was obliged to keep a face of pot-companion toward them, and often listen to their wild talk and sometimes chime in with pleasing remarks. A few years ago I bought some bottles of claret which I hoped to drink for my health ;

after spending one or two months to finish one bottle of them, I sent down the rest to my kitchen to be used for cooking purpose. Some friend of mine says to me : "Drink, Noguchi, you know that wine makes blood ! It is pity that you don't drink, that is one flaw in your being a perfect jewel." Whether it is a flaw or not I cannot tell, but my teetotalism is inborn ; I cannot help my nature.

I was, however, somewhat an epicure in my western life ; I went round searching after a good coffee or salad from one restaurant to another in New York or London. I was able to criticise even tamals which Spaniards are fond of, or tell you how to make a good dish out of Italian's macaronis. Once I wrote the following : "It is certainly a proof of one's being a prig or crank that he is fond of sea-hedgehogs or pickles of chopped fish-salt. The fellow who eats an indigestible food with joy or pain will be one quick-tempered or obstinate. People who cannot live without a dish of taste or food rich and heavy, something like a *tempura* (fried fish) or spitchcock, are often the men given up to pleasure ; they are sometimes irresponsible. One who repeats pies already at the breakfast table, cannot be bad in temperament ; the man who orders a toast cut to the size of two inches square, or wants to boil his eggs exactly for three minutes, is a complete egoist."

When I returned home and lived in Tokyo or in its vicinity, I went round from one restaurant to another for a fried fish or broiled eels, and appeared to be a man of special taste in food. But for the past four or five years I have been neglecting them ; to-day I am only a peaceful fellow, prosaic, of taste not so particular, and my diet has no distinguished hobby.

Well, and what about my clothes ? There was a time, I confess, long ago, when I took pains with my neckties or shirts, and was not afraid to spend even one guinea for a pair of stockings. But to-day I am content with a proletarian necktie of one shilling, and wear it at least for one year. And the clothes, Japanese or foreign, which I am wearing to-day, are as old as kitchen rugs ; one or two buttons of them are always off. My old wife worries about it, and sometimes says that such a careless manner in dressing is beneath my dignity. But I am a harmless anarchist who wears a hat three years old.

Now that I have said everything, I must return to the beginning and say that walking is the one thing left to me as my hobby. I dare say that this walking is quite a suitable thing for me at present. But none the less it is a question which I must think about. When I was young, walking was my hobby, and I even took a journey on foot that

lasted more than thirty days ; my walking became sometimes one of the newspaper gossips. But my faith in walking grew impaired some ten years ago, when Robert Bridges, then Poet Laureate, took me round Oxford for sightseeing. I could not walk as fast as this old poet ; my walking speed was only a half or third of the speed he walked. Robert Nichols who was then an undergraduate, saw us by the roadside, and murmured to himself ; "Noguchi, a short-legged tortoise, runs for life after Bridges, a long-legged stork !" I do not know whether Robert Bridges gave walking in Who's Who as his hobby, but I have no right to profess it. If walking may not be my hobby, ought I to correct Who's Who ? To tell truth, even a little walking in my garden begins to be tiresome to me now. If such a term as "Not walking" is permissible my hobby is "Not walking", that is to say, I sit quietly before my table in the dingy study. But you must not take me for a studious person, because it is only that I sit before the table—that is all. Therefore "Not studying" instead of "Not walking" might be a better hobby for me today.



POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF RANALD NEWSON

[NOT many months back we had in our midst a young Englishman, working as a Tutor in English in the College attached to the ashram. Even before he had offered to join our Institute Mr. Ranald Newson had had several volumes of verse published to his credit. We soon learned to appreciate his talent ; and although his habits were somewhat eccentric, he was frank, open-hearted and affectionate and took no time in winning the affection as well of his colleagues as of his students ; while the un-English lack of conventionality in his manners made it easy for him to feel himself at home in the simple, rural environments of this ashram. He seemed of a temperament, at once passionate and intellectual, and while passion gave a marked temperamental bias to his thought, his intellect was strong enough to make the bias active in his life. The result was a romantic pessimism, rent here and there with flashes of cynicism ; an ardent hero-worship mocked by fits of disbelief in human nature ; a longing for love that decreed its own frustration. It was therefore not surprising that while he was not in sympathy with Rabindranath's poems, (for having read them in translation he was unduly irritated by their serene optimism), he was absolutely in love with his Bengali songs which, thanks to his ignorance of the language, left his intellectual biases unprovoked, and soothed the deep, undefined longings of his heart. He was also an enthusiastic admirer of Rabindranath's paintings, whose emphasis on the grotesque and the fantastic in human character somehow flattered his intellectual convictions. But he loved the ashram best of all, the rural simplicity of its life and its daily worship of nature and beauty.

When at the end of his term he left for his land, we were all genuinely moved to part from him, though we little knew then that he would for ever after remain for us a mere memory. In a letter that the present writer received from London, dated 13 January 1935, he wrote : "London is cold and foggy and consequently my attitude towards the works of God is at the moment somewhat critical—almost hostile. But with you I suppose it is still all sunshine. . . . I suppose we shan't meet again on this paradisaal planet but I shall remember Santiniketan and our talks there." A few months later we received a letter from his brother, Mr. Edward Newson, informing

us that his brother had died "by his own hand shortly after his return to England." We received the news in great sorrow and appreciated the kindness of his brother in sending us these posthumous poems of a dear friend.—The Editor.]

I

About time God had sense enough to stop
All this tomfoolery of life and death.
And think again—
The accident that made God God, and not
You God or me God. But enough of that.
Better a sleepy tune to soothe the nerves.

II

Bunty in gum boots and a long skirt ;
In her gold hair a feather ; for we sat
Plucking a chicken. Soon the red round Sun
Was gone beneath the pines, and some white God
Threw the bronze discus of the moon
Into the blue-green-sky . . . and bleating goats,
And dogs with dripping muzzles at our heels,
And chickens fluttering . . . and as I said,
Bunty in a long skirt and gum boots.

III

God be praised for tobacco ;
For the steam rising from hot baths ;
For woman's hair to touch.
God be praised for Death's thin hand that puts
The snuffer on the Sun and Moon and Stars.

IV

It is a pretty dance
That will-o'-the-wisp Tomorrow leads us
Through the foul quagmire of our life and death.

. . .

In my dream I pulled savagely at a girl's hair,
And so a new fairy tale came into my mind,
Of a distressed Princess shut in a tower by an old witch
Who pulled out a handful of her hair every morning.

V

Bunty that was my last hope of redemption
 Has failed me. . . . Let us talk of ghost-pale stars,
 Red stars and green stars shining above Styx ;
 And white swans threading watery tracks among
 The lilies of the Styx ;
 And peacocks flaming on the banks of Styx.
 Only for God's sake let us talk.

VI

On the third day descended into Hell ;
 Heard Sappho's lyre ; saw Isadora dance :
 New stars swam in the green and glassy waves
 With silver-fish and gold-fish tangled
 In their pale lily roots.

VII

Pink sand, pale blue the sky, a white cliff ;
 Great trumpet shells and wave-dashed rubble ;
 And Sappho with her violet-wreathed
 Loose-flowing hair about her purple robe,
 Her pale hand resting on the wooden lyre.
 One moment more thus . . . then the falling star
 Across the Heavens . . . the Earth's beating heart
 Rising and falling in the green salt waves.

. . .

Bunty, you were a girl
 Who would have made glad Sappho's wayward heart,
 You with your tresses falling about your shoulders,
 Your bare feet in your bulky Wellingtons
 Of shiny rubber and your boyish stride
 That fought your long skirt as you led your goats
 From pasture in the moonlight-flooded woods.

VIII

Call the subconscious mind a deep, still lake.
 Dream, the old angler, dozes on his stool
 Till sprat or swordfish tug his line.
 For instance I fell in with Mair again.
 She responded to me in a quiet sort of way.

Later of Elinor who had let her bobbed hair grow
And wore it at somewhat irregular lengths. She had
Written a book with a bright yellow cover—a book
Of reminiscences—at which, for obvious reasons,
I wanted very much to take a peep.

. . .

“That woman left a scar across your soul,”
Said Ajit Chakravarti as we walked
Beneath the mango trees and liquid stars.

IX

You know my land-girl Bunty. That’s her picture there.
Beautiful isn’t she with her great hood of hair?
Believe it or not but she has clung against my breast
And given back my kisses. And this in a world
That seems the merest freak of chance, a
whim of the horn’d Devil.

X

Even if I were to spend all the time
Weeping or raging, yet these hours would pass.
These horrible slow hours will surely pass.
The wounded heart will plead no more
And Death’s cold lips shall whisper, “I have come.”

XI

The green swift fauns
That steal the milk from Bunty’s goats
And dance on moonlit nights
Through the grey woods about her quiet home
Had felt the warmth of Spring, and on their flutes
They piped a rambling, wayward song.
And as the liquid dew of silver notes
Rained on the black soil, yellow primroses
And violets blue
Opened shy petals. Through the woods I pressed
Further and further from her quiet home
Though Bunty’s voice cried “Ranald” through the trees,
Nor paused I till steep granite steps
Led to the ghat of stars at the world’s edge.

There paused I dreaming of the yellow hair
On which within the hour my lips would press.

XII

Not even the scarlet flames of Hell
Will burn out of my heart the memory
Of the world's only Bunty !
That afternoon I saved her dogs for her
In the green woods and the sunshine.
I praise the Lord God Krishna or what God
Or blinded destiny had led my steps
To where they were entombed : and furthermore
That while I laboured for her, she stood by—
The World's only Bunty with her laughter
Sweeter than sunshine ; and her hood of hair
Brighter than the gold tresses of the Sun.

XIII

Life being what it is—
An ugly, and a brutal, stupid thing—
We have the hookah set before our feet.
Let the World's folly clamour in the street.
The doors are shut and bolted while cross-legged
We squat and smoke the poppy seeds of dream.

. . .

I dreamed that I was back in childhood
And stood in blue light by a dripping water wheel
Turned by the ripples of the Milky Way.
And once a little boat went softly by.
A white and bespectacled old sheep
Sat at the helm. A small girl pulled the oars.

XIV

A good dream last night because I saw Bunty
In all her beauty and with all that glory of her
Yellow hair ; and beauty not as so often, distorted
By the wayward mirth of dreams—as for instance,
To walk with such a girl and presently her nose
To change to cork bark and her hair to small
Black twisting leeches.

XV

"Why, you have cut your hair off, you silly girl," I said,
Finding myself caressing Bunty's close-cropped head.
This at the end of a long night of dreams,
For the most part horrible, distorted dreams,
Of myself newly come from India,
Of Bunty's home at Addington, and Bunty
Who turned a deaf ear to my desperate pleading.

XVI

The land-girl Bunty who would meet the Sun
As the Sun's lover—he and she
With their gold tresses intertwined.
Bunty the Sun girl with her home
In the green woods.
The Great Bungler did his work well for once
When he made Bunty.
She will lose her wildness to marry some damned
bank-clerk.
But in a simpler age than this
I would have had her—would have chased for her
The antlered stag until it stood at bay
By the blue lake streaked with the Sun's blood.

XVII

And one night I went walking
To the small village by the many-winding
River, the Kopai.
The Santal villagers beneath the moon,
That trembled in the copper palm trees,
Beat on their drums. And to the frenzied beat
A dancer leaped
Higher and higher in the tropic night.
And still he leaped and still they beat their drums
More frenziedly, until he leaped so high
He leaped above the thatched roof and the palms.
And still they beat and up he leaped and down.
Thud ! He was smashed to pieces like an egg.
Such tragedies were frequent where I stayed.

XVIII

Was it a dream or did we meet
And walk across the black ridge while the wax
Of burning star candles
Spilled in the ruined niches of the night ?
The pale stars and the blue-green leaves
And Bunty's starlit hair in the grey woods
But what astonished me was how Bunty could possibly cram
All that great mass of hair
Into her rubber bathing helmet strapped beneath her chin.

XIX

So dreamed that we were married.
Our nuptial night we celebrated
On a red sofa in a green jungle
Of palms with floating leaves.
Then we were in the little bedroom
With one small window curtained from the stars.
She wore her hair in a neat bun of bright gold
With horn-rimmed glasses for her great brown eyes.
The clothes she wore were in the Old World style—
Bustle, high neck, and leg-of-mutton sleeves,
That oust the short skirt and the Eton crop.
A storm arose and with the storm came War,
And storm and War raged through the night—
Storm in his steel-blue uniform,
And war in scarlet. Then I turned
To my beloved with her bun of hair
Like a gold drinking cup.
Her face was gas-masked and her heart beat fast.
She pulled on heavy Wellingtons and threw
About her a white rubber drizzle cape
And while she buttoned this with trembling hands
She said, "Together we will flee
Through the fierce lashing storm." But I
Clasped her caped glistening body to my own,
Unpinned her hair, and let it fall
About her shoulders like the sun-god's rays.

XX

Leonard Rafter said of Bunty's picture
That she was like a night of the Holy Grail.
And with her soft hair to her shoulders
It seemed that she was Galahad himself
As we stood in the grey light of the trees.
In the cramped shed at sun-going-down
Our heads touched as we peeped at the wee chicks,
And presently my hand was on her breast,
And my lips on her neck and hair.
And after that she was no more
Galahad. Green fauns among the trees
Woke at our laughter, and the dog-star barked.
And Bunty lit a cigarette – the first
That I had ever tempted her to smoke –
And she was no more Galahad.

XXI

When I was young I thought my hands had strength
To spin the little Earth what way I chose.
Fate has been too much for me
As may be Fate has been too much for God.

XXII

When I got to the house in the woods
And settled in an arm-chair
The shaggy old dog George that I had saved
Sprang in my lap, his eyes all lit with love.
He remembered.
But Bunty forgets things, forgets things.

XXIII

A grim dream in which wishing to make a little money,
I sold five shillings' worth of my flesh to a girl
For her father's meal. Leonard performed the operation
Very sympathetically cutting away two large
And painful half-moons from the sides of my feet.

And then to meet Bunty in a starlit lane—
 I remember still the tarred fence, the trees.
 Bunty had cut off most of her hood
 Of hair, and curled the rest and dyed it ginger
 Because she said her yellow tresses made her
 Unfashionable, or at any rate uncomfortably
 Conspicuous. After the first shock of surprise,
 I was for having her hair cropped right close
 To the head.

XXIV

“This boy Phaon,” she said, “for whom I die,
 With his long yellow hair about his shoulders,
 His petulant lips, his great sad eyes—
 Let me admit that for his sake
 I, Sappho, of immortal fame whose lyre
 Shall be a constellation in the night
 Of ages past ; I, Sappho,
 Of whom many shall dream
 With bitter dreams of love and anguish
 Hearing the story of the great white rocks—
 The lonely, sharp crystal cluster of rocks
 And these
 The Lesbian who stands above all women
 As these rocks stand above the tossing waves
 And ocean tangle of velvet-green sea serpents.
 Let me admit that for his sake, for Phaon’s sake,
 To gain his touch—the slightest glance from him—
 All shames I have endured until my fame
 Seemed but the paltriest bauble.
 Had I scrubbed kitchen floors
 He had been kinder to me—to me
 The darker Helen of the world of dreams—to me
 Sappho, the Lesbian, the poetess.

. . .

And furthermore I shout it to the wind
 With bitter laughter,
 With tears and bitter laughter,
 This Phaon who has shamed me and driven me hence

Into the night and coldness of the night—
This Phaon was a fool ; vain, idle, weak—
As stupid as the steel-horned goats he led
From pasture in the woods when the half moon
Hung like a harp in Heaven ; or the loud cock
Who on a mound of pig's dung hails
The spears and poison gasses of the dawn.

. . .

I die, I Sappho, for his sake.
This blood and flesh and beating heart of dreams
I scatter on the clear
Sharp, jagged crystal cluster of the rocks.
My hair shall drift among the trumpet shells
And the wet sands and liquid silver moonlight.

. . .

So Sappho spoke, nor wept. And once again
She looked upon the visible beauty
Of the granite towers and turrets of the mountains,
And of the fields and forests and waves
That hissed like serpents as they slapped the rocks.
"The river of the dead is choked with lilies",
She murmured, and above the purple waves
The half moon slowly butted.

AN INQUIRY INTO BUDDHIST CATALOGUING

C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS

IN a recent article on 'Problems of Buddhism',¹ Dr. Winternitz has the following footnote (p. 47): "The absence of the four truths and the eightfold path as items in the Four-section and Eight-section of the Anguttara Nikāya (see Mrs. Rhys Davids in Journal of the R. A. S. 1935, p. 721 ff.) is indeed striking. But a closer investigation of the Anguttara will be necessary to find out on what principle items have been included in this Nikāya (and in the Sangīti and Dasuttara & the Dīgha), before we can draw conclusions from this omission."

A reasonable demurring. Let me here begin a closer investigation.

In view of a) the wide sweeping-in of doctrines shown in these three catalogues, b) the fairly safe conclusion, that it takes some time in the history of a 'church' for a formula to emerge, and c) the fact, that the history of any religion is a history of changing values, I judged, concerning the "absences" referred to, that they were due to this or that portion of the catalogue, which omitted, having been framed *before* certain numerical formulas had been *drafted as orthodox tenets* of prime importance.

But the question then arises: Did the catalogues in question profess to include everything that was orthodox doctrine? Or at least, if no profession to this effect accompanies these scriptural lists, is it perhaps possible, that the lists include only such topics as are, for some reason, not 'duly' emphasized in the residual scripture, and are hence sets of so many postscripts to the other Suttas? Even if this can account for the omissions, then we should not expect to find among the included items *any* tenet of acknowledged leading importance, since these tenets would rank as such in virtue of the fact that they did receive due emphasis, and hence did not require to be swept-in after such a quasi-apologetic fashion. *But we do find such included.*

Or were the specified formulas-of-number omitted, because, albeit they had been drafted when the Lists were compiled, they were not then held in sufficient esteem, they had not yet won suffrages enough, to

¹*Viśva-Bharati Quarterly* (New Series) II, 1.

warrant their being included? Of the 'left wing' only perhaps? Not then such as could be "chanted together by all, not disputed about"?¹

Or were they indeed, as I suggested, *emergences in the Sangha's changing values, more or less alien to the earlier teaching?*

There may possibly be other reasons discoverable for the omissions. So far I can think of no other, and it is to be regretted that, in recognizing my overdue discovery, admitted as being 'remarkable', the learned Doctor should not have helped us with his own speculations in the matter. If Buddhists and writers on Buddhism had not for years harped on certain tenets as 'central' and 'basic' in Buddhism:—the four truths, the way as eightfold, the three marks in everything (*anicca, dukkha, anattā*), release (*vimutti*), the three refuges (*buddha, dhamma, sangha*), the five khandhas, the goal as, not '*attha*', '*attha samparāyika*,' but nirvana, or nirvana *plus* three other things (*sambodhi, abhiññā, upasamā, nibbāna*)²—these omissions would not seem so strange and unaccountable. But as it is, they hold up a glaring red-light to such harping, until and unless a satisfactory reason is forthcoming for the 'absence' of such so-called cardinal items in lists, which have the appearance at least of being very comprehensive.

Can we then point to any context in text or commentary declaring, in any of the three cataloguings, a principle of in-, or of ex-clusion? In the two commentaries, I have so far found none. But I gladly admit, that a more searching study may tell us something. If so, the telling will be of the tradition as worded in Buddhaghosa's Pali recasting of the Sinhalese *atthakathā's* which he found in Ceylon. That is, we shall have Buddhaghosa's own view about what he found in MSS. handed down (with an indefinite amount of making of fresh copies) during the four to five hundred years since the first written recensions (as stated in the *Dīpavaṃsa*) were made (cc. 80 B.C.). And in this, his 'own view', he will either faithfully have repeated what he found in Sinhalese MSS., or he will have stated his personal opinion. I do not hold him incapable of doing the latter. We see him *e.g.*, very probably doing it in imputing to the Founder a reason for introducing a fivefold skandha-doctrine, for which in the *Piṭakas* there is no justification.³

A good opening was given him in the introduction to the *Sangīti Suttanta*. It is a rarely vivid picture: the Mallas of Pava, having built a new municipal hall, invite the aged Gotama on his tour to honour it

¹Sangīti Suttanta.

²The First Utterance.

³Vis. M. ch. xvii.

by opening it, as we say. The scene is described, albeit the Founder's address is totally forgotten. Verily the 'new men', of whom Ānanda wailed "They please me not at all",¹ no longer paid heed to their Chief's words! Then comes possibly the Appendix, *viz.*, the Catalogue. Gotama is weary, after the laity depart, and Sāriputta (who had predeceased him!) is resurrected to go on and address only the quiet-sitting, patient monks. He is represented as anxious to forestall schisms, such as were said to be proceeding in the Jaina Sangha after the decease of its Founder. He calls on his assembly, seeing they had a well-imparted teaching (*dhamma*), to institute "a chanting together in concord without wrangling, for the long survival of the Brahma-living." Then abruptly follows the list, from one 'single doctrine' (*eko dhammo*) to the following nine more sub-sections of doctrines. But to all this Buddhaghosa makes no inquiry as to selection, and we are left with the inference, that the 'recital' was to include every doctrine about which there was complete agreement as to its orthodoxy. The List is as follows:

One 1	Sixes 22
Twos 33	Sevens 14
Threes 60	Eights 11
Fours 50	Nines 6
Fives 26	Tens 6
<hr/>	
170	59,

139 in all.

In the Dasuttara List of only 55 items we can rightly speak of a principle of selection determining its contents. We start with ten *reasons why* certain teachings should be considered in certain ways. Clearly a carefully selected list; hence it should better reflect the orthodoxy of its date of compilation. The things recommended for study are such as "help much, are to be made to become, to be understood, to be put away, belong to decline, lead to distinction, (or eminence), are hard to penetrate, are to be brought to pass, to be thoroughly learnt (*abhiññāyā*), to be realized."

We may here find food for historical weighing. Thus among the ten reasons the early injunction to seek (*gavesati*) has vanished, and with it that early word for the Goal of seeking: *attha*. Dropped already from the First Utterance (only the negative is retained), it will have come to mean only 'meaning' or 'cause'²). Here are already two reasons for

¹ *Theragāthā*.

² *Hetu jānāti*. Ang. Comm., iii. 283, on the term *atthaññu*.

seeing in the Du. an outlook very far removed from really 'primitive' Buddhism. As Goal Nibbāna has come in and sits firmly enthroned.

Finally, the Anguttara lists total up to 9557—so the Commentary—and present not a few parallel but variant versions, *i.e.*, where the 'text' of the Sutta is identical, but the exposition different—a very natural result where repeaters have come in from different centres to a Council of Revision, and the judge, or judges have decided that the two or more versions are equally orthodox. But as to any principle of selection in these or in the Dasuttara, Buddhaghosa, so far as I see,—and he is much given to imputing reasons to the teacher—offers no comment.

It is clearly not within the scope of an article to give in detail the subject-matter of these three great Lists. All that I can possibly do here is to cite (as I have partly done elsewhere) the numbered formulas which constitute, for Hīnayāna Buddhists and for most writers on Buddhism, the original teaching, and examine to what extent they find a place in the Lists. But first I trust I may be allowed space for stating in brief outline the nature of the titles under which the various subjects have found admission. If these reveal any principle of selection, so much the better, but I am dubious.

In Mabel Hunt's Index volume to the Anguttara (P.T.S. 1910), I made a complete alphabetical table of these titles. From this we may compile a synopsis of them, thus: Many items are presented as so many things or *dhammā*:—here the Dīgha Suttantas adopt this term throughout in introducing each subsection: *Kalamo eko dhammo?* *Katame dve (dhammā)*, or *Kalamo eko dhammo bahukāro . . . pariññeyyo*, etc. Similarly many others are presented as *anga's*, as *paccaya's*, as *phāna's*, *dhātu's*, as *āyatana's*, *vatthu's* etc. Of these, only the first and the last three appear in the Ds.

We have then, in the Anguttara, many items concerning the man, mainly in the term that had come in with the worsened concept of the man: *puggala*, there being relatively few survivals in which the more honourable *purisa* is retained. The Dīgha shows a relatively slight interest in the man. It was in 'ideas about' the man, that the scholastic monk-world had come to be mainly interested, when these two Suttantas were compiled.

We have next a number of objective matters in man's life: such as the bourns in his life (*gatis*), sick men (*gilāna's*), gifts, greetings, etc. Then there is a much greater number of subjective matters in values: *agga's* (highest things), *attha's* (aims), *āpatti's*, *ānisaṃsā's* (attainments, profits), growths (*vuḍḍhi's*), etc.

And there is the long list of morally bad items and their opposites: cankers (*āsava* (s), fetters (*saṃyojana*'s) . . . *vijjā*'s), calm (*passaddhi*'s), the former much outdistancing the latter. These are all fairly equally represented in both Anguttara and Saṅgīti. There are finally things to which man is likened, or the training of him, such as the horse (I do not find the elephant here), mangoes, jars, clouds, etc.; these in A. only.

For an adequate study, here impossible, of the subject, it would be necessary to enlarge this synopsis from the A., and compare it with the D. lists. One feature in the grouping, occurring only in the A. List, may not be without historic importance. It is this. From the Sixes, there is a beginning of making the requisite number out of two groups of three each: either of opposites: *e.g.* conditions pleasing to the Bhagavā, or displeasing (341f.), or of things somehow associated, *e.g.*, 3 *layhā*'s and 3 *māna*'s (445). In the Sevens this is continued (43; 82). Similarly in the Eights. But in the Nines this device is oftener resorted to, and with this difference, that the complementary lists—usually of 5 and 4—have sometimes no visible bond of connection. Usually one is doctrinally much more prominent than the other, *e.g.*, 5 *celokkhila*'s and 4 *satipphāṭṭhāna*'s. And the latter is invariably put *after the former*. I shall return to this.

I could have made these notes ampler, but without throwing any further light on any Leitmotif of guiding principle in selection. So far as I have any knowledge of the Suttas, I seem to find here expressed a desire to catalogue, not this or that, but *everything that there is in them which served in teaching doctrine*. I am open to correction, but I cannot as yet find any such things in the Suttas which do not here find echo.

I come then to those subjects which in such doctrinal cataloguing we should all expect to find. And these are:—

- In the Ones : a) Nirvāna ; b) release (liberty, deliverance) :
vimutti ;
 „ „ Threes : the Three Refuges (Buddha, Dhamma, Sangha, or
 with the sometimes appended fourth item of
 saintly virtues),
 „ „ „ the Three Marks in everything : transience, ill, not-
 self,
 „ „ „ the Three Roots (*lobha, dosa, moha*) ;
 „ „ Fours : the Four Truths,
 „ „ „ the Four Divine States ;
 „ „ Fives : the Five Khandhas of body and mind ;
 „ „ Eights : the Eightfold Way, usually called Path.

Last, but not least, but not usually so insisted upon as original ; the List called Parts or Wings of Enlightenment, said to have been a special dying charge of the Founder to his Order, which they "should practise, meditate upon and spread abroad" ¹ :

Three Fours , the Stations of Mindfulness (*satipphaṭṭhānā*),
 ,, Right Efforts (*sammappadhānāni*),
 ,, Steps to Psychic Power (*iddhipādā*).

Two Fives , ,, Faculties of spiritual sense (*indriyāni*),
 ,, Strengths (*balāni*).

The Seven , ,, Parts of Enlightenment (*bojjhangā*).

The Eight , ,, Eightfold Way.

I am not unreasonable in claiming, that in any comprehensive Catalogue, evidently of doctrinal importance, the foregoing Lists, or numbered formulas would have been given right of entry, and be found, not merely as referred to, or, also, applied, in exposition of any item, but as titular items.

What we actually find is, that as titular items they are largely, though not wholly, absent ! Thus in the titles of subjects :

Of the Ones , Nirvana is absent in all three Catalogues, appearing only in the Nines (A.) as Ninefold Nibbāna (p. 453ff.)

Vimutti is equally so, appearing only in the Fives (A.) as *pañca vimutt'āyatanāni* (p. 21), and as *pañca dhammā celivimuttiphala* (p. 84), and as *pañca vimuttiparipacanīyā saññā* (p. 243), etc.

Of the Threes , I do not find the Three Refuges.

The Three marks (not yet so-called) occur only in Ds. in the Fives, as modes of *saññā* : *anicca-*, *anicce dukkha-*, *dukkhe anattā-*, *paḥāna-*, and *virāga-saññā*.

Of the Fours , the Truths do not appear in A. save incidentally (p. 202) ; nor in Ds. ; only in Du., where they appear with the usual adjective *ariya*, and are to be *abhiññeyya*. The Divine States appear, not in A., but only in Ds. as the Four Infinities (*appamaññā-*, p. 223), not in Du.

Of the Fives , the khandhas do not appear in A. But the *first four* appear in the Fours, in the Sutta 'Sokhummāni,' the Subtle things, the fifth, *viññāṇa*, being still reserved for 'the man' who *has* the khandhas. But they are placed first in the Ds. Fives, and in Du. they are also placed as *pariññeyya*.

Of the Eights , the Eightfold Way is neither in A., nor in Ds., only in Du., where it is as usual *bhāvetabba*. But the Way occurs in A. titles in the Tens, as the *Tenfold* Way, while in Ds. we have the 'eight-fold' without reference to a Way, viz. as the eight fitnesses or rightnesses (*sammattā*), opposed by eight wrongnesses (*miccattā*).

The entries of the "Parts of Enlightenment" are equally erratic. Take the Fours: To the Satippaṭṭhānas, *Sammapphadānas* and *Iddhipādās* is given place of honour in Ds., but in Du. only the first is admitted. In A. not one of the three Fours appears *till the Nines*, and then, as if to make good, the first appears nine times, the second once, the third twice, coupled with a Five-category: *pañca vinibandhā*.

Of the Fives, the Indriyas appear in Ds. and Du., but not in A., save as Four, without 'faith' (*saddhā*). The Bala's appear in all three, and in A., also as Four, 'faith' omitted (p. 141f., 252).

Of the Sevens, the Bojjhanga's appear duly in all three.

With the Way I have dealt. And I would remind readers, that its older form as being *without the 'eightfold'* is suggested by the fact, that, in the last, the Great Vagga of the Saṃyutta-nikāya, not the last, but the first section is given to the Way. And whereas in the Suttas the Way has been edited into its eightfold and ariyan frills, the Vagga is entitled just "Way": *Magga-vagga*.

The question at once arises: why then is 'Way' absent, in all three Catalogues, from the Ones? Why indeed? Way and choice of it stands at the head of the Charter of the Teaching (miscalled 'sermon'); the whole rationale of the Sakyans' gospel is that by Wayfaring, i.e. by the life, the man can become That Who he innately is. Salvation is represented as "a way going to end of ill." Whence then the silence here?

Decline in way-teaching there certainly was. In *only two Suttas*, out of the hundreds put into the mouth of the Founder, is he shown making the way a matter of live teaching¹. Fitted to be a gospel for Everyman,

¹*Majjhima*, No. 107; *Saṃyutta*, iii, 'Tissa.'

we find the Way here and there reserved as for the culminating step in the progress of the monk.¹ I am inclined to think, that when the eight 'fitnesses' were inserted before the word Way (as I believe they were, probably to replace some such word which had become discredited as *bhava* ;—cf. *bhava-cakka*),² attention became diverted, from the wayfaring as such, to the mental and moral qualities enjoined in the 'eight'.

But there is another possible reason, and that is the way taught as Four-fold. Does Way appear under any of the Fours in this light? Yes and No. Ds. definitely has 'way' as fourfold under both Fours and Eights. But emphasis is laid on the several 'fruits' (*phala*), which were technically distinguished from the wayfaring towards them (*paṭipanna*) in the Fourfold Way. This was because the main thing in monk-life had become, not so much the nearing a positive goal as the increasing remoteness from living over again. As I have said elsewhere, the disbanded Greek soldiers were become more intent on saying: No more land! than on shouting 'The sea! The sea!' Wayfarer's progress is merged in Wafarer's looking back over his shoulder. Neither Du. nor A. gives in this connection either a Four or an Eight. But both A. and Ds., in the Fours, note four qualities in the First stage-and-fruit: that of the 'Streamwinner' (*sotāpanna*); this is all. In no way is it a worthy recognition of the great figure of the Road.

Well! Can we, with thus much of inadequate inspection, come to any provisional conclusions about these three catalogues?

I would suggest in the first place, that to speak here of a guiding principle of selection were a mistake. It would not be so *a*) if we were considering a choosing being made from a finished mass of material, *b*) if we were considering the choosing 'church' as an unchanging measure of values. In both cases the fact was otherwise. Placing ourselves in North India of the fifth to the third century B.C., we can see, that the amassing those thousands of Suttas will have been a very long business, however it was done. It was a bookless, trainless, car-less world. It is more likely, that any and every Saying, reported at a centre where 'repeating' was carefully handed on, will have been 'included' in the Stock of such, and only tested as to orthodoxy on occasion of a revising standardizing Council.

It is here that we come to a possible 'principle of selection' being to some extent found necessary. Where several Suttas gave differing expositions of a common text, all may have been let stand; the A. has plenty of

¹ E.g. *Samyutta* ii, 38, iv, 133, 177, 232, 251, *Majjh.* No. 143.

² *Visuddhi-magga*, 577.

such. But in some cases repeaters will have recited sayings at variance from the changed, changing orthodoxy of the day. And it is there that certain sayings may have been 'turned down'. But again, there may have been sayings, found little if at all in provincial versions, which had come to be drafted as approved by the revising metropolitan centre. These will have certainly 'gone into' the catalogues, often into a special place of distinction. Cf. the five khandhas in Ds.: 'Fives' i and ii, with their 'titular' absence in the A. Fives. There is of course nothing unique in this proceeding as a historical fact in the life of churches. I am old enough to remember hearing as a young girl reverberations of the impressions produced by the Decree of Infallibility of 1870, and even those of the Bull '*Ineffabilis*' on Immaculate Conception of 1854.

When we can bring ourselves frankly to admit that the Saṅgha and its editorial standards had undergone profound changes (largely in religious worsening), when it achieved the compiling of the Canon or Tipiṭaka, we may then begin to weigh truly the procedure in these Catalogues. They certainly present three degrees of in-, or ex-clusiveness in selection. The sweeping-in is fairly manifest as dominant in the Anguttara. The changing values in the (? revising) sweepers are more manifest in the other two. I am not pretending, that, in A., the sections were, so to speak, kept open for each new contribution to be docketed orally as it was reported. We note that numbered formulas are used in exposition *before* their number is, as section, begun. The Bojjhanga's for instance appear in A. i, 14, but not as numbered; in the Sixes they appear as 'seven'; they come as titular into the Sevens none the less.

But this is not to deny, in the sweepers who revised, not collected, action that looks suspiciously like 'making good', when a certain section, say the Fours, had been 'closed', and certain numbered doctrines had *thereafter become of titular merit*. We have only to refer to the way in which the Satippaṭṭhana's get no titular insertion in the Fours, but get it *nine times in the Nines*, when coupled with a title of five other things, making the number up to nine. Attention has never yet, I believe, been called to this. (Mine was too immature when I was compiling that Index of Subjects). Or is there any other explanation?

How immature is not as yet all Piṭakan study! Shall we ever see any corporate effort in the historical excavation of the Pali Canon? The Pali Text Society is within a very few years of the completion of the task set it by its Founder:—is there any hope, that our successors will rally to organize such a work?

A STORMY NIGHT

It was a stormy night.
The wild wind shrieked
And shook the monotony of incessant rain.
The blinds by my bed suddenly opened
And stray drops rushed in
Like children frightened by the chasing blizzard.
 The deep black of night enveloped the sky,
 And all light and colour were gone.
 A curtain of oblivion came dreamily
 Upon the consciousness.
Lightning dared not flash
But hid itself like a snake down in its retreat.
No thunder pealed.
The wind-gods alone were awake
With angry breasts heaving,—
And I lay sleepless.
 Like the first man
 In the pre-historic prime of earth
 On the first stormy night.

YUVANASVA.

SARAT CHANDRA CHATTERJEE

Dhurjati Mukherji

THE secret of Sarat Chandra's appeal to the very wide circle of his readers in Bengal, is his humanism. Nobody in Bengali literature has had such a varied experience of life as it is actually lived in our country and probably none have transmuted it so successfully into the materials of art. His horizon is not limited to the well-to-do, but extends into all ranks and classes. His metier has been wrongly supposed to be the treatment of the de-classed and the down-trodden only, whereas, in reality, his concern is with injustices wherever they prevail. The castigation of wrongs perpetrated by the rich over the poor, the male over the female, the virtuous over the sinner, the upper castes over the lower has been impartially meted out by this eminent critic of the existing social order. His standpoint has always been the basic human values.

The methods adopted by him can be summed up in one word, irony. The essence of irony is a covert critical attitude towards modes of life and belief. It may take various forms. The highest, of course, is the tragic one, as in Greek drama, where the audience is assisted either by the chorus or by a previous knowledge of the end of the story, not shared by the characters themselves, to estimate the worth of their struggle against the inexorable workings of Fate. The force of the criticism is brought out in the tragic situations. In fiction or in modern drama the story is to be unfolded and the interest kept up. As such no former acquaintance can be postulated, but the situational irony has to be discovered. Another variety of irony, probably a looser one, is that which instead of being concentrated in critical predicaments runs through the pages or the talk and becomes a style of writing. It may as well be called a running commentary of life by the author who has substituted himself for the audience or the reader. In a short story, the double meaning is suddenly revealed, but in a novel it is crawlingly incipient and comes out clearly only in tense situations, particularly through dialogues, and even in eloquent reticences. Sarat Chandra knows that the secret of dramatic pauses and dialogues is control. His characters may be said to be almost consciously exercising moral control all along, and nowhere more so than in those situations where his readers expect lapses. The language hovers

over the brink of exposure. When it topples over, irony yields to righteous indignation, a quality more worthy of prophets than of artists. Sarat Chandra uses all varieties of irony except the first. Their usefulness for our society is universally admitted.

Along with the exposure of the cant that dwells safe in sanctimony, there is a dramatic reversal of customary situations in Sarat Chandra's irony in order that the potencies of genuine human relationships might get a chance to flourish untrammelled. The exposure is not fierce, for Sarat Chandra has not the intolerance of the intellectual, but it is often made effective by one short sentence that rings out clear and true, as it is wrung from the depths of genuine feeling. Unlike a revolutionary, who is too fanatically serious to be genuinely ironical, Sarat Chandra believes that the heart of the social order is sound and men and women can live honestly by it if only the excrescences are removed. His early efforts were directed towards the latter task, his later ones have been towards the former end.

The language he wields is perfect to his purpose. It is clear, precise and forceful. The twist in his sentences is just suggestive, and in dialogues it attains dramatic qualities. He has steered clear of the colloquial and nowhere would he soar into the poetical. The right altitude is always struck by him and his readers are braced up in the crisp atmosphere of his language. In the descriptive passages as well, he makes them feel not so much the elemental qualities of nature as those which are common to man and nature alike. One would never call him anthropocentric, yet his nature has the human feel about it. To an ironist, the strictly scientific approach of the realist is a strange abstraction. But poetising as well is his taboo.

A humanist who works by the method of irony and social criticism is likely to have different canons of craftsmanship. He cannot detach himself sufficiently from the life of the plains to live happily in the Axel's Castle. Remaining in the plains, he cannot be contemptuous of the common modes of living. For him art is no substitute for life. The interest in life is more absorbing than the business of weaving art patterns. If he chooses still to be an artist, he would take the essay-form for ventilating his criticisms and the story-form to concentrate his sentiments. If he drifts into the novel, he would not think of it as a problem of geometry but keep it as inconclusive as this living itself. He would introduce big doses of sociological analysis to keep the interest going. Thus it is that art is a derivative function with Sarat Chandra and his novels are not such



সরৎ চন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায়
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that Q.E.D's could be written at their end. To equate art with criticism of life, to hold the former inferior to the latter, as a genuine humanist is sure to do, one has to pay penalties. This is only one way of saying that Sarat Chandra's novels are problematic and share the openness of all real and true problems, and that his stories and essays are well cut gems to satisfy the connoisseur. But in this haven of literature there are many mansions, and they are tenanted by all sorts of people, besides connoisseurs, who pursue their even tenour of existence and yet revolt at wrongs. Futile men they are, but not hollow ones, hence there is mild tragedy in their very quotidianness and hope in their dissent. Sarat Chandra is their novelist.

No artist can in the name of art shun all responsibility for showing the way out of problems. Much less a writer with such an attitude and such a method. His humanism should reconstruct and his irony must be more than merely negative captiousness. The type of western humanism, with which we have been familiar, was built upon a naive faith in reason and science, i.e. in their capacity to build the world anew, freed from its prejudices and imperfections. It did not succeed in checking the spate of unreason, nor could it even remove the wreckage that it was responsible for. The fact is that rational and scientific humanism cannot keep the affections of its adherents for long. In order to do so, probably religion is necessary ; failing which, certain sentiments having the flavour of old order may be commandeered. Sarat Chandra is not a religious man, he had abjured orthodoxy from the days of his boyhood. He must needs fall back upon old-world virtues. This inward deficiency of humanism has been responsible for what may appear to be a *volte-face* in his recent novels, where he seems to be defending the old order including its prejudices. But, in reality, he has been compelled to seek the old order, for an acute man that he is, he has found the limitations of a mere positivistic love of humanity.

Probably, Sarat Chandra could have discovered a path out, if it were not barred by a non-literary order. He was drifting towards one type of Socialism. His conception of Socialism was pre-Marxist and had little to do with the materialistic interpretation of the historic process, with the class conflict or the dictatorship of the proletariat. Sarat Chandra offered no philosophy of the social process, no picture of the future order. His socialism was only an extension of his strong feeling against injustice ; as such, only illustrated the qualities of his heart. How far they could be supplemented by an intellectual system

in course of time is a matter of speculation indeed, yet a passing doubt may be entertained that Sarat Chandra's valedictory picture of our ancient virtues is just a moral consequence of Pax Britannica. A better reason probably is that Sarat Chandra is an artist who is in love with his humanism. The charge of sentimentality framed against him, is in reality compensatory of the inward deficiency of his point of view and his method. An artist who has abjured the old religion and is weaned away from Socialism - the new one, is usually left high and dry. An unrelated individual is a limited liability.

Sarat Chandra's heroes and heroines are all unrelated. This remark may sound paradoxical but it is none the less true. What is worse, it may even appear contradictory to a previous statement that Sarat Chandra knows our social life, particularly of the villager, as well as anybody who has settled there with sympathy and good will. It is undeniable, however, that many of his priceless characters come from the city and settle in the villages. They mean to understand the village-life and improve it and yet cannot establish live contact and so come away. Srikanta who is his most living male character, is by nature incapable of settling down, in fact he avoids relationship with Rajluxmi. All the tragic moments of Srikanta are registered in connection with his will to leave her and remain himself. Rajluxmi behaves likewise and suffers poignantly. The different parts of this great book are nothing but the elaboration of the different reasons for letting each other follow the urge of individuality. Sarat Chandra's most lovable heroes are vagabonds. They are independent of social bonds and stand on the strength of their discrete humanity. Their affections flow out from inside and nowhere do they subscribe to the forms of conduct which prescribe affections. If those who come in touch with them are filled by love for them, it is more by the plenitude of that sympathy which flows out spontaneously from the hearts of these lonely men than by any extraordinary quality of the social bond. These wastrels are not merely eccentrics, they are characters bright, strong and complete, but isolated from the social context. His heroines are equally independent. The living ones among them have erred. It may be because of the fact, that in fictions the errant ones only rivet our attention. But with equal force may it be asserted that in our society, to-day, living characters, even among women, are those who are bold enough to err. Be that as it may, Sarat Chandra's heroines have cut themselves away from their social moorings. Call them sinners if you like, but except in one later piece, none of them

are repentant. They have inward moral courage to go upon. If Rajluxmi keeps a guru, the force of tradition alone is proved. But she too gives him up and along with him, all the paraphernalia of religious consolation. If Abhaya, Kiranmoyee and even Rajluxmi pine for love, then that love is not the synonym of woman's wile or another name for making a virtue of necessity: it is the story of an upward movement into another plane where relatedness will have been replaced by that freedom which is the continuous initiative for sympathetic understanding. Sarat Chandra in his treatment of love is not emotional at all. By love he means true understanding between two individuals emotionally related to each other. But in as much as much of this understanding is social in its context, a successful treatment of love would involve a portrayal of the social process that builds up the freedom of love. Sarat Chandra is too keenly conscious of the social opposition to be able to mete equal justice to the positive contribution of society towards normal love. When he attempts it he becomes only orthodox.

His unrelated individualism is again responsible for his trenchant criticism of Palli-Samaj, i. e. village-life. He is fully conscious of its defects, its narrowness and its other soul-killing properties. Sarat Chandra's conclusion seems to be that the village community in the name of corporate life circumscribes the budding person and cannot be reconstructed. The plans of a reconstructed order he lays outside the village, nay outside the shores of Bengal, in Burma. His own first hand knowledge of that province, where custom has not yet begun to rule among the Bengali settlers in the fringes, is not the only reason for his lively descriptions of their milieu. Sarat Chandra is driven to Burma by that inner necessity which drives Tagore out of India. There he can breathe freely, the mortmain of traditions is lifted from his creative abilities and he gets the license to create. He constructs unrooted characters there, and the modern young Bengali reader, unrooted that he is, loves those characters. If Sarat Chandra cannot evolve a social order there, blame his humanism, which is not based upon a knowledge of the historical process, but built only, but solidly, upon the moral virtues of an individual, particularly his isolating self-control. These individuals do not belong here, they hang in the middle air, but rich in all the colours of humanity except in those of sociality. No wonder, that they look ironical in their partial detachment. They are so many sentinels in the watch-tower, away from the hub of the shore. They are not the common men and women, with all their edges

blunted by conformities, but out of the run of the pedestrian order, somewhat abnormal, because they are unsocial.

Yet, from one point of view, such has been the tradition of the history of Bengali fiction. Prattlers of art forms will not recognise their connexion with the social background of our literature. Middle-class in their origins, our novelists could not but be individualists. Our family life, our village communities, our caste-system and above all, our political condition could not satisfy these choice spirits and they took shelter under liberalism and individualism. They have always been protestants, non-conformists, dissenters and reformists. Their was an artificial situation and the best was sought to be made of it. Bankim would escape it through romance, Tagore would breathe the free air of internationalism, and Sarat Chandra would be entrenched in humanism. But individualists they must always remain. Sarat Chandra belongs to the grand tradition of our literature. He is not a realist ; in our country no artist can ever be so. You can be a realist in your observations, but the moment you come to values—and literature is a judgment upon observations and not merely their record—you bid adieu to realism and come to sentiments, either retrospective or introspective, as the prospective ones are all political. Retrospective sentiments are too orthodox and introspection is the only alternative. The social perspective moves away from one who is thus forced to look inward. Thus do our artists use an abstract language in which the concreteness of situations is not reflected in new phrases and idioms. Sarat Chandra, though an individualist, uses the abstract language of his predecessors, of course, in a modified form. He seeks to save repetition by irony, and rescues his sentiments by broadening their base, for his appeal extends to the lower middle class as well. He very often succeeds ; where he does not, sentiments go out of focus and become sentimentalities, irony loses its sting and becomes social criticism. But his success as in *Srikanta* or in *Sati*, is undoubted. On his best, he bears comparison with great names of any country.

Sarat Chandra's influence on Bengali culture has been profound for that very humanism and that very irony. Quite apart from his fictional progeny, who are a legion, the entire literate womankind of Bengal has been affected by him. He has been charged with the spoiling of their 'morals'. Statistics about our women are lacking, excepting probably their mortality at child birth. Therefore the charge cannot be proved or disproved. But if impressions count for anything, the sense of dignity which the modern Bengali girl possesses, her

courage of conviction, wherever it is found, the increase in her status, in short, the heightening of her prestige is to a great extent traceable to Sarat Chandra's powerful advocacy of her cause. He has advocated other causes as well, but this has been won. Past history was propitious, the Brahmo movement, education, economic forces and other social and personal agencies had no doubt been at work. But without Sarat Chandra, the women's movement, like many another, would have been lost. Our women are indebted to him and admire his works. They are not always good judges of art-forms, but they do not commit mistakes about genuineness of feeling. Our women too are ironists, by compulsion and repression.

To-day Bengal is proud of Sarat Chandra, she will continue to cherish him so long as heart speaks out to the heart. Bengal has had a great tradition in humanism. Its emotional and religious sides have been exaggerated to the detriment of the intellectual and the volitional. To-day a new problem has arisen; this literature of ours has ceased to be a human bond of union between the Hindus and the Mohammedans. Sarat Chandra's genius, on his own statement, will be applied to its solution. We can think of two solutions—first the economic and then the human. Sarat Chandra calls them literary and economic. Would to God that the literary solution is finally effective! We fear that humanism based merely upon love and sympathy, will not prove equal to the stupendous undertaking. For the which, the real conflict of interests between the two communities has to be resolved on the plane that they do exist. One who believes in the fundamental or a natural harmony of interests, as Sarat Chandra does, will have to face unknown dangers and difficulties. In any case, Sarat Chandra has at last openly admitted that literature is a means to a better life. That may be a great loss to art, but a great gain to life. His humanism has shown itself clearly at last, for what it is worth. It is likely to meet its severest test in the task he has laid before himself.

SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY*

(*Last chapter of "A Diary of the Five Elements"*†)

Rabindranath Tagore

A great discussion had been going on between Vyom and Khiti about the origin and end of Science. Turning to me, in order to draw us in, Vyom said :

"Though science cannot but have arisen out of the faculty of curiosity which is natural to man, yet I doubt whether his curiosity was ever exactly out in quest of it : the nature of its hankering was rather thoroughly unscientific. It started to hunt for the Touchstone, but unearthed what turned out to be the decayed great-toe of some extinct monster. It wanted to find Alladin's Lamp, but got a box of matches. Alchemy it really pursued, Chemistry was an unlooked-for achievement. It cast its net into the skies for Astrology, but drew out Astronomy. This curiosity of ours, I am sure, does not pine to discover more and more instances of the order of nature ; it does not rejoice in counting up further and further links in the chain of natural law. What it is after is a break in that chain. Its hope is, some day, somewhere, to light upon a heaven where the interminable repetition of cause and effect does not hold undisputed sway. It is anxious to behold the New,—something that never happened before. But old man Science dogs its steps, making out the fresh to be stale, showing that the rainbow is but an enlarged edition of the colours seen through the prism, proving that the way of the world belongs to the same class as the fall of the apple.

"We have now-a-days cultivated the habit of expressing wonder and delight at the discovery that the self-same laws that apply to the dust at our feet prevail everywhere throughout infinite space and time ; but this delight does not come naturally to us. When man sent out the Sprite of Inquiry, as his messenger into the boundless starry spaces, he was inspired by the fond hope that there at least, in those regions of immense light and immense darkness, the rules binding on dust do *not* hold, that some marvellous festival of divine anarchy would there be revealed. But now he has come to see that sun, moon and

* Translated from the original Bengali by Surendranath Tagore.

† See footnote under the article "Laughter" in the last number of the Quarterly.

stars,—the constellations of the Seven Rishis, the Divine Twins, and fateful Orion with his flaming sword,—all of them are but elder brothers and sisters of our familiar heaps of dust. The enjoyment of such a conclusion is an acquired taste, not in our original composition.”

“You are not far wrong,” agreed Samir. “The natural man has an unconquerable yearning for the Touchstone and the Wonderful Lamp. Take the fable we were told in our childhood of how the farmer, on his death-bed, bequeathed to his sons the treasure buried in his fields; and how, for all their digging, the poor fellows found no hidden treasure, but were rewarded instead with an increase of crops! What child, who is really a child, can help feeling aggrieved at this denouement? Crops are raised by hard-working rustics all over the world, but the hidden treasure none of them find,—just because it is hidden. This treasure is something that has escaped all-pervading cause and effect; it is an exception from the inevitable; that is why it is so poignantly desired by man. Whatever old Aesop may insinuate, there can be no doubt that those farmer’s sons did not feel properly grateful to their father.

“Do we not see every day how lightly the ordinary man holds the pretensions of science? If a doctor is conspicuously successful in curing his patients, we say he has a *gift* that way; we cannot accept the thought, that his cures are wrought by application of scientific method, as enough of an explanation; we find it necessary to import the idea of a mysterious knack, surpassing medical science, before our mind can be satisfied.”

“The reason is,” I added, “that though natural law pervades all space and time, it is nevertheless limited, because it cannot swerve by a hair’s breadth from its assigned course,—that is, in fact, why it is called a law, and that is why it offends man’s inborn sensibilities. We do not expect extraordinary cures from mere medical science,—there are so many maladies admittedly beyond its powers. But the scope of the *gift* of healing has not yet been so definitely determined as to drive a hard and fast line beyond which our hope and imagination may not range. For the same reason, the drugs of the pharmacopoeia are less alluring than the simples offered by our wandering ascetics, for these set no rigorous limits to our expectations of their efficacy.

“As man’s knowledge of facts increases, the oftener does he knock up against the rigid barrier of natural law around him, the narrower becomes the free expanse which was originally open to his spirit, the more strictly have the flights of his original curiosity to be curtailed.

Thereupon he is led to put the dictator, Nature, with its law and order, on the throne, and at first reluctantly, but afterwards, by force of habit, loyally to accord it his full submission."

"That," interrupted Vyom, "is not genuine, but faked loyalty,—wanting its reward. Once convinced that the business of the world is hopelessly bound by inviolable rules, we have to humbly comply with them for dear life ; we cannot but lose the courage to put our reliance on the uncertain possibilities that lie beyond science. And, even if we still occasionally resort to charms, or amulets, or holy water, we ticket them with some spurious scientific label, such as magnetism or hypnotism, to keep up appearances."

"All the same, there is a fundamental reason underlying our greater attraction for what is outside, than what is within the rules. For, at least one part of our being is not subject to any law of nature—and that is our Will. Our Will is free,—anyway, we feel it to be free. Will has a desire for Will. So it warms our heart to find its counterpart in the outside world. To be provided with comforts is not enough for us : we are not truly comforted unless we are assured that they are the outcome of a will to comfort us. When we used to believe that Indra was showering rain, Marut causing the breezes to blow, Agni vouchsafing light, these favours were, for us, a matter of high gratification. Now we believe that sunshine and storm have nothing to do with favour or frown of divinity, nor are they dependent on the deserts of the recipient, but occur simply according to certain unalterable laws ; that when the water-drops in the sky encounter a chilling blast, they come down regardless of consequences, whether it be on the shaven pate of a saint, to afflict him with a cold, or on the cucumber patch of a scoundrel, to give him undeserved abundance. By dint of our devotion to science, we have accustomed ourselves to this idea, but do we really relish it ?"

"In a word," I continued, "where formerly we inferred the intervention of certain external Wills, we now assume the operation of blind laws. That is why the view from a merely scientific standpoint discloses a universe utterly devoid of all desire and joy. But, so long as desire and joy reign within our own selves, we cannot help feeling their existence within the outside world as well,—if not located where we once thought them to be, but nevertheless established within its inner, its inmost recesses. If we are not convinced of this, we are traitors to our own innermost consciousness. That there is no absolute standard, anywhere, of the freedom we feel within us, is what our soul

refuses to believe. Our spirit cannot live unless our will can find its support in the universal Will, our love get its response from the universal Love."

Said Samir: "The great wall of natural law that surrounds creation may be ever so much bigger and stronger than the Great Wall of China; but there is that little rift in it, somewhere in the nature of man. Looking through this, we have made our grandest discovery,—we have had a vision of the boundless freedom beyond. With this realm, through this rift, we have been holding loving communication; through it beauty and joy keep flowing in to us. That is why, for all its endeavour, science has never succeeded in encompassing within its formula this Beauty and Joy."

At this point Srotaswini came in, saying: "Can you guess the fate that has overtaken Dipti's music book, which she made you hunt all over the place for?"

"No," said Samir, "I give it up."

"It's a rat," exclaimed Srotaswini, "that's the culprit. He cut it up into tiny pieces with which he has littered the piano strings. What good this disinterested destruction has done him, I can't imagine."

"The rat who did it," replied Samir, "is evidently a rampant scientist of Ratdom. His prying inquisition must have led him to suspect some connection between musical notation and pianoforte wires, and so he spent a wakeful night testing his theory, trying to get to the bottom of the wonderful melodies that now and again invade his ears. His keen teeth exhaustively analysed the paper, while his restless paws eagerly experimented with its pieces, putting them into various juxtapositions with the wires. Now that he has finished cutting up the music book, he will start on the piano strings, and end with the sounding board, whereupon through the gaps of his own make, he will insert the tip of his nose and the edge of his curiosity, little recking how he is thrusting all hope of getting at any melody further and further away."

"At length," I concluded by way of summing up, "some neo-rats, afflicted with modernism, may perhaps found a school of thought proclaiming that paper is paper, wire is wire, and that the tradition of certain sensitive creatures having contrived to create a joy-giving connexion between the two, is an absurd old myth originally invented by the Hindus. The only good result from it, they will concede, has been the impetus given to our toothful scrutiny into the specific hardness of paper, wire and wood."

“And yet, while these sceptic rodents are as busy as ever with their indefatigable gnawing, strains of disturbing melody will continue occasionally to assail their ears,—for the moment giving them wistful pause. What on earth can it mean? They will deliberate. A mystery? Be it so; but, after all, a mystery that is bound to be unravelled with the incessant increase of our gnaw-ledge!”



ETCHING (DRY POINT)

Nandalal Bose

LEISURE AND THE MODERN YOUTH IN THE WEST AND THE EAST*

Amiya C. Chakravarty

IN order to indicate what the right use of leisure should be, it is necessary to consider the nature of the ideal life, the totality of our work and social activities that we may consider it to be our objective. I shall try here, briefly, to approach the ideal from the standpoint of the youth in modern India.

There is a kind of leisure which even at its best would be merely a physical condition. It could be either the necessary pause between work and work which the body and the mind require, and it could be a restorative period which might add new energy and interest with which to tackle strenuous activities. Both these kinds of leisure are vitally necessary ; and since, with all living beings, we need rest for the body, leisure must be arranged and organized with a scientific understanding of the human system. The mental need of leisure is again close to the physical need in that the mind as well as the body functions according to strict limits and laws ; the nerves, muscles, and the mental habits and urges are bound together in a reciprocity which has to be studied and properly exploited.

But beyond these two spheres man possesses what we may describe as the sphere of his spirit. The *totality* of a man's personality—that is to say, the unique combination of body, mind and the basic direction of each man's being—is his spiritual personality. How to help this total personality of man to derive his utmost from leisure for creative self-expression, is the problem which industrialists, employers, educators and psychologists have to find out.

Evidently there can be no general solution of the right use of leisure by mass-organisation. And yet it would be wrong to leave the problem to uneducated enterprise and the mere chance desires or attempts of individuals. It is no doubt true that the individual must ultimately decide ; from his own understanding of his purpose in life, his sense of his own limitations and possibilities he must find out how best to use the rhythm of leisure for his refreshment and self-expression.

* Delivered at the World Congress for Leisure Time and Recreation, Hamburg, July 23rd—30th, 1936.

His sense of art, his religious conception, his duty to his country and to humanity must determine how he would like to employ his spare time after his work of the day has been done. If he is one of those fortunate individuals whose vocation and professional activities are in harmony with his real interests in life, then his leisure time would naturally tend to help him in the realisation of his ideals. But it is not necessary that a man's work in the professional world be closely connected with his more fundamental needs for which he must consciously and unconsciously employ his leisure-time. Here comes the further need of experienced men who will know how to guide individual youth in making his leisure not only a physical rest and a mental recreation, but also a natural ally of the total and basic drive of his life.

In India great emphasis was laid on this larger aspect of leisure ; the value of Nature's influence was fully realised in this connection. For nature offers us a completeness from which we can draw lessons for life on the human plane. In the forest colonies, the setting of woods, clear air and beneficent surroundings were helpful factors ; the Indian educators also understood the need of mental and physical control with which to make pauses between work fully restorative and fruitful. Indian thinkers knew that a man's work and his rest must be in harmony with his climate and the local needs of environment. They also realised the need of harmony with the *spiritual climate* in which a man lives ; the climate which is created by the historical, religious, and cultural traditions. India laid emphasis on the good life, the useful life ; in the *Upanishads* it is enjoined that we should "desire to live a hundred years, for fulfilling (our) work" ; and detailed instructions are given about the right method of making the mind and the body serve the complete life. Joy in work was related to Joy in Life ; for, as the *Upanishads* stated—"Out of Joy have all beings been born." The youth in ancient India, in the period of training known as *Brahmacharyya* had to learn the technique of living from the experienced teachers in the *ashramas* (the forest hermitages) ;—This included not only the work of the study hours, but the free time of recreation and the period given to the service of the community. Leisure and work were not separated from each other, but were seen as parts of the inclusive spiritual existence which guided them both.

Throughout India's history this conception of life as a rhythm, which operated in the struggle of one's daily activities as well as in

one's creative leisure, played an important part in the education of the youth. But conditions have changed ; in the East as well as in the West we are now making new adjustments ; our ideals have to be re-established in the light of modern understanding. Each country and civilisation in our Age must evolve a technique of living which is in harmony with the world-ideal, and is yet intimately related to the genius of its own particular tradition and the texture of its social existence. Physically, we are less dependent than before, on any particular environment--we can *change* our environment to a greater degree--and we can with fuller knowledge of nature's laws, conduct our mental lives with greater freedom and resistance. The youth to-day, in the East as in the West, feels that he is not able to make the best use of his life because the old instinctive adaptations and the normal traditional habits have become less important and yet they have not been replaced by a satisfying *conscious* ideology and technique more in harmony with our Age. The rapid growth of knowledge, and the accelerated life of our times, have split up man's life into specialised areas ; the conception of pleasure and work as a *whole*, which has to be brought in relation to some central ideal of life, has become increasingly difficult for the youth of to-day to realise.

Here the youth of the East is practically in the same position of perplexity and frustration as the youth in the West ; he wants to be helped in guiding his life as a complete unity and not as a collection of miscellaneous parts ; his work and his leisure have to be adjusted in such a way as to give him joy in self-expression. The youth in India has perhaps a more fundamental philosophy at his disposal, but he is deprived of the technical resources with which to give practical shape to his ideals. In the Western countries we find the youth to-day striving to revive and strengthen creative traditions ; there is an attempt everywhere to hold up before one's vision some national and universal ideal which should integrate his existence. The fragmentariness of high-speed modern life which divides man's work and leisure into disharmonious units has brought about an increasing dissatisfaction ; through technique, and through belief in some larger background of life youth to-day is trying to see himself and his work and his need for creative leisure in the right perspective.

How to co-ordinate the modern technique with the ideal of self-expression, both in work and in leisure ? That is the problem that youth in the modern world is facing together in different countries. And here, as I began saying, we come to the question of the ideal of a

complete life ; no problem of leisure or work can be solved till we have approached it from this standpoint. Tagore, our great Indian poet and educator, has in his University-Colony at Santiniketan, made wonderful experiments in co-ordinating leisure and work in an atmosphere of complete life,--the Eastern ideal and the Western technique have met in the community life of his Institution. I submit that at this conference, the conception that work and leisure for the youth to-day must form a part of a harmonious totality, should be given due consideration. This ideal has always been there, but the time has come when the conception of individual self-expression should be evaluated and re-established under the full scrutiny of modern technical knowledge and educational psychology.

In Germany, technique and metaphysics have gone together ; your great civilisation is based on a mastery of what one may call the machinery of existence, and on the recognition at the same time of the spiritual reality of man. This Conference itself is a symbol of that spirit of civilisation which seeks to serve the common man ; we are engaged here, if I understand rightly, to find out the means of bringing to the aid of the humblest worker the most advanced resources of civilisation. Modern India, I can assure you, would offer her fullest co-operation in working with you to find out means and measures for making the life of the youth fuller and richer ; to explore the possibilities of advanced thought and technique which may lead our countries to live in harmony with our Age.

ART AND KATHARSIS

Nalini Kanta Gupta

ART, we all know, is concerned with the Beautiful ; it is no less intimately connected with the True ; the Good too is in like manner part and parcel of the aesthetic movement. For, Art not only delights or illumines, it uplifts also to the same degree. Only it must be noted that the upliftment aimed at or effected is not a mere moral or ethical edification—even as the Truth which Art experiences or expresses is not primarily the truth of external facts and figures in the scientific manner, nor the Beauty it envisages or creates the merely pleasant and the pretty.

There is a didactic Art that looks openly and crudely to moral hygiene. And because of this, there arose, as a protest and in opposition, a free-lance art that sought to pursue art for art's sake and truth for truth's sake—even if that truth and that art were unpleasant and repellent to the morality-ridden sophisticated consciousness. Or perhaps it may have been the other way round : because of the degeneracy of Art from its high and serious and epic nobility and sublimity to lesser levels of aesthetic hedonism and dilettantism that the didactic took its rise and sought to yoke art to duty, to moral welfare and social service. Not that there is an inherent impossibility of moralising art becoming good art in its own way ; but great art is essentially a-moral—not in the sense of being infra-moral, but in the sense of being supra-moral.

Art does not tend towards the Good in the manner of the moralist. It does not teach or preach that virtue is to be pursued and vice to be shunned, that a good deed is rewarded and a wrong one punished. Poetic justice, of the direct and crude style, is a moral code or dogma, and, if imposed upon the aesthetic movement, serves only to fetter and curb and twist it. Art opens the vision to a higher good than what the conventions of moral idealism can frame. Great art does not follow the lines laid down by the ethical mentality, not only because this mentality cannot embody the true truth, but also because it does not give us the Good which art should aim at, that is to say, the purest and the highest good.

Aristotle speaks of the purifying function of the tragic art.

How is the purification effected? By the evocation of the feelings of pity and terror. For such feelings widen the sympathies, pull us out of our small egoistic personal ephemeral pleasures and put us in contact with what is to be shared and enjoyed in wide commonality. Tragedy, in this way, initiates the spectator into the enjoyment that is born not of desire and gain but of detachment and freedom.

The uplifting power of Art is inherent in its nature, for Art itself is the outcome of an uplifted nature. Art is the expression of a heightened consciousness. The ordinary consciousness in which man lives and moves is narrow, limited, obscure, faltering, unhappy—it is the abode of all that is evil and ugly; it is inartistic. The poetic zeal, enthusiasm or frenzy, when it seizes the consciousness, at once lifts it high into a state that is characterised by wideness and depth and a new and fresh exhilarating intensity of perception and experience. We seem to arrive at the very fountain-head, where things take birth and are full of an unspoilt life and power and beauty and light and harmony. A line burdened with the whole tragedy of earthly existence such as Shakespeare's—

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain. . . .

or the Virgilian syllables ringing, as it were, with the crash of destiny and the doom of the world—

feror ingenti circumdata nocte,

Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non. tua palmas. . . .

even if they make us sad do not depress the soul; it is a divine sadness fraught with a profound calm and a strange poignant sweetness of secret delight. The rhythm and the sound and the suggestions so insinuate themselves into our nerve and blood that these seem to be sublimated—as if by a process of oxygenation—to a finer substance, a purer and more limpid and vibrant valency. A consciousness opens in our very flesh and marrow that enables us to pierce the veil of things and pass beyond and understand—see and experience—the why and the how and the whither of it all. It is a consciousness cosmic in its purview and disposition, which even like the Creator could contemplate all and declare it all as *good*. Indeed, this is the Good which Art at its highest seeks to envisage and embody—the summum bonum that accompanies a summit consciousness. It is idle to say that all or most poets have this revelatory vision of the Seer—Rishi—but a poet is a poet in so far as he is capable of this vision; otherwise he remains more or less either a moralist or a mere aesthete.

Whatever is ugly and gross, all the ills and evils of life—that is to say, what appears as such to our external mind and senses—when they have passed through the crucible of the poet's consciousness undergoes a sea-change and puts on an otherworldly beauty and value. We know of the alchemy of poetic transformation that was so characteristic of Wordsworth's manner and to which the poet was never tired of referring, how the physical and brute nature—even a most insignificant and meaningless and unshapely object in it attains a spiritual sense and beauty when the poet takes it up and treasures it in his tranquil and luminous and in-gathered consciousness, his "inward eye". A crude feeling, a raw passion, a tumult of the senses, in the same way, sifted through the poetic perception becomes something that opens magic casements, glimpses the silence of the farthest Hebrides, wafts us into the bliss of the invisible and the beyond.

The voice of Art is sweetly persuasive—*kāntāsammita*, as the Sanskrit rhetoricians say—it is the voice of the beloved, not that of the school master. The education of Poetry is like education of Nature : the poet said of the child that "grew in sun and shower"—

And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

Even so the beauty of poetic creation, when we contemplate it and live in it, automatically and inevitably steals into our consciousness, works a subtle change in our nature and by elevating and refining it makes us, for the moment at least, less crude and obscure and earthy things that we usually are.

MEDITATION

My meditation is a flower in flight
Whose every petal is a halcyon wing.
It speaks without a sound from height to height
Establishing the soul's authentic Spring.

My meditation is a flight in flower
Leaving a trail of perfume in the air
Above the voiceless One's inviolate tower
Reached by long sorrow's crystal winding-stair.

My meditation is an eye of fire
Awaked out of some old forgotten deep,
Circled with flames it dances like a pyre
On which the body has been laid asleep.

My meditation is a fire of eyes
Turned inwards on a myriad worlds that burn
In the Unborn wherein all splendours rise
To greet His immemorial return.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

INDIAN THOUGHT AND ITS DEVELOPMENT *

A Review of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's book by Prof. P. B. Adhikari

INDIAN Thought is no longer a sealed book to the West. Its study from the original sources appears to have been seriously undertaken in the day both on the continents of Europe and America. Correct translations, appreciative reviews and sympathetic criticisms are appearing, from time to time, in the different languages of the western countries. The present work is an off-shoot of the same tendencies. It represents the German character of extensive studies of a subject undertaken for critical research, and it is well-known that Germany has contributed more to the presentation of the results of oriental studies than any other country in the West. The nature of the work under review bears also unavoidably, it might be supposed, the special mark of the main German philosophical tendency. It is synthetic in character. The author has taken up his stand on a certain principle which appeared to him to represent and pervade the development of a thought foreign to him and has attempted to interpret the different phases of its course according to the principle adopted almost *a priori*. Yet it is a well-known fact that it is not so easy to enter deeply and completely into the spirit of a foreign thought and to interpret it adequately, however sympathetic the attitude might be. The difficulty again is bound to be greater when an attempt is made, as it seems to have been done in the present work, to read into a thought, characteristically different from one's own, a principle of interpretation of his own making, however innocent the insight and honest the attempt may be. The present author is no doubt very earnest in presentation, and sympathetic, in his own way, towards the thought he presents. Still it is but the attitude of an outside onlooker of a current of thought with which he has not that inner touch which one floating with the current is expected to have. I do not mean to say by this that the author has not done his best to enter into it, but still the result is inevitably what it could be in the situation. At the same time all praise is due to the honest endeavour, whatever the actual result may be.

The name given to the work is rather an ambitious one, the volume promising, by its title, to present 'Indian Thought and Its

* *Indian Thought and its Development*—By Dr. Albert Schweitzer,—Hodder and Stoughton—Price 5/- net.

Development'. The subject is, in its very nature, an expansive and intricate one, on which volumes might be written without doing full justice to it. Besides, to trace out the course of a thought one must have a broad and accurate acquaintance with the circumstances under which the thought arose and developed historically. The origin of Indian Thought lies deep in the forgotten past. This is not peculiar to the Indian itself. It is the case, more or less, with all courses of thought which claim a hoary ancestry. The history of ancient India is still in the making. Whether it would ever go beyond its present stage is a question of the future. So imperfect and inadequate are the materials available till now that it is almost impossible to form a correct idea of the actual circumstances, spiritual, intellectual, social and political, under which the thought arose and developed. All that has been done yet in the field on the basis of the available literature of the ancient period is inadequate for the purpose. So we are bound to stay at theorisation and guess-work in the situation. The present author has also unavoidably done that in his work. Only in his presentation he appears to have followed mainly the deductive instead of the strictly inductive and scientific method. And there are dangers to the application of the former method in matters relating to a period which is far beyond our view.

There might be pointed out one exception to the observations made above. In the field of thought relating to ancient India, it might be said, we have at least an available literature complete and systematic in itself, from which we could learn a good deal about the philosophy and religion of the past of the country. This is partially true, and there would have arisen no question, if the presentation of this phase of Indian life and mind in its somewhat developed form, as it is found in the systematic works on the subject, was in point here. But the origin of the thought of the land, as of every other land, which claims an equal ancestry, must remain in the dark. The present author has not, it appears, made seriously any such attempt. That was not his main purpose. Nor does the author attempt to present fully the different systems of Indian philosophy. A reader would be disappointed if he expected to find that in the book. The author's intention, as indicated by implication, in the very beginning of the work, was quite different. He reads into the thought a meaning—an attitude of mind—which he thinks to be the real spirit of the thought as underlying the different phases in the course of its development. His aim appears mainly to be, not a theoretical

presentation of it, but a practical one in so far as the thought has influenced the world and life view of the people concerned. It is, as stated by him repeatedly in a quaint phrase, throughout the work, the idea of "world and life negation", as contrasted with the tenor of thought in the west (as also that of China and Persia) characterised as "world and life affirmation". This way of characterising the tendencies of thought of particular peoples, if it can at all be strictly called to be of *thought* alone, is rather too sweeping in its own way. And the author has virtually admitted this in the very first chapter of the book in comparing and contrasting the tenor of European and Indian thought. In subsequent chapters, too, in dealing with Indian Thought, he has modified his treatment in a way, which rather thins the position a good deal, if not actually contradicts it. The tendencies of thought, or of attitude towards world and life, can hardly be characterised properly by a sweeping phrase, or brought under a single category. It is so complex everywhere. There are so many different trends mixed up closely or loosely, that it is difficult to select any one out of them as the essential. All that can be done is to emphasise elements as they have been prominent or predominant in the course of the intellectual history of a people or of the practical life based upon them. One can at most speak of the fundamental note underlying them. Even in attempting this, the selection is a very difficult task. We can only speak of a general spirit running through the course. I am inclined to think that our present author has meant to emphasise this general spirit of Indian Thought as compared with that of European and other countries, which, according to him, stand pre-eminently for "world and life affirmation".

Now supposing that the characterisation and comparison is somewhat appropriate, does it truly and adequately represent the spirit of Indian *Thought* by calling it mainly one of "world and life negation"? The phrase represents rather a practical attitude of mind towards life and its activities in relation to the world in which the life is or has to be lived. But is it the fundamental one there? Is it not rather the result of a certain way of preference among the *values* of life? There are values material and spiritual. The attitude, the author speaks of here, arises virtually out of the preference of either. Man, by his complex nature, seeks both as far as the circumstances of life permit it. The recorded pursuits of primitive men even testify to this. The question is which of the values is made fundamental and permanent on the whole. Here different peoples have differed in the

course of their cultural history. Some have emphasised the material values and subordinated the spiritual to them, while others have done the reverse. With others, again, there has been a vacillation between the two, particularly in periods of transition—which may rather be called periods of struggle. The victory has, however, been on the whole on the side of the spiritual, as the religious history of struggling nations indicates. But at the same time, this victory has been a temporary one with some people, with others comparatively permanent. It is no doubt a great achievement for those who have succeeded in making the victory a stationary one. They have seen, with a true insight, on which side the preference has to be given, so that it may be a lasting one. We may presume such a struggle had gone on in the ancient days of India, ultimately bringing about a preference of the spiritual values as the supreme. This preference, the result of a true insight and effort had, however, to be made a lasting feature of their life, for which mere insight would not have sufficed. It needed a support, both intellectual and practical, for the purpose. The intellectual support, came from philosophical thought, its different schools being but different ways of approaching the same problem—all standing for the same preference. The so-called orthodox and unorthodox systems were both influenced by the same spirit. On the side of practical support, the social and political institutions which came to be introduced from time to time in the cultural history of India tell also the same story. Their very organisation was meant to uphold the same spirit and to lend it a practical support from the outside to make the preference permanent, as far as possible, and in the light of the circumstances prevailing at different times. It would not exactly be true to say, therefore, that the root of all was the “world and life negation”.

The author has no doubt attempted to trace out the attitude to a philosophic view about the essential nature of the self and its relation to the universe of reality—a view which he considers to be the fundamental tendency in the upanisadic speculations. It is what is called *Monism* (*Advaitavada*)—the doctrine of identity (lit. non-duality) of the individual and the world spirit. The ultimate reality underlying the universe is a changeless Being, which forms the soul of all things (including the human selves), the changing objects and events, both of the outer world and the inner, being regarded as mere *appearances* without a *substantiality*. This he considers to be the fundamental note of the teachings of the Vedas, towards which the earlier thoughts contained in the *Rig Veda* tended ultimately and

found its culmination in the Upanisads, which came therefore to be called *Vedānta*—the end or ultimate object of the Veda. This is the Western interpretation of the term *Vedānta*, adopted also by Deussen. Whether this interpretation is the right one or not is not in point here. What is of importance to observe is that, though not the term, the system of thought called by it was of later origin than the earlier Upanisads themselves. It is curious to note in this connection that Haribhadra Suri (whose date has not yet been settled finally) does not make any mention of the system in his *Saddarsana-samuccaya*, in which he presents in outline all the principal philosophical standpoints prevalent in India in his time. Had *Vedānta* as a system of thought been current in his day he would not have omitted its mention in his work, while he treats of *Mīmāṃsā*. Besides, it is questionable whether the Vedantic doctrine of non-duality, as the author of the book under review understands it, is the fundamental teaching of the Upanisads, and even supposing it is, whether this doctrine represents truly and adequately the attitude of the Indian mind, both speculative and practical, towards world and life. If one reads the Upanisads closely and critically, he is bound to note that they contain different strata of thought, philosophical and religious, even the earliest ones being no exception on this point. They embody the different philosophic positions of different thinkers belonging to particular *sakhas* (literally branches) or Vedic schools, the names of which some of the earlier Upanisads bear still. This is perhaps the reason which makes the Upanisads so unsystematic in their own way, and incongruent in the doctrines inculcated therein. From this it might be reasonably surmised that all the different lines of thought and speculative conclusions were in the air, as it were, at the time of the particular Upanisads, when they came to be formed or expanded. The supposition may also be hazarded that the different strata of thought were not embodied all at once. This was a work of collection done in the course of time. However, the point to be emphasised here is that no one position—*monistic*, *monotheistic*, *pantheistic*, and even *atheistic*—can be regarded as the fundamental note of Indian Thought, and therefore determinant of the attitude of Indian mind towards world and life. They were all current more or less, the emphasis on one or other of them being made from time to time, due to circumstances which it is difficult to make out, even to guess, at present. Curiously enough the author has virtually admitted this in the course of his treatment of certain phases of Indian Thought and

practice in the later chapters of his book. Nay, he goes even to declare that in these phases the old attitude of negation came to be less and less prominent and that of affirmation came to be uppermost, as for instance in Jainism and Buddhism. But he at the same time observes that this change in attitude was not the orthodox one and rather deplores that it came to be supplanted, if not annihilated, later on. It is not my business here to discuss how far the author's interpretation of the two heterodox systems, as of others of the kind, is the true and proper one. It is a big question, whose treatment would unnecessarily make this review too lengthy. But one thing I cannot help mentioning here that these so-called heterodox systems would have secured no willing adherents, and a comparatively permanent footing in the Indian mind, if they had really been so foreign to the traditions of the people. We can only quote in support of this statement the well-known fate of foreign cultures in the soil of India. Even where they are found to have tardily got a lodgement in the Indian mind, that is where they came in contact with congenial elements in the native culture and its traditions.

In his treatment of the later tendencies of thought and practice in India, as represented by what he regards questionably as *non-Vedic*, the author deplores, at several places, that the Indian position has never been truly and fully *ethical* as the Western has become or tends to become. It is curious how he comes to this conclusion. The question depends on what is meant here by *ethical*. The author has no doubt tried, in his own vague way, to explain what he means by the term and appears to entertain the idea that its essence lies in disinterested service to humanity as a whole, both present and future, and not to any special part of it to the neglect or detriment of the other parts. Good, so far as it goes. But how does he assert that he misses this ethical spirit in Indian thought and practices, as if the ethical were the highest end of life? He recognises no doubt the value of the teachings of *Bhagavatgita*, and also of Jainism and Buddhism, on the subject, but he observes at the same time that these teachings can hardly be called *purely* ethical in his sense of the term, because he thinks that this attitude of disinterested service is not there inculcated as a good in itself, lacking as its basis in heart as pure compassion or sympathy for humanity at large. And he adds further that the attitude of service is even made there, in his view, a secondary thing being subordinated to the main and ultimate purpose of life, as conceived by the systems concerned,

namely, a beatific condition in this or after life—the attainment of a *moksha* or *nirvana* or an everlasting happy place in the sphere of Brahma or God (*Brahmaloka*). The life of Karma is only a preparation for this goal as conceived in a philosophical way or as based on the particular philosophic view about the nature of the universe and man's place in it. Yes, to a certain extent this may be true. But is not this way of looking at the matter one of appreciation of values, as I have pointed out before ? The question is what is really of *intrinsic* worth in life—what are its highest values. Where are we to draw the line ? Is a life of strenuous activities in the service of humanity to be made the ultimate goal of life, or is there anything beyond it of which this is but a means, i. e. a preparation of the inner self for the attainment of values beyond ? The East and the West may differ here, practically, though not theoretically. For man is man after all, and the question is bound to arise—why is this service to be demanded of man ? Can it be the ultimate end there ? Do we not look to a beyond—to a joy or peace—a personal condition of the self, call it by whatever name you may ? A mere life of activity—for the sake of activity, however it may pose itself as one of service—is likely, more often than not, to go astray, as the history of super-abundance of activities in modern Europe and America testifies. The mind of the East, as of India, looks on life of action in a different way, and justly so, for it sees beyond a higher end for which life stands. It is left to the judgment of outside impartial critics to evaluate properly the difference, as it deserves to be. Curiously enough, the author himself in a way comes up to a similar position, in the concluding chapter of the book, in what he calls “ethical mysticisms” as the highest goal of life, which is quite different from action dictated by mere compassion for humanity.

As for the observation made by the author that even Jainism and Buddhism, though emphasising, implicitly or explicitly, the idea of “world and life affirmation” in their teachings, do not still attain the high ethical position—which he upholds as the goal of the West. This may be true, because they are products of the many-sided Indian culture. But the complaint is that, even in their positions, disinterested service to living beings (and not to humanity alone) out of mere compassion or sympathy for them is found to be wanting, because the acts of charity inculcated by the faiths are regarded as serving a spiritual purpose beyond the acts or as a necessary discipline of the mind to the same end. It is a wonder indeed how he makes this

sweeping statement. For it would be hardly correct to say that there was no compassion underlying their charitable deeds, seeing that the acts extended, not simply to the wide world of humanity, but also to that of animals. The doctrine of *ahimsa* (non-cruelty) was not a mere passive attitude of mind with them, but found expression in positive acts and institutions of service. The hospitals for diseased and decrepit animals, founded by Asoka, bear testimony to that. The institution is not dead yet, but continues still in this country with Hindus and Jainas both. It is not known for certain, from the religious history of man, that any other faith inculcated this, or found an outlet in this kind of active service to the dumb creatures. Besides, even supposing that these acts or institutions, with them, were not due to any tenderness of heart—a compassion or sympathy with suffering man and animal,—this is but an inadequate basis for that wide service, which knows no limits or restrictions of geographical, racial, national or social proximity. An act of charity, if it were entirely left to the changeable human heart, is bound to be partial, for human feelings are whimsical in their own way—they have their natural idiosyncracies and limitations. Pure disinterested service, whatever the object may be, would frustrate its end, if indulged in only when appropriate emotions dictate it. The sad state of events in the West testifies unmistakably to this. What would the author say, for instance, of the wars of stronger nations on the weaker ones and the inhuman cruelties perpetrated in the “high” name or pretence of conquest for civilisation? Where does the *compassion* lie here! Christianity teaches—“Love thy neighbour as thyself”. But the question is : who is and who is not thy neighbour—where to draw the line? This noble principle of conduct is unfortunately cast to the winds, even by those who profess the faith, at times of war, civil or political. How uncertain would our conduct towards others be if left entirely to the vagaries of the heart!

The author has dealt, rather elaborately, with the doctrine of re-incarnation and discussed at length its legitimate place in Indian thought and culture. The opinion thrown out is that the doctrine does not belong to the real vedic culture of India, but that it came to be grafted on it from a foreign source—from the non-aryans among whom the Aryan conquerors came to settle. This is the present-day view of the Indologists and historians of Indian Thought. The position has not, however, been finally settled yet. It might as well be an outgrowth of the tendencies of the Indian mind in the natural course

of its intellectual development,—and as such it came to be accepted as a hypothesis to account for certain facts of life which would otherwise remain inexplicable. However, as the doctrine is not made much of in the critical spirit of the day, nor has it been made seriously a topic for discussion or elaboration by modern thinkers and reformers in India, it may be left out without any further discussion. It is to the work of these thinkers and reformers that I proceed now.

The author has in the end brought in consideration of the contributions made to the development of Indian Thought by modern thinkers and reformers—from Raja Ram Mohun Roy to Saint Aurobindo Ghose. This is a welcome addition to the subject, which would certainly have remained incomplete without the consideration. For they have, each in his own way, carried on what they have realised to be the essential, and the most valuable, character of Indian culture, that has come down, through various vicissitudes, from the hoary past to the present day. Their differences are not, however, so fundamental as they seem to be—the same spirit running through them all. But to say, as the author appears to do, expressly or by implication, that these thinkers are more or less influenced by western thought and culture does not appear to be quite true. If closely considered, one can discern unmistakably, in their respective contributions, a vision of the old spirit presented in different garbs. The awakening with them might partly have been due to Western influences, but it is still an *awakening* and not something foreign borrowed from the West. No culture remains at its high level for all times to come. There are ebbs and flows—periods of ascendance and decadence—in the course of human history. This may be partly due to the inherent inertia of human nature, partly to the change of circumstances, intellectual, social, political, and physical to a certain extent. No country or nation has ever been free from such changes, and the consequent decadence of the old ways of thought and life, until new suitable ones come to take their place. And the same has been with India, demanding an awakening to the old spirit and a comparatively new mode of interpretation of the old in the light of the changed circumstances. And this is what, to my mind, the modern thinkers and reformers have done. And truly has the immortal *Bhagavatgita* given expression to this tendency in human history in the memorable lines :

“Whenever there is decadence of *Dharma* and ascendance of *Adharma*, I appear then to protect the virtuous and to destroy the vicious ; I am born, from time to time, to establish *Dharma*.”

The 'I' here represents the divine spirit, running through the whole course of human history, not recognised properly in the work of true reformers.

REVIEWS

Twenty-six Songs by Rabindranath Tagore--Noted down by
Mr. Arnold A. Bake—Published by the Bibliothèque
Musical du Musée Guimet—(36 francs).

A CERTAIN poet once pathetically prayed for the "giftie" to "see oursel's as others see us." But here is a book which I can confidently recommend to the Indian musical public, if they wish to hear themselves as others hear us.

This is a book of songs entitled "*Chansons de Rabindranath Tagore*" recently published from Paris by the Musée Guimet, and kindly sent to me by the compiler, Dr. Arnold A. Bake. Perhaps some of my Bengali readers may remember this tall handsome young Dutchman, with the fine tenor voice, who used to sing the songs of many nations, and was always accompanied (in both senses) by his amiable and gifted wife. Both had been re-named Aruni and Karuna by my uncle Rabindranath, under whose *aegis* they lived and studied for some years in Santiniketan. I believe Dr. Bake had been sent out to India by his Government to write a thesis on Indian music, and his main object was to study Sanskrit treatises on the subject, with the help of the Visva-Bharati professors. Incidentally he interested himself in folk-songs, of which I remember being regaled with various charming specimens on his gramophone one evening. He also fully availed himself of this golden opportunity of hearing and learning Rabindranath's songs from their greatest custodian and most authoritative exponent, the late Dinendranath Tagore ; and noting them down with his untiring and sympathetic help.

One thing I like most about the book is the care and conscientiousness of which it bears evident marks ; qualities which are more often than not, conspicuous by their absence unfortunately in our part of the world. It goes without saying that the printer's devil has played a few tricks,—where in the world can he be avoided altogether ?—but they belong mostly to the domain of the words, and not to that of the music, in which, the least little slip is as unpardonable an offence as mistakes in the utterance of *mantrams*. The next edition, if ever there is one, may profitably contain a list of errors.

Twenty-six songs in all have been selected from Rabindranath's inexhaustible repertoire ; of which the first twenty-one bear the hall-

mark of Dinendranath's tuition, and the last five have been chosen by the compiler for his own reasons, given in the preface.

Besides the actual songs, there are two short prefaces and a fairly long introduction by A. Bake and Philip Stern,—the latter being the Director of the Musical Library of the Musée Guimet. Rules for transliteration are then given, followed by short explanatory notes on each song. All these are given in both the French and English languages ; thus putting the volume within the reach of all Europe and America.

Again, at the end of the book three different kinds of translations are given of the songs—one in French by Mr. H. P. Morris, a Parsi gentleman whose long and intimate connection with Santiniketan ended only with his death, and who, I understand, was one of the few Indians who really knew French ;—secondly, a literal English translation by Dr. Bake following the original Bengali text, line for line ; and last but not least, the Poet's own free English rendering.

The mere mention of the above facts is enough to prove what I have just said about the scrupulous thoroughness with which the work has been carried out. To those who know music, other instances will naturally suggest themselves, on going through the book ; such as the trouble taken to express the correct tempo and *nuances* of the tune, and to mark the exact places of the beat of hands. The phrase "snapping the fingers" constantly used by Dr. Bake in connection with the Indian method of marking time, rather puzzled me at first, I must confess ; until it struck me that it referred to the peculiar sound which some people make with the fingers to keep time whilst singing—a thing I have never tried to do myself ; though a friend of ours was such an adept at the art, that he had the whole complicated time-system of the *tabla* almost at his fingers' ends, so to speak. Clapping of hands is more to my taste than snapping of fingers.

As I began by saying, Bengali admirers of Rabindranath's music will be chiefly interested in the choice of songs made by Dr. Bake, and his informed comments, comparative or otherwise, on these songs and the best method of singing them ; thus enabling them to see familiar things in a new light and through foreigners. I doubt whether the book will prove to be a best-seller even amongst the musical public ; because on the one hand it will appeal only to those who are genuinely interested in Indian music (thus eliminating most Europeans), and on the other it can only cater to those who know English notation (thus eliminating most Indians). I trust, however, that in these days of

internationalism, the former circle will gradually grow wider and wider, and that this book is only the first instalment of a series of such experiments in interpreting the East to the West, through that subtle and universal medium which is music.

Indira Devi Chaudhurani.

Strange Journey :

By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

Published by Bharati Shakhty Nilayam, Pondicherry.

Price Rupees Three only.

FROM a singer to the gallery to a minstrel of the Silence and Synthesis, which is at the heart of the universe,—such is often the arc of a true poet's evolution. But between the two points of the arc there lies a vast stretch of strange experiences. And there is no doubt that Harindranath Chattopadhyaya during the last few years, has passed through some of these, and thus contacted the circuit of the spirit.

"I have ceased to be the poet
And have learned to be the song."

And as he sings that song his

"Time goes by like music
Rich with inaudible bars."

And nature helps him to understand the song :

"Emerald sun of blinding naught !
In a glow-worm you are caught.

Ocean ! You have found a prop
In an eyelike water-drop.
Rainbow ! You are being explained,
By a pearl, interior-stained. . . .
O divine infinity
Who have come to school in me !"

Why does Harindranath love this song,—this symphony of the spirit ?

"O Song I love you, not because you free
Some portion of my being's melody,
But for the ever-deepening fact
That you are packed
With quality of your own after-hush."

And it is in this "after-hush" that occasionally he feels the ecstasy of at-one-ment :

"I am at one with thee beyond the reach
Of mine own self, yea, exquisitely one.
Being a part of thee, all thought and speech
Are in the silent depths of thee begun
Fused with thine own in lambent union. . . .

Deep-rooted in thy breakless ecstasy
Beloved, I have grown from thine to thee."

It is only when he tries to analyse or explain this "breakless ecstasy" that the poet's Pegasus, which otherwise now trots and now gallops, begins to amble ; to wit :

"Until your consciousness has learned to be
A blue and passionless infinity
Of Truth's essential firmament,
Let it content
Yourself to be a mountain, gazing at
The flood of light above."

There are two 'stages' in Harindranath's *Strange Journey* ; namely the purely poetic and the purely psychic. And wherever the dividing line between the two thins down, the result is a journey through a land, which is illuminated with the beauty of truth and truth of beauty.

G. M.

Lancer At Large :

By Lt. Col. Yeats Brown. Gallancz. 10/6.

BEING one of the 73,000 buyers of the Bengal Lancer, it is but natural that I should have been eagerly awaiting the arrival in the country of Col. Yeats-Brown's new book on India. My interest had only increased through close association and discussions of a very busy day at Santiniketan when he came to pay a brief visit to the Poet Rabindranath Tagore, a description of which will be found in the book.

It is said that it is comparatively easier to make money than to keep it. I do not know if similarly it is easy to make a literary reputation, but I certainly believe, in any case it will be more difficult to retain the reputation which has once been made. Most

successful journalistic autobiographers are 'one-book' men, and Col. Yeats-Brown seemed to have supplied additional evidence to this sweeping statement with his two later books. But India with her innumerable monks, monasteries and monkeys is his life's chief interest and therefore he has performed almost a miracle of writing a second book on India and incidentally on himself which may prove even more interesting and enduring than the Bengal Lancer. It will certainly add to his bank balance. The writer has fulfilled his ambition of writing a very readable book, though he is fully conscious that such a book would of necessity be somewhat superficial (page 18).

It is this superficiality of approach that has disappointed me, for I had imagined that one endowed with so much knowledge of Indian history, religion and society and endowed with such transparent sympathy and love would have understood the Indian situation more deeply and seen more clearly the root causes of Indian discontent. Perhaps his heart was not really in this and it is only his contract with his Editor that sent him whirling through this vast continent in search of political and economic information and survey. His soul all the time yearned for the Guru he was in need of and therefore it is little wonder that at the Kumbh Mela at Allahabad, Pandit Malaviya meant much less for him than the procession of the naked Bairagis to the river. True to his contract he did indeed see the great old Pandit sitting bareheaded, in a dhoti and shawl in a dark and almost empty tent. This gentle-mannered old man produced in him a profound sense of depression and with a query in his heart as to what had made his race so bitter to the old Pandit and the people he represents, Col. Yeats-Brown went out of the tent into the big bright world. But he does not realise that for us there is hardly that big bright world. If even the Bengal Lancer does not see it, who amongst his race can? He gives us consolation through Mr. Siri Ram that the Indian (!) administration is the cheapest in the world calculated by head of population and "has given you peace and security". That a nation with an annual per capita income of less than Rs. 25 has little need of security, who would satisfactorily explain to the Colonel Shahib?

The India that we represent,—it may seem strange to many, but we do indeed represent a section at least of this great country—has little place for and interest in Bairagis, theories and examples of re-incarnation and strange feats of Hatha-Yogis and so on. The Upanishads offer little consolation when the belly is crying for food and the indestructibility of soul means very little when an irate,

unmannerly Chhotashahib reminds you at inconvenient moments that you are a mere Babu !

Though he has nowhere used the infamous statement generally attributed to His Highness of Bikaner, his mind seems to be full of the thought, so common to most of our sincere English friends, that the day the British army would withdraw from India not a virgin or a rupee will be left in the northern plains. It is a most interesting subject matter of discussion but what Indian would venture on such a discussion with the existing Press Acts and the sweeping laws of Sedition ? Silence is so often golden in these days !

But all this is not to deny Col. Yeats-Brown his full share of credit. The book is excellent reading and I doubt if there are many Englishmen who could write such a book today on India. His keen sense of humour and the fine descriptive language he is master of keep one spell bound and many will finish the book at one sitting.

A. K. C.

The Model Village :

By A. H. Jaisinghani.

Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras.

A GREAT deal of attention is at present being paid to the problem of rural development in this country. A time has come when even the Government recognizes that the rural problem can no longer be ignored and therefore it has been spending a considerable sum of money for the improvement of economic and social condition of the rural population. There are many private organizations scattered all over India which for some time have been making attempts to solve the village problems in a small way. Such an experiment is being carried on at TAIB by the author of the book under notice. He has definite ideals of village life and with this purpose has set up a new village with a group of people in order to realize his ideals. The book describes the various activities of the model villagers and relates the ways in which the economic, social, religious and political problems are tackled.

The MODEL VILLAGE is a world in miniature. It has all the institutions that one may come across in the wide world. But the social organization is essentially rural. The village has 800 acres of

cultivable land divided equally among 50 families. The houses are arranged according to a definite plan. There are all the amenities of life and the standard of living is such that the villagers enjoy not only a fuller life but a happier one. There is the hospital where the care of the sick is taken. The doctor not only acts as a healer of the sick but teaches the people how to live clean and healthy lives. There is the club, the library, the prayer hall, in fact, all the social amenities have been provided. There is a school run on very modern lines and arrangements have been made for adult education. Lectures and discussions are frequently held. There are co-operative organizations by which money and labor can be saved. The co-operative laundry and the co-operative kitchen, for instance, have been calculated to save 73,800 hours of work to the community annually. The village PANCHAYET, an elected body, looks to the welfare of the community and thus a corporate life has grown up in which a happy compromise of socialism and individualism has been made. Every opportunity is given to the villager to develop in his or her own way. Unsocial activities, however, on the part of an individual member are not tolerated.

The scheme is admirable but on going through the book one feels that the background of the larger world is missing. The importance of the forces that are at work in the outside world is minimized. Any experiment to be of any value must be of such a nature that it can be repeated elsewhere with success. It is possible, as it has been possible in the MODEL VILLAGE, to choose a group of people who would be persuaded to come and live together to form an ideal community. But in order that the experiment may be of some use it should be carried on with the ordinary village folk under ordinary conditions.

The book will prove useful to those who are interested in the welfare of rural India.

S. P. Bose.

Our Cause :

A Symposium by Indian Women—Edited by Shyam
Kumari Nehru. Kitabistan, 17-A City Road,
Allahabad. Rs. 6/-.

THIS is a both interesting and significant book, inasmuch as it gives us an idea of the mental attitudes of that section of Indian women who by virtue of their modern education and social opportunities are able to claim the intellectual leadership of their sex. It is written by "30

eminently qualified Indian women" and deals with "all the divers problems of women in India in every sphere of life. It is at once a history of the struggle for emancipation and a guide for the future."

No Indian can fail to sympathise with the passionate appeal in the book for woman's freedom from social, economic and political bondages and her right to share the full dignity of man. But, except by Sm. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, it seems to have been overlooked by most writers who have contributed that the Indian male himself does not enjoy his full status as a man. He himself is as much the victim of the social, political and economic dead-weight as the woman. It is more amusing than profitable to cry against them whose condition is as pitiful as theirs. The Feminist Movement in India has so far been too upper-middle-class in its constitution and too consciously modelled on its prototype in England for its spirit to be truly and earnestly representative of the Indian woman, except in so far as this mentality too is an aspect of our modern Indian life.

Nevertheless the book is full of much useful information and fine bits of writing. It discusses not only a variety of topics but also discloses a variety of capacities. Some articles are smart, some lyrical, some learned, some thoughtful—though all of them overflow with enthusiasm for OUR CAUSE. And though enthusiasm is always exhilarating, it does not always lead to wise conclusions, as when, for example, the Editor (who has also contributed a learned article on Legal Forms of Marriage in India) in the Introduction suggests that the mother in India was idolised "as if to rationalise centuries of female degradation." It shows a purely intellectual reading of the woman's condition through foreign-formed perspective, and hardly agrees with the intimate feelings of our everyday life. The writer would have been more reasonable in saying that the veneration for mother is one of the few things that have partially redeemed woman's degradation in India. Sm. Rukmini Devi, on the other hand, has waxed a little too lyrical about the spirit of the artist in woman, particularly in Indian woman. "I think it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the soul of a woman is behind most of the magnificent creations of artists from time immemorial. She is the very essence and fragrance of life . . ." This is precisely what men when they are romantic think her to be, and what they wish she were at all other times. In the same section of "Woman as Artist" Sm. Hatheesing has made a general review of Indian Dancing in which she has surveyed the modern schools. It is surprising to note that in the latter survey she has omitted any mention—save

perhaps in a veiled sneer—of the school where she herself learned to appreciate that art and long association with which, as much as anything else, gives her the right and authority to write on Indian Art.

We have no space to review all the articles here. We have to content ourselves with remarking that some of them display considerable merit, both of study and of style. It is therefore unfortunate that the place of honour should have been given to an article—*Position of Hindu woman fifty years ago*—which lacks both. The writer seems to imagine that anglicised homes are the norm in India today, for she talks of conditions fifty years ago as though their very memory should evoke surprise that such things once were. She says of Hindu women of that time that “their houses were furnished with *takht poshes* and *churpais*, with pegs and towel hoses upon which women hung their sarees: they had no dressing tables, they sat on the low wooden seats, *with which Museums now alone acquaint us* (the italics are ours) or on mats and *gaddis* on the floor. . . . Food was eaten in the Indian way, with the fingers off metal platters; and the women sat on the floor.” That the writer should not know that the majority of Hindu women today live exactly in the same way argues either a special superficiality on the writer’s part or proves our general remark that what the book regards as the representative Indian woman is very remote from the vast masses of them in the land.

Despite a few such unfortunate bits in the book, the general standard maintained is worthy of praise. The Editor is to be congratulated on conducting with distinction the first symposium of its kind in India. The Publishers are to be commended for the very fine get-up of the book, which does full justice to the fair character of the sex the book represents.

K. K.

WHO'S WHO IN THE PRESENT NUMBER

(*In the order of the articles*)

Rabindranath Tagore—Poet. Founder-President, Visva-Bharati.

Barbara Bingley—Mrs. Vere-Hodge. English poetess. Resident in Calcutta.

P. C. Mahalanobis—Professor of Physics in the University of Calcutta, and Director, Statistical Laboratory, Calcutta. Has been a friend and admirer of Rabindranath Tagore and has been associated with some of his activities for a number of years.

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Nalini Kanta Gupta—Writer in Bengali. Lives at Pondicherry, Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya—An Indian poet. Has Published several volumes of verse in English.

P. B. Adhikari—Professor of Indian Philosophy in the Hindu University, Benares.

Indira Devi Chaudhurani—Niece of Rabindranath Tagore. A Bengali writer of considerable distinction. A keen critic of Indian Music.

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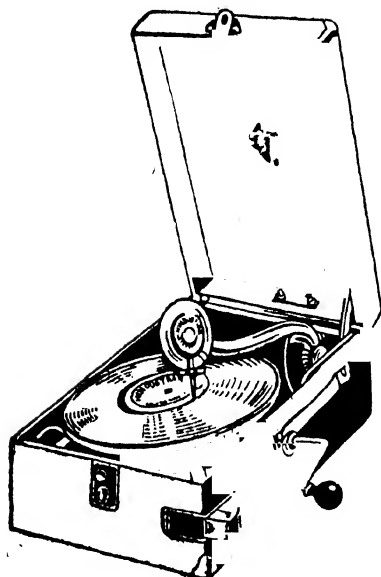
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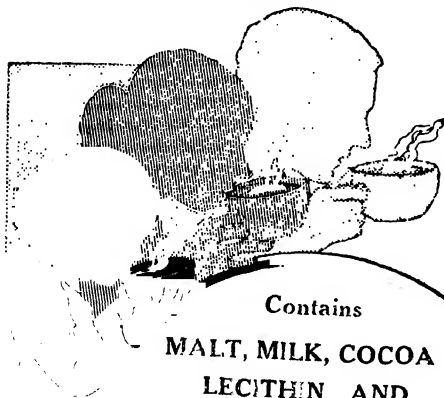
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where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken
up into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;

Where words come out from the
depth of truth;
Where tireless striving
stretches its arms towards
perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward
by thee into ever-widening
thought and action—
into that heaven of freedom,
my Father,
let my country awake.

Santiniketan

Rabindranath Tagore



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HYMN TO THE SUN

ON board a ship I heard an Indian sing
A wild hymn, chanted slowly, to the sun :
And afterwards, I found it, or one strangely like,
With the Zend-Avesta's Sacred Book :
And this was how that wild strain ran :

I

Sing now to the undying One,
To Him, the swift-horsed Orient Sun,
As from the mountain-heights he looks afar
Over the lands where the wide pastures are !

*O Mithra, Lord of Pastures,
Listen to our Song !*

II

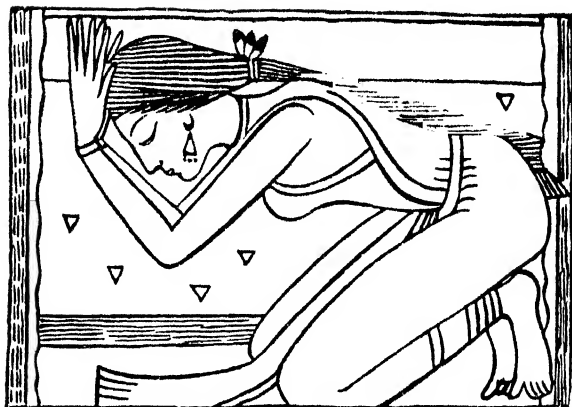
There grow sweet herbs that feed the sacred kine.
Bright-eyed they graze : their silken soft coats shine,
As He, the Lord of Life, the Lord of Light,
Looks joyously upon them from his heavenly height.

*O Mithra, Lord of Pastures,
Listen to our Song !*

III

Well-wall'd the houses stand beyond the meads
Where chariots wheel and halt their champing steeds
And women, beautiful, in unison
Sing, "Hail, all Hail to Thee, thou glorious One !"
*O Mithra, Lord of Pastures,
Listen to our Song !*

Ernest Rhys.



THE GREAT AND THE SMALL¹

NOWADAYS class conflicts in the West are mostly of economic origin. Miners, dock labourers, railway men, now and again, raise disturbances, for which new laws have to be made, or old laws suspended ; the militia are sometimes called out, and blood shed. In that part of the world there are two parties concerned in such conflicts—those who create, and those who try to quell, the disturbance ; there is no third party, with a high sense of humour, to look on and mock at them from outside.

There was also a time in England, whilst its constitution was still in the process of consolidation, when conflicts used to occur between Protestants and Roman Catholics, during which fair play was not always in evidence. As a matter of fact the Catholics had for long to submit to all kinds of disabilities. Even today, the subjects of England, as a whole, have to bear the cost of maintaining a particular religious denomination, which is manifestly unfair to those outside it. But if today these and other inequalities no longer lead in England to chronic breaches of the peace, it is because all sections of its people now enjoy in common a system of government that they can call their own. Had they been ruled by an outsider, all these loose joints in their system would have knocked together, making permanent fractures in it.

In the earlier history of British politics the antagonism between Scotland and England was not a little bitter, for they had real differences in language, temperament, and historical memories. But their reconciliation was brought about because the system of government at which they arrived was subject to their joint control ; wherefore their energies were turned towards common defence and welfare. On the other hand, because the people of Ireland had not been conceded equal rights with those of England, such union between England and Ireland was never found possible.

These instances of conflict in the West may partly explain, but can never wholly justify, our own national weaknesses. For it has to be admitted that in our country there is too rigid a line of demarcation between Hindus and Moslems. Where Truth is departed from, there comes in evil and with it punishment. If religion, instead of abiding

1. Translated by Surendranath Tagore from the original Bengali (*Prabasi*—1919).

in the heart, is allowed to put its emphasis on memorised texts and outward observances, it becomes the greatest of all obstacles to peace. It is possible to uphold Ahimsa as an ideal of conduct and approximate one's life to it, even though perfect following of it may not be practicable. But if we give the name of religion to injunctions laid down in some particular scripture against the killing of a particular animal, and insist on forcing the prohibition upon adherents of a different religion, then the ill-feeling thus arising can never be allayed. To slay certain animals in the name of religion, and thereupon not to hesitate to kill men because they slay certain other animals, also in the name of religion—this can be given no other name than fanaticism.

I can only hope that our religion will not for ever continue to lay such stress on external observances. Another hope is that if ever Hindus and Moslems can have a common ideal of national welfare, and that ideal can find concrete shape in some system of common government, then their external differences will become negligible compared with the unification arising out of common endeavour and fellow-feeling.

I once happened to have an Englishman as a fellow passenger in a railway compartment. Talking of the then recent Behar communal riots he told me with great gusto the story of a British captain twitting a local zamindar with the words: "You can't even control your own tenants, and yet you people want Home Rule!" I did not hear what the zamindar replied, but could imagine him saying: "No, sir, we don't want Home Rule while we are so unfit, so worthless. Meanwhile be pleased to do the controlling for us." To my companion I simply said: "These riots have not occurred during Home Rule. The mind of that hapless zamindar must have turned enviously to the troops of which the Captain had command. For one to retain the means, and another to attain the end,—this is an unheard of division of labour. Moreover, what of the communal riots under the very shadow of Fort William in Calcutta? Those surely were as much a matter of shame to the government as to the governed. Had such occurred in the Nizam's dominions, or in Mysore, the Captain's sarcasm might indeed have proved unanswerable."

Just here is our grievance. We have no responsibility for our own self-defence, because our defence has been taken off our hands by an outside power. That is what is emasculating us, making us both weak and resourceless. If the condition to which we have thus been reduced be made the occasion by this same power for sneering at us,

we are precluded, it is true, from giving any effective reply, but what we say in our own minds is far from parliamentary. If we had power and responsibility it would have been equally to the interest of Hindus and Moslems to maintain them intact ; both parties would have taken good care not to allow license to go unchecked, and India would have made strong the foundation on which she stood.

As matters are, if on the turning of the next page of India's history, the British power were to break, and leave, amidst the ruins of its strong government, millions of weak men and women,—unused to self-reliance, incapable of self-defence, bereft of self-confidence, unfit for self-improvement, while all around them would be newly awakened powers, skilfully organised in accordance with their recently learnt lessons,—then, if for a time these hapless millions are lost in confusion, on whom must be cast the guilt of their sad fate ?

Or if we make the contrary supposition, that while governments all over the world are changing, the steel frame of the British government in India will alone endure for ever, then are we to contemplate with equanimity the prospect of an India eternally disunited, with no tie between its different sections of common endeavour and public service, with all their hopes and aspirations doomed to pettiness, their faculties warped and stunted, their future hopelessly hemmed in by the stone walls of an alien policy ?

Uptill now, under British rule, we have had unified government but not unified responsibility,—that is why our union is from the outside. Such union does not bring us near, it merely keeps us side by side, so that the least shock knocks us against one another. It is an inert, material, not a live, functioning union. It is like the proximity of men sleeping on the same floor, not of men awake and marching along the same road. There is nothing in it for us to glory or rejoice in. We may stoop low to give thanks for it, but cannot be uplifted by it.

Our old society of village communities kept us alive to our public duties. No doubt the public of those days was a limited one, inasmuch as our vision did not extend beyond the bounds of our village. Still, within those bounds, the wealthy acknowledged the responsibility of their riches, the learned of their knowledge ; the whole community had a claim on the attainments of each. It is in such expansion of individual achievement that men can take pride and find their joy.

At the present day, all responsibilities of our countrymen have been shifted from within to the outside. The government is the

only appraiser of our merits, defender of our persons and property, regulator of our health and well-being, dispenser of reward and of punishment. What is and what is not Hindu, is determined in their courts of law ; even our intoxicants are provided for us by them ; and if tigers molest our villagers, that gives a good opportunity for sport to the local magistrate and his friends.

As a result, we can no longer bear the burden of our own social regulations. The Brahmin still exacts his fees, but does not advance learning. The landlord extorts his rents, but does not make the prosperity of the tenants his concern. The upper classes insist on being paid due respect by the lower, but do not look after their welfare. Our expenditure on social ceremonies is as heavy as ever, but the vast sums so spent do not circulate within the community. Communal conflict, social ostracism, the sale of religious services,—all these social evils are rampant. The cow we are feeding no longer gives us milk, but viciously turns its crooked horns on us.

But the point is not really whether government from within is more or less efficient than government from without. If men had been merely so many pieces of stone, the question would have been how best to arrange them for serving some purpose. But men must live and grow and progress. That is why it cannot but be admitted that this destruction of initiative and opportunity for self-fulfilment, that makes despondency lie heavy as stone on the breasts of our people, is not only cruel, but vitiates the true end of government.

The self-determination we hanker after is not for the sake of wielding or flaunting power over others, nor for arming ourselves to exploit weaker peoples ; nor are we obsessed with any insane desire to prove our vigour and enthusiasm for killing those who are alien to us. We are quite content to wear as our insignia the epithet of "mild Hindu" that has been conferred on us by the militarist West. We shall not flinch to bear the thorns of material loss that beset the pursuit of spiritual gain, though our rulers may twit us for it.

All we yearn for is our natural right and responsibility of serving our motherland. The soul-destroying deprivation of these is what is gnawing at our hearts and driving us to desperation. Hence the irrepressible eagerness of our youths to avail of any opportunity to serve their countrymen. Manhood cannot flourish in the shade of protected orderliness. The deepest urge of all life is to exert itself in progressing onward. In all great peoples the acceptance of toil and tribulation, the dedication of self for the sake of great enterprises,

is seen as a turbulent desire that foams and roars on its course, reckless of success or failure, removing from its path, or cascading over, all obstacles. This grand sight it is impossible to keep hidden away even from political cripples like ourselves.

That is why for our youths, in whom this life-force is naturally welling up, the torture of its being remorselessly cooped up within their bosoms is greater than the pangs of death itself. Sufficient outlet for this surging force cannot be found in volunteering for occasional flood- or famine-relief work. It is only in the various pursuits of every day life that it can find adequate room for expansion. Otherwise, its suppressed cravings become vitiated in the heat of hopeless heart-burning, giving rise to the secret violent activities that are spreading over the country. This in turn leads the authorities to view with dire suspicion any organised attempt at national self-development.

While these underground actions and reactions were going on, came the news from over the seas that a draft constitution for India was under preparation. The authorities, thought I, are at length awake to the fact that fear of persecution is not enough of a remedy,—there must be the lure of a concession as well. This country is our own country, not merely because we have been born in it, but because it claims our strenuous co-operation in the making of its history. And British sovereignty, or at any rate partnership, can be well established, within and without, only if our people are encouraged to acknowledge this deepest obligation of ownership.

Moreover, to keep this vast country weak and powerless, and apathetic to its own government, precludes its being of any account, and therefore makes it a burden heavy to bear, in times of stress. The weakest of antagonistic elements is like the tiniest of leaks in a ship. While the sea is calm, constant pumping may serve to keep it going, but when, in a storm, the hands have to be otherwise occupied, even such a rift may lead to disaster. To spend a trifle on its timely repair saves the risk of larger loss in the event of trouble. I cannot still help thinking that it was some appreciation of these facts by our navigators that had led to the proposal of Home Rule for India.

But men are blinded by their passions. The exaggerated view of the present that their passions put forward makes them careless of future consequences, and so despise any appeal to abstract morality as the outcome of weakness, of a dilettante idealism. The likelihood of such passions affecting the British people was overlooked by India, overjoyed as it was at the undreamt of prospect now held before it.

The Britishers who are in the government or mercantile offices are too near India. By reason of this nearness, it is the power they exercise, the money they make, that cover their field of view ; and the joys and sorrows, the rights and claims, of the thirty millions of India's people recede into dim, vague unsubstantiality.

So any gift implying the grant of self-determination to India, involving a diminution of British interference, is bound to be whittled down and shrunk dry before it reaches us, if it is not altogether mislaid in transit,—whence the skeletons of good intentions that strew the desert pathway of India's destiny. Those who have usurped the power of such obstruction are obsessed with their own might, their minds and hearts made impervious to the plaints of the people of India by a hard crust of racial exclusiveness. India for them means only a magnified government or merchant office.

It seems anomalous to imagine that the British should wish to keep our sight away from this grand vision of Freedom, when we consider that their own history, for the last three hundred years or so, has been one long continuous pageant of such heroic endeavour. This anomaly can, however, be explained if we take care to remember that it is not the English people known as *great* who are ruling India, but that we are the subjects of those of them who, steeped from their youth in the acid of bureaucratic tradition, have been corroded into mere official men, reduced for us to the small measure of their special purposes.

The camera may be called an artificial eye ; but, for all the clearness of its definition, it is blind ; it cannot see as a whole, it cannot see that which is not immediately before it, it cannot see movements. We are grateful to providence that it has given us eyes, and not a camera to see with. But what is this that providence has done to India ? The whole man who rules our destinies lives on the other side of the sea, but as soon as he comes over to this side, three-quarters of him are clipped off by the shearing process through which he passes. This official fragment of an Englishman cannot understand how the expensive and efficient camera that he is, fails to satisfy us ; he cannot understand what it is that makes us still pine to be looked at by a human eye.

Why are the inmates of a workhouse restless and dissatisfied ? Because the workhouse is not a whole home. It gives neither human relationship, nor outside freedom, but only strictly regulated shelter. Shelter is, no doubt, a necessity ; but, being what they are, men cannot

live without a great deal that is beyond the merely necessary, for lack of which their humanity feels insulted and impels them to keep trying to escape beyond the bounds of necessity. The workhouse guardian feels surprised and resentful at this, for his circumscribed mind lacks the complete vision to comprehend why even such unfortunate men grudge to pawn the freedom for which their souls cherish an undying hope, in exchange for the restfulness of a bare shelter.

The great Englishman has no immediate contact with India. Between him and us intervenes the small Englishman. So we only catch glimpses of the great Englishman in the sky of English literature, while the only sight he gets of us is through the reports of the bureaucratic offices and their books of account; that is to say, India is for him represented by a mass of statistics—figures of exports and imports, income and expenditure, births and deaths, how many police there are to keep the peace, how many jails there are for breaches of the peace, the lengths of railway lines, the heights of college buildings. There is no department of the India office through which the things that are far greater than all these can reach any human creature in England.

However numerous the obstacles may be in the way of our believing it, we should nevertheless know that there is such a thing as the great English race, with a real local habitation. The misjudging of the powerful by the weak is but a weakness of the latter, a weakness from which let us try to have the proud privilege of being free. It may be confidently averred that these great Englishmen are wholly and truly men. It is also certain that they could not have become great without possessing the qualities that make for greatness in all nations. However angry with them we may be, it is no use saying that all their greatness rests on their swords, or lies in their money bags. No one can point to the history of any nation that has attained glory merely because it is well-equipped for fighting, or can make money successfully. So we may dismiss the contention, without troubling to take evidence, that any nation can become great without being great in manhood. The British nation has as its ideal a belief in truth, justice and freedom. This ideal has abundantly manifested itself in their history and in their literature.

The great Englishman is not static, he is moving forward. His life is undergoing modification and expansion through his history; not only in regard to his empire and trade, but his art and science and philosophy, his society and his religion as well. He is creative, and may justly claim to be one of the high priests in the grand divine

service conducted by Europe. The lessons of the Great War are constantly causing him searching of heart, for he has there had the opportunity of viewing history afresh in the light of the sacrificial flame of a vast holocaust. He could see for himself the inevitable nemesis of allowing the self-glorification of each nation to override the claims of insulted humanity. Consciously or unconsciously, he feels that the God of the nation and the God of all humanity is one and the same, and if human sacrifice be offered in His worship, He in turn assumes the terrible form of the wrathful Destroyer.

If the great Englishman has not realised it even yet, he will realise some day that where the atmosphere is thin, there is the storm centre ; where there is weakness, thither is greed attracted, and round it rages the conflict of the strong. Where man does not stand firm on his greatness, his manhood leaks away through his relaxed moral fibre, and Satan gets his chance to mock at God. The great Englishman cannot but come to understand that it is not possible to build a permanent edifice on sand, that the power of one cannot be consolidated on the weakness of another.

But the small Englishman makes no progress. With the country that he has bound hand and foot, he himself remains stagnant, as the centuries pass by, tied to its inertness. His life consists only of two aspects, his office duties and his amusements. Through his government- or merchant-office aspect he touches the millions of India only with the tip of his punishing or measuring rod. As for his amusements, that aspect, like the other face of the moon, is ever turned away from us. So that his claim to local experience is gauged simply by the efflux of time. True, in the early days of the British Indian Empire, he was busy with creative work, but after that he has, for the rest of a long, long period, been content to watch and ward his established business and sovereignty, and enjoy their fruits.

The small Englishman has become worldly-wise by prolonged absorption in routine, and like every worldly-wise man, he has come to look on callousness as strength of mind. He has come to think that the going on of his office like clockwork is the most important event in the universe. He has a supreme contempt for the man outside, even though, for all his apparent inconsequence, he has his place appointed by the God of the universe in His grand procession through the dust of the open road. Accustomed as the Englishman in India is to deal with powerless people, he has come to the fixed conclusion, that as he is the ruler of the present, so is he the controller of the

future. He does not stop at saying, "I am here," but proudly adds, "And here I shall remain!"

Wherefore, O hapless pursuer of the mirage, do not run, cheering so loudly, to stand expectant on the West-facing shore, hugging the hope that a shipload of favours is coming to you from the great Englishman! Mines have been laid in anticipation by the small Englishman, along the bottom of the intervening ocean, and the wreckage of the loaded vessel that will reach you may at best serve for the making of a funeral pyre for your hopes of self-determination. Our confidence in the generosity of the great Englishman has already led us to talk big to the small Englishman, forgetting that the fees of the priest often exceed the boons granted by the divinity above him. Have we not had enough experience of the unlimited power and the very limited temper of our intermediary?

So I would repeatedly caution my countrymen: "What is it that you rely on when you venture to claim? Your physical strength?—that you have not. The loudness of your voice?—that is not so penetrating as you imagine. Some great Englishman behind you?—where, oh where is he! But if you have Justice on your side, place on that your whole reliance. None can deprive you of the right to suffer. The glory of sacrificing yourself for the truth, for the right, for the good of your fellow-men awaits you at the end of the arduous road. If boons you deserve, you will get them from the Dweller within."

I have always pointed out that, to endeavour to get results by wrong means, simply piles up a debt of wrong-doing that will eventually exact full payment. And as I have condemned in the severest terms the taking of such path by my countrymen, I claim the right to say, as strongly, that extremism when indulged in by the government is equally criminal. The royal road of legitimate methods may take longer to reach the destination, but the taking of a short cut like trampling over the bleeding breast of Belgium, is not justifiable for any one, high or low, in the modern age.

In the old days "off with his head" was deemed a simple expedient for saving the trouble of undoing a tangle. It is Europe that can pride itself on the discovery that such cutting of the Gordian knot damages the goods inside. Civilisation has its responsibility; a responsibility of which it cannot rid itself even in times of difficulty. Punishment necessarily involves cruelty, that is why it has to be passed through the filter of legal processes in order to free it from all trace of personal animosity or partiality, before it can be adopted as an

instrument by civilised society. Otherwise there ceases to be any distinction between the bludgeon of a hooligan and the mace of sovereign authority.

I admit that the problem has become difficult. We are ashamed of some of the methods adopted by our boys and youths to instil the spirit of Swadeshi into our country. We are still more ashamed because the lesson—that for the sake of patriotism it is not wrong to divorce morals from politics—is one we have learnt from the West. The gold of European politics is not supposed to lose in value by any alloy of lying or trickery or brigandage, surreptitious or flagrant, but rather to be thereby hardened to greater usefulness. We also may seem to have accepted the conclusion that scrupulousness in regard to the overriding of righteousness by expediency in the case of patriotic enterprises is mere silly sentimentality. And thus have we been brought to lower our heads in reverential imitation of the remnants of savagery in our mentors. We have lost the courage and moral strength to declare with our own ancestors : “By unrighteousness men flourish ; in unrighteousness they see their good ; through unrighteousness they even prevail over their enemies ; but they perish at the root.”

We make the mistake of thinking that the path of European civilisation has arrived at the wonderful cross roads where robbery and gallantry meet. We should remember that God has not yet delivered His judgment on the merits of the path Europe has so far pursued. And I pray to Him that even should the whole world elect to be satisfied with temporary advantage in place of ultimate gain, let not India do likewise. If political freedom be achieved by us, well and good. But even if that does not happen, let us not, with heaps of tainted political rubbish, obstruct our own way to the larger freedom of the soul.

There is, however, another thing that it will not do for us to forget either. In the light of our awakened patriotism, dacoits and traitors are not all that we have seen : we have also beheld the highest bravery. Never before has the divine power of self-sacrifice been so manifested in our youths as to-day,—the youths who, renouncing all hopes of material advancement, have whole-heartedly devoted themselves to their country's cause. It is not merely that in such career they can look for no emoluments or honours from the government, but they have further to struggle against the opposition of their own kith and kin. What delights me is, that there is nevertheless no dearth of travellers along this thorny road.

When the call came from on high, our youths did not hesitate to respond to it, and an ever-growing band of devotees, with the ideal of Right as their only resource, are sturdily and steadily engaged in clearing the path of their advance, step by step. They do not delude themselves with any hope that either the small Englishman, or those of their countrymen who await the latter's generosity, will shower blessings on them, or even properly understand what they are about. In more fortunate countries, where divers paths of service to country and people spread in all directions, where there are no barriers to keep off those who would serve from the fields of service,—there, such determined, selfless, idealist youth is appreciated as the greatest asset of humanity.

Any sovereign power can, by terrorising and crushing such youth, reduce a whole country to abject quiescence,—it is only too easy to do so; but are we not accustomed to hear that such a policy is un-English? No greater waste of human material can be conceived than such ruthless crippling for life, on bare suspicion, of great hearts who are either altogether guiltless, or who in the rush of enthusiasm have momentarily strayed from the straight path, or who fell because in their eagerness they strove to climb too quickly; and who, with sympathetic encouragement and guidance, could have made good use of their gifts. To leave such to the tender mercies of the police department, is like letting loose a herd of buffaloes on fields of ripening corn, with the herdsman grinning at the prospect that not a weed will be left on the land.

I have, in Santiniketan Asrama, always unflinchingly kept before me the aim that spiritual insight into the history of humanity as a whole should not for our boys be dimmed or tarnished. That is why we have never hesitated to invite devotees from the West to enrich with their lives the good work undertaken by our Asrama. We have never tried to partition off the supreme truth into compartments with high-sounding names. This, perhaps, may sometimes lead the followers of Nietzsche in our country to look on the principles we advocate as the religion of weakness, the morality of the defeated. For the situation is unnatural, with our future hopes as narrow as our present field of work, our enthusiasms as feeble as our opportunities are restricted for the expansion of our deepest spiritual feelings.

The shrunken, anaemic fruits, that are all we can raise under the shade of unbending high-officialdom, are in little request and of low price in the world market, and it is being assiduously spread

abroad that, stunted shrubs as we are, it is to our best interest to keep this shadow over us as dense as possible. The dejection of spirit thus brought about lies as a dead-weight over the inmost depths of our heart. That is why the counsel of perfection, to strive for the freedom of the soul unaffected by fear or anger, cannot find whole-hearted acceptance in our country.

And yet it is my belief that the endeavours of our Asrama to battle against these adverse factors has not been altogether in vain. For, whatever the obstacles may be, when the supreme truth is held before men, albeit the most modern of them, they cannot altogether ignore it. But at times things do come to such a pass, that even the mildest of Bengali boys feel a revulsion against high ideals. Passion rises at the challenge of passion to becloud their vision of the highest good.

If the question occurs to you : What is at the root of all this ? You cannot but agree with me that it is nothing but absence of self-government. Very far away from us are the Britishers,—even farther, say some of their globe trotters, than they feel from the Chinese and the Japanese. Then there is our spirituality, a malady that they altogether disclaim. What can be a wider gulf between man and man ? Then again, they do not know our language, nor care to mix socially with us. Where the distance is so great, the knowledge so slight, a vigilant suspiciousness can be the only policy.

In free countries the bureaucracy is not allowed to aspire to the topmost heights, so that gaps are left in its ramifications through which the people of the country can grow and flourish. In a subject country like ours the bureaucracy takes good care to leave no such gaps. And if we make bold to ask for any to be made, it rouses such a commotion in all its branches from one shore of the sea to the other, that rather than risk being battered by their buffetings we feel we had better do without them. My last word on the point is : Not the most powerful nation on earth can keep an unnatural order of things upheld to the end by the thrust of its bayonets. The weight is bound to tell more and more heavily, till at length its arms are benumbed and the gravitational pull of the world at large levels the outrage against nature to the dust.

What then is the natural order ? Every one knows that it means the responsibility of the government, whatever its system may be, to the people of the country, so that they may look on it as their own. If the government be entirely of the outside, the indifference to

it of the people is bound to lead to disaffection, and disaffection suppressed from outside festers into hatred and contempt, making the problems so arising progressively more and more complex.

Englishmen came into this country as messengers of the modern age. Each age has its own message of culture that seeks in divers ways to spread over the world. Those who are the carriers of such message, if by reason of their own selfishness they are miserly in delivering it, then by such frustration of the design of providence they give rise to evil and sorrow. It is, however, never possible for them to hide under a bushel the light they bear. The gift they hold needs must be given up, for they are but the instruments of the age that offers it.

Unnaturalness comes in when a ruling power declares the principles for which it stands to the region towards which its bright face is turned, and withholds them from the region to which it turns the dark face of subjugation. But it cannot thus delude one side of its own nature with its other side. If the small Englishman persists in trying to shut off the great Englishman from the truth, ringed round with walls of self-interest, that will only augment the evil and its consequences. In the game of making history the cards are not laid on the table, so that sometimes combinations occur, contrary to all calculations, taking the players by surprise.

The general truth may therefore be confidently stated that when, after an unnatural state of things has been forcibly maintained for long, the rulers arrive at the confident belief that the laws made by them are the only universal laws, history is liable to be tripped up in its progress by some trifling obstacle, and turn a somersault. For men to be near men during hundreds of years and yet not come into human relations ; for men to rule men and yet not make the ruled their own ; for the West to have broken down the barriers of the East, to have entered right into its granary, and yet to keep muttering the text: *The twain shall never meet*:—the world of humanity can never bear for long the insufferable strain of such immense unnaturalness. If no natural way for its removal can be found, then the curtain will fall on the last act of a historical tragedy.

In suchwise was written, during long ages, the heart-rending tragedy of our own downfall, that was acted in a previous period of India's history. We also came near to men of other cultures, but contented ourselves with endless contrivances for keeping them at a distance. We also tried to deprive them of the rights and privileges that

were most highly prized for ourselves. We also hurt universal religion by insulting men on the pretext of exclusive religion. But, for all the rigours of our shastric injunctions, we were unable to turn this unnaturalness, this prostitution of the divine purpose, into an instrument for building up for ourselves an exclusive history. Where we calculated on our strength, just there we proved to be weak, and we have thus been busy killing ourselves by inches through the centuries.

In spite of all present appearances to the contrary, I steadfastly cherish the hope and belief that East and West shall meet. But to that end we, also, have our duties and responsibilities. So long as we are small, the Englishman will remain small and try to terrorise us ; for in our smallness lies his strength. But the coming age is already upon us, when the unarmed shall dare to stand up to the fully armed. On that day the victory will be not to him who can slay, but to him who can accept death. He who causes sorrow shall go under, and he who can bear suffering shall gain the final glory. Meeting crude force with soul force, man will then proclaim that he is not beast, but has overpassed the limitations of natural selection. The duty and the responsibility has been cast on us to prove these great truths.

If the East and West do ever meet, it will be on the ground of some common ideal, not of condescension, nor of armies and navies. We must make of sorrow and death our allies. If we do not gain that strength, then as the weak we can never meet the strong. Union under one-sided rule is no union at all, but rather the most rigid separation. An empire of which we are but the materials is no empire of ours. Only such empire will be our own which we are called upon to build in co-operation. Such an empire can give us life, for such an empire we can give up our lives.

We must make peace in our strength, with others in their strength. Let not our strength be begged or borrowed ; it must be the infinite strength to suffer for Right and Justice. None in all the wide world have the power to keep bound, like an animal for sacrifice, the strength to suffer, the strength for renunciation, the strength of righteousness. Such strength gains victory by defeat, immortality by death. But the strength of muscle and material, while it tries to raise its triumphal tower to the skies, finds itself suddenly overcome by a creeping paralysis.

THE APPRECIATION OF THE UNFAMILIAR ARTS

Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

WE shall begin by making two assumptions (1) implied in the title of this talk, viz. that whether by choice or accident we have before us something made by art, such as a picture or a garment, of some strange kind, let us say Egyptian or Peruvian ; and (2) that pleasure being always preferable to pain, we wish if possible to derive some pleasure from the sight of the object before us.

Now pleasure is of two kinds, either of the senses, or the mind, and as we shall want to have as much pleasure as possible, we shall desire both kinds. The two kinds of pleasure correspond to the two ways in which the "beauty" of the object can be considered. Let us consider the two pleasures separately, and how best to secure both. The physical or sensible pleasure may itself be of two kinds: direct or imagined. If the "decorative" value of the picture, or the texture of the garment pleases us, the pleasure is direct ; if the picture be a representation of someone or something dear to us, or if we think the garment actually worn would become us, it will be indirect ; and in the same way if the picture represents an activity agreeable to our moral taste or political prejudices. If we call it "beautiful" accordingly, we mean lovely, loveable, or likeable, rather than beautiful in the philosopher's sense.

On the other hand, just because the object and its qualities are unfamiliar, and it may seem to us "barbaric" or at least "odd" ; and because the works do not represent anyone or anything already dear to us, nor always such activities as we can approve of ; and because we have no immediate use for the object ; there remains a very fair chance that we may call it ugly, and not like it at all, but dismiss it as a curiosity. It was indeed from this point of view that Museums originally started, viz. as collections of "curiosities." Objects of "curiosity" value are even nowadays sometimes offered as gifts to "Art" museums, which to the would-be donor's bewilderment, decline them ; and on the other hand, "Art" museums, guided by experts, collect and exhibit as works of art many objects which the public "knowing nothing about art, but knowing what I like" still continues to regard as curiosities,—thereby missing the kinds of pleasure above referred to.

Evidently then, to secure the desired pleasure, we must learn to react to unfamiliar beauties, to enjoy new sensations, and endorse or allow activities in others which might be unbecoming in ourselves. This is one of the prices to be paid for culture ; to judge all things only by an inherited taste is precisely to be "provincial." At the same time, this does not mean that we must become eclectic, or imitators of the unfamiliar works ; that is the opposite of "culture" ; to be "influenced" implies a fundamental misunderstanding of the significance of style, and can only result in caricature. We are not to try to do ourselves what is naturally done by others ; but rather to be patient, and to recognize that what at first impresses us as merely odd may have been inevitable and right in its own environment, to respect the idiosyncracies of others no less than our own.

Most of our difficulties arise from the consideration of things torn out of their context. It may readily be granted, for example, that even the finest Egyptian or Chinese figure of a deity will be incongruously related and in this sense unlovely on the drawing-room mantelpiece or even in a museum. One who actually sees its beauty does not really see it there on the mantelpiece, but in a mentally reconstructed original environment. As Goethe so truly said, "he who would understand the artist must go there where the artist lived and worked." If we cannot literally do this, either as to distant lands or past ages, we can do so in the spirit ; it is here that the teacher of art appreciation and of the history of art ought to be of help to us, and mainly for this that our museum guides and catalogues ought to be written.

In this way then we can become "lovers of art", and not only of familiar arts ; we can learn to admire, collect, and take pleasure in the very objects which may have once repelled us. We can learn to appreciate their refinement, or charm, and to recognize the artist's sensitivity, and the elegance or vigour of his taste, and to share in part his likes and dislikes. Thus we become more universally human, and less human in a merely private fashion. But all this still remains a matter of physical or sense pleasures, or moral approbation or disapprobation ; taste has been educated and broadened, but it remains taste, rather than knowledge or judgment ; we are still playing only half the game. As Plato so well said of the mere lovers of art that "they behold and love fine sounds and colours, but beauty itself they do not admit of as having any real existence." Much the same will apply to the majority of those who labour to make themselves

acquainted with the history of art, to be able to name and recognize and distinguish and date the different kinds of art, all of which has many advantages, but may perfectly well coincide with an almost complete indifference to actual works of art as an immediate source of pleasure. It is one thing to know a great deal *about* art, and another to enjoy it when seen, and to be able to judge of the actual quality of a given work. To partake of the second and intellectual pleasure afforded by works of art, it will not then suffice to build up a broad and educated taste, nor to be very learned about art, but rather to understand its reason, in accordance with the definition, "Art is the right reason, or way, of making things."

Before we proceed to consider the second or mental pleasure which the contemplation of the unfamiliar object may afford us, we must refer to one obstacle that stands in our way, that of the style or language of a work of art. Every work of art has an import, which it expresses, and must not be confused with what the work may happen to resemble, whether intentionally or accidentally. Now to take an extreme case, and the art of words, suppose that a Chinaman wants to say the same thing that we likewise want to say, he will say it in Chinese, and we in English. It is in fact a recognized axiom, that nothing can be known or expressed except in some way. The Chinese way will be intelligible to other Chinamen, but not immediately to us; we have to learn Chinese. The difficulties are not quite so obvious in the case of the musical or visual arts. But they are nevertheless present; there is no such thing as an absolutely universal language of any art. We can indeed recognize that there are mountains or rivers in a Chinese landscape, and be interested or uninterested accordingly; but all this belongs to the matters of taste and association of which we have already spoken. What we are now concerned with is what the Chinese artist means by his mountains or rivers, which may or may not be the same that we might mean. The point is that he expresses himself in a certain way, by means of what are called "conventions", which are perfectly intelligible to his fellows, but not at first sight to us. We must then take a little trouble to familiarize ourselves with the artist's language, so that we can take it for granted, and catch his meaning as readily as do his fellows. We must learn to take for granted unfamiliar kinds of perspective, and new types of composition, so as to be able to understand without stopping to spell out every symbol in his repertoire. As a general rule we shall have at least this great advantage, that whereas in studying the works of individual

modern artists we have to learn this all over again for each one separately, in the case of Chinese or Egyptian art, the greater part of the vocabulary, or conventions of the art, are the common property of the whole school and remain fundamentally the same throughout long periods of time.

We have spoken of "meaning": not in the popular sense of what the work is "about" or what it is "like", all of which belongs to the interests of association of which we spoke at first, but in the sense of what it signifies, what it was made *for*, and what it was expected to *do* for the spectator, or rather what *he* expected to be able to do *with* it. All this makes up what is called the final cause of the work of art, its reason for being at all. This cause is the occasion moreover of what the philosopher means by the beauty of the work; viz. the clear expression of its function, by which it invites us to make use of it.

It is true that we are accustomed on the one hand to be contemptuous of subject meaning in a work of art, and on the other unaware of significance, whether in nature or art. We must however realize that in almost all other times than the present, everything has been considered not only for *what* it is, but for what it *means*. For example, not merely is the sky blue, but "The Heavens declare the glory of God." Not in a vague and sentimental way, that is, but in some specific way. The lotus or rose is not merely a charming flower, but naturally represents the ground of being. Thus we arrive at one of the most characteristic aspects of the unfamiliar arts, viz. their symbolism, or iconography, as it is called when images of deities are considered. This symbolism or iconography is then the expression of their purpose, and the immediate vehicle of their beauty; which beauty, in this philosopher's sense, has to do, not with feeling, but with knowing.

Now at last we are approaching the sources of the second or intellectual kind of pleasure that can be derived from the unfamiliar arts—a much keener pleasure than the other sort, and one that can be enjoyed regardless of whether or not the work itself appeals to our taste. The intellectual pleasure will be twofold: in the first place we shall understand what is being said, which is a greater pleasure than that of merely hearing the dulcet tones of the speaker's voice, and in the second place we shall enjoy the keen pleasure of judgment, which has been called "the perfection of art!"

It is evident that we could not enjoy these pleasures of understanding what is said, and judging whether or not it has been well said, unless we know what it was that had to be said, that is, what the work

of art was for and what the patron had in mind to do with it when he commissioned the artist, whose only business it was to make a good job of the work entrusted to him. Even if the artist is building his own house, and is thus both patron and artist, the principle remains the same. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We cannot know if it is a good house unless we know the particular purposes it has to serve, how many people are to live in it, and so forth ; unless it fills the bill it will be devoid of formal beauty, and can only be a piece of "fine art" without relation to life, and thus entirely useless. In the same way we cannot know whether a given icon, representing the Madonna, or Zeus, is "good" unless we know something about the Madonna or Zeus idea which the patron entrusted to the artist to be embodied in paint or stone. So it will often happen that the man who is going to live in the house, or use the icon in actual devotions, will be a better judge of the art than the aesthetician, whose knowledge of the object is necessarily accidental and analytical.

Nor are the difficulties in the way of these intellectual pleasures nearly so great as might be supposed. Human nature itself provides an essential basis of agreement on fundamentals, once we have realized that our own prejudices and tastes are only of some one kind amongst others. Tastes may differ in detail but that about which tastes differ remains the same. Even the ideas to be expressed and the symbols by which they are expressed are far more alike than we suppose ; the symbols indeed are more nearly a universal language, and more nearly the same all over the world than anything else in art that we have referred to. Thus at last those very differentiations which at first interfered with sympathy become the means of mutual understanding, and being attracted by the specific beauties of one another's arts, the barriers of race and language are broken down.



I CANNOT REMEMBER MY MOTHER

I cannot remember my mother,
 only sometime in the midst of my play
 a tune seems to hover over my playthings,
the tune of some song that she used to hum
 while rocking my cradle.

I cannot remember my mother,
 but when in the early autumn morning
 the smell of the *shiuli* flowers floats in the air
the scent of the morning service in the temple
 comes to me as the scent of my mother.

I cannot remember my mother,
 only when from my bedroom window
 I send my eyes into the blue of the distant sky
I feel that the stillness of my mother's gazing on my face
 has spread all over the sky.

Rabindranath Tagore

*Translated by the poet from the original Bengali
(Shishu Bholanath—1922).*

A PICTURE OF INDIGENOUS EDUCATION

Kshitimohan Sen

INDIA has always been animated by an eager desire for wisdom, and in the Upanishads and other ancient records we find ample evidence of the keenness with which knowledge was sought in those days. We also come to know of a succession of renowned teachers, with different systems of philosophy, living in the several forest hermitages, where women also had free access. At that time, moreover, we get glimpses of the rise of Kashi, Videha, Panchala and other places as centres of popular culture—fit seats for the future universities.

And, in fact, Jain and Buddhist monastic universities later came to take the place of the forest hermitages. Both in the previous age, with its characteristic quest for Brahma, and in the succeeding secular age of Buddhism, the educational methods were alike based on spiritual rapport between teachers and pupils, of whose livelihood the entire burden was borne by the people at large; knowledge not being looked upon as a commodity to be bought and sold by individuals, but as an achievement of common endeavour.

With the decline of Buddhism in India these Buddhist universities also decayed. Thereupon the work of teaching was carried on, much in the same way, by teachers belonging to the Shaiva, Shakta, Vaishnava and other sects, in their respective seats. Eventually the culture, so handed on, found refuge in institutions known as Chatuspathis, wherein the torch of our ancient lore has been kept alight during the last few centuries.

The imparting of knowledge continued to be looked upon as one of the most important of religious observances; and so, as in the case of centres for the distribution of food to the hungry and water to the thirsty, the foundation of a Chatuspathi for the maintenance of a teacher as well as a free teaching establishment, was accounted a meritorious act by the wealthy. Life in these Chatuspathis was mellowed by the reverence of the pupils for the teachers, and love for the pupils of the teachers and their wives; it was outwardly meagre, but full of an abundant vitality within. Of this life how few of us know anything at all to-day?

Somewhere about 1800 A.C. an Englishman named W. Ward wrote a book entitled *History, Literature and Mythology of the Hindus*.

Though the author appears to have had but scant sympathy with Hindu culture, he nevertheless refers with respect to these Chatuspathis as colleges, and enumerates eighty-three of them in Kashi, and over a hundred in Navadwip, Calcutta and its neighbourhood, omitting East Bengal and Mithila of which he seems to have had no knowledge. He has naturally described only their external features, it not having been possible for him to have any acquaintance with their internal affairs.

When in the middle ages, the pristine light of wisdom that had illuminated Kashi became dim, attempts were made, chiefly by two remarkable widowed queens, Ahalya Bai of Southern India, and Rani Bhabani of Bengal, to revive its lustre by founding new Chatuspathis. And, as a result, 360 teachers' houses, with lands sufficient for their upkeep, came to be endowed by each one of them, thus procuring for Kashi the services of so many excellent pandits, whereby it was able to gain new life, besides a number of free dormitories for the pupils. The deeply learned successors of these pandits have, to this day, kept alive the spiritual inheritance of India. In what extreme poverty these devoted teachers live and work, very few have any idea : in such contrast is it with the flourishing temple priests—the *pandas* and others—who fatten on the gifts of blind present-day religiosity, dragging down the devotees on whom they thrive to the depths of their own degradation.

Anyhow, even today there are any number of Chatuspathis in Kashi, situated in its several sections, each section being under or affiliated to a particular temple, as its *antargriha*. The old rule was that the pandits belonging to the different *antargrihas* should meet together from time to time, in order to apportion the times and subjects of teaching between themselves, so as to bring about a co-ordination of their work ; and the pupils were thus enabled to take up the subjects in which they were interested by attending in turn the lessons given by different specialists ; each period being indicated by the ringing of the bell of the temple concerned.

In spite of the poverty in externals, the heart-felt relations between the teachers and pupils, and the numerous festivals that punctuate the course of the year in Kashi, keep its academic life from becoming dry. True, subjects like formal logic and grammar have but little interest for others than the students proper, but lessons from the *Puranas* and other devotional *shastras* are also daily given in an appealing manner, suited to outsiders as well, so that the

principles inculcated may be reverentially accepted and assimilated in their lives by a wider audience. A living connection is thus kept up, quite naturally, between the learned and the laity. It would be well worth our while, even in these modern days, to study the working of such indigenous educational institutions in Kashi and other places of pilgrimage.

In Bengal the teacher's own dwelling house used to serve as a Chatuspathi, in which the students also lived during the period of their studies. The master was a father to his pupils, and his wife was as a mother. The peaceful life of the village that went on around them kept their minds and hearts full of human interest. Though teachers and pupils were alike poor in material resources, the store of love and wisdom in their little households was full to overflowing. So attached did the pupils become to what was for them a veritable *alma mater*, that when the time came for their return to the homes of their parents, they were moved to tears.

The master would sit at meals with his pupils as well as his own children, and his wife would make no difference in the helpings she served to them. The pupils would rather freely pester her with all kinds of affectionate importunities, like as petted children do in their own homes. If any newcomers hesitated to do likewise she would remark: "They still look on us as strangers!" As a consequence, the feeling of belonging to the master's own family, and the spiritual and intellectual lineage thus established endured through generations. Among the various touching stories of village life that have become traditional, these relations occupy a large place. It is a great pity that such stories are all but forgotten now-a-days.

I still remember the wife of such a teacher of Bikrampur, who came of a well-to-do family and, being unused to such strenuous house-keeping, at first felt put out by the goings on of her husband's pupils. When the Pandit's mother saw this, she admonished her thus: "Look here, my daughter, these children have left their own fathers and mothers to come to us. This is now their home. Let them look on themselves as children of the house, and bother you with their demands: it will help them to forget that they are away from their own homes." This good lady herself, in her old age, told me this story of her youthful impatience by way of deploring her own shortcomings.

In Kashi there was a teacher named Keshava Shastri, a Maharashtra pandit. He was a childless widower, and his sister, who kept

house for him, was called Aunt by his pupils. He was a pandit of great renown, and presents of sweetmeats and other dainties used to be constantly coming in from all quarters, with which his larder was always full. If we ever neglected to do our part in looting these stores, our "Aunt" used to complain : "What are the children coming to these days ?—they can't make themselves at home. In the old days my pots never could be kept full so long !"

This was the kind of feeling that prevailed in all the teachers' households. After my return home from Kashi a report got abroad that I had died. When the news reached Kashi that this was not true, one of my old teachers wrote asking me to pay them a visit. And I can never forget the unaffected joy that my arrival occasioned—how all the old venerable teachers flocked round me, like fond mothers, stroking my head and body, blessing and caressing me as a long lost son !

The love in the hearts of these worthy pandits was only equalled by the depth of their learning and their devotion to duty. Young Dhundaraj, son of the world-famous Gangadhar Shastri, was a great friend of all the pandits' pupils. The poor boy suddenly died after a short illness, without our knowing of it at the time. But our Pandit took his class as usual, though we noticed that he looked aged and worn. After lessons we went about calling for Dhundaraj, whereupon his father remarked : "He is gone where your voices will not reach him." The Pandit said this so quietly that at first we could not understand. When at length his meaning dawned on us, one of us exclaimed : "But why, Sir, did you not stop our lesson ?" "How could I, my son ?" replied he. "So many of you have come from far-off places. I have no right to waste your time. My sorrow is my own affair. But this search for knowledge belongs to all of us, and it would be wrong of me to impede its progress." His simple steadfastness staggered us.

The reverence of pupil for teacher was such as we can hardly realize in these modern times. We were waiting one day in Gangadhar Shastri's class for our lessons to begin. He had not yet come out of his own room. Meanwhile came up a very old pandit who was unknown to any of us there. We received him with due ceremonial reverence, offering him water to wash his feet. When Gangadhar Shastri appeared, seeing one so much his senior, he advanced to do him reverence, but was stopped by the visitor, who said : "Wait a moment. It is for you first to decide whether I am in a position to

accept your reverence. I was a student-brother of your revered father. I had to leave Kashi to take up the duty of interpreting the Hindu dharmic code to a Raja, leaving my studies unfinished. I now return after a long time, to find in you the only person left to whom the wisdom of our Guru has descended. So I have come to ask you to complete my instruction. Thus you see, though as your father's brother-student I may claim your respect, you are, on the other hand, about to become my teacher. Can I then accept your reverence?" Gangadhar Shastri replied : "It is long since I lost my father. I count it great good fortune that his brother should have come to me, and cannot let this chance of doing him honour go by. And yet you ask me for instruction,—a request that should never be denied. Be pleased, then, to stay with me for three days as my honoured guest, accepting my reverence. Thereafter, since such is your pleasure, you shall take instruction from me." Thus three days passed ; and on the fourth, the old pandit took his place among the students, sheaf of grass in hand as a symbol of studentship, making the full reverential prostration at the end. This picture of reverence remains engraved in my memory.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the Chatuspathi was its atmosphere of purity. In our later village schools, the panthashalas, bad language and personal chastisement by the schoolmaster was the rule ; how this came to be so, I have no idea. But from this kind of vulgarity the Chatuspathis were absolutely free. If, in the course of his exposition, any vulgar word happened to escape the Pandit's lips, the lesson was at once stopped, and resumed only after the teacher had rinsed his mouth and undergone an inward purification. If the lapse from the standard of decent language was of a grave character, the class was discontinued for the day, and the teacher began his lessons next day after a ceremonial purificatory bath and inward purification.

I am reminded in this connection of Pandit Kali Shiromani of Bikrampur, a contemporary of my grandfather's, whose knowledge of our religious shastras was unrivalled. One day, as he was crossing the courtyard of his house on way from the inner apartment to the teaching room, he happened to overhear some of his pupils engaged in coarse jesting with one another. They, of course, were unaware that he was passing by their door. Addressing a dog that was lying in his path the Pandit said : "Will you be pleased, sir, to move out of my way!" Wondering whom the Pandit could be talking to, the boys came out to find him thus accosting the dog. Looking up at their

amazed faces, the Pandit continued: "I could have got this dog out of my way by abusing him. He would not have objected to my language. But if I indulge in that kind of speech, I may some day so forget myself as to use it where I should not. It is not always possible to adjust one's mind differently in different connections. So one cannot be too careful to prevent such lapses." The boys took the lesson to heart with heads hung in shame.

In no Sanskrit or Prakrit book do we find any reference to abusive language or physical chastisement used by teachers to pupils. So we may confidently conclude that in no age and in no part of India was the relationship between the teacher and the taught sullied by impurity. The relations, as I have said, were invariably of love on the one hand and reverence on the other. The wisdom that was imparted by the *guru* in such an atmosphere, naturally and easily found its way into the minds and hearts of his disciples. Just as food for the body requires conditions favourable to the action of the digestive juices, so does food for the mind depend upon a proper emotional state for its assimilation.

I will not indulge in more anecdotes. I trust I have said enough to give an idea of what our Chatuspathis were like. But, full of reverence as I am for them, I do not say that nothing now requires to be done about them.

The *guru* of the old days, poor though he was, was in no wise lacking in prestige. Now-a-days he has lost the respect and support of his community and has to go a-begging for recognition which, even so, he fails to get either from Government, or persons in authority, or men of wealth and influence. He has consequently come to be looked down upon. Thus to demean and insult those who are the repositories of our ancient culture, and from whom alone its resuscitation may be hoped for, is hardly a wise thing to do. We may be poor and unable to offer adequate largesses, but if we fail even in the giving of due respect, how can we expect to obtain the services of the worthy? And without the help of teachers who are worthy, how can we expect to make any advance in our pursuit of wisdom?

We must bestir ourselves to free our Chatuspathis from the burden of the obstacles that are clogging the progress of our future striving. We must throw open their doors to all seekers after our ancient wisdom, irrespective of sex or caste or social distinctions. For, like light and air and open sky, should not the realm of the spirit be equally accessible to all men?

Nor do I say that the subjects that used to be taught in our Chatuspathis are sufficient even to this day. The course of life has now become the battle of life. The time has come when we cannot afford to neglect any resource that may help us along, be it indigenous or foreign : we must not encourage a suicidal policy of any kind whatsoever. We must bring to our aid every kind of training, scientific or philosophic, historical or artistic, from wheresoever it may be available. We must rid our pursuit of wisdom, our field of endeavour, from the bondage of all narrowness of tradition or superstition ; for in bondage is death.

During the last European war, science was requisitioned to look about for new sources of food. Food-stuffs may be new, but the process of assimilating them is unchangeable. Even so, though we should be prepared to accept new knowledge, that can be no reason for ignoring our age-long methods of giving and taking it. The scientific knowledge of Europe is now necessary for us, but if we try to receive it in the European way, our mental health and powers may be ruined. Our time for study was morning and evening, the middle of the day being the time of rest. Our teaching institutions were near at hand, and the walk to and fro, twice a day, was a matter of no difficulty. Now the inconvenient mid-day hours have been fixed in the case of teaching institutions, and the trouble of going and coming has largely increased. Further the masonry buildings which have replaced the old thatched pavilions under the shade of trees, are both hotter and more expensive. So the pupils suffer both in health and pocket.

When, in the old days, Greek Astrology and other foreign lore came into our country from the outside, they found refuge in the Chatuspathis, whence they easily gained living entry into the country at large. So numerous, however, are the problems that confront us today, that the traditional scheme of studies of the Chatuspathi is not wide enough to include them. If in the pride of our ancient glory, we should obstinately insist on maintaining the old narrow exclusiveness and thereby deprive ourselves of all opportunity of arriving for ourselves at modern solutions, we shall simply be courting the death penalty. On the other hand, if dazzled with the glamour of modernism, we should decide to abjure our old natural methods of assimilating truth, how can we hope to furnish ourselves with the wealth of knowledge lying available throughout the world today ? We can never make good the loss of allowing the methods elaborated to suit our land and people through ages of culture, to die out.

It is therefore necessary to widen the field of our Chatuspathis so as to enable them to take into their scope all the knowledge and science in the world, thereby freeing their study from the mechanical methods of the West, and humanising them through the loving relations between guru and disciple there prevailing. If we can thus graft the new culture on the old stock it will not only become living for us, but bear flower and fruit for all the world, of a rare value hitherto unknown.

In the old days, both because of the loving atmosphere within the Chatuspathis, and the congenial atmosphere in the society at large, the affinities between the teachers and the taught were freer, closer and more naturally established, with the result that the burden of teaching and learning was carried lightly. It was as easy to learn Sanskrit in Kashi as it is to learn English in England. The gifts that the Chatuspathis had to offer were eagerly accepted with such relish because of their natural connection with the life of the day. In Europe, similarly, because Western science lives and grows with the life and growth both of the teachers and the taught, it has not to be learnt as a task. That is why the very science that gives new vitality and strength to the peoples of Europe, only serves more and more to break down the health of our students day by day. And while in the West they are ever richly creating afresh, the dullness of mechanical repetition is all that falls to our lot.

Our country is poor. It is not possible for the large mass of our people to afford to maintain expensive educators with whose minds their minds have no living connection. If our easily satisfied teachers of the Chatuspathis learn of the stores of knowledge in other lands, and yet maintain their own simple way of life and their loving relations with their own people as of old, then only will the problems confronting our cheerless, penurious land find a natural solution.

Lastly, we must now replace Sanskrit in our Chatuspathis with our mother tongues. They must be made the media of the new instruction. Then only as before will our people come into living and enduring relations with the subject matter that is sought to be imparted to them. The purely intellectual relation has to be made vital by sympathy.

AN INNOCENT VISITOR

H. W. Nevinson

It was bitterly cold, and I sat cowering over my electric stove, glad of a short leisure time for reading and typing a few letters, when suddenly a strange figure appeared and entered my room unannounced.

He was dressed in the style of about eighty years ago—a long frock coat, with embroidered waistcoat, striped trousers, and a flowing necktie. He wore side-whiskers cut in the “mutton chop” manner, and in his hand he held a very tall top-hat, rather battered, as we see in the old pictures of Dickens’ stories. He bowed, with apologies for the intrusion, and said the intense cold of the last few days must have roused him from a pleasant sleep which he had been enjoying in a small but upon a mountain side in an almost unknown part of England. He spoke like a highly educated man, but said he had forgotten his name, though he thought it began with Rip.

My wireless instrument was playing a piece of modern music with saxophone accompaniment in the new American rhythm called “crooning.” “What atrocious noise is that?” he said as he sat down. “And where on earth does it come from?”

“Oh,” I answered, “that is the wireless, and through that box it comes from Paris on wave-lengths.”

“What a miracle!” he cried. “Do you mean that the whole air is full of sounds that might be beautiful, though this is not? Why, we might be hearing the best music—Mendelsohn or even Beethoven! Could that be possible?”

“Yes,” I answered; “But the chief practical use is for signaling to battleships and other vessels of the fleet, telling them where they may expect the enemy in various ports of the ocean. It is also very useful in directing the armies on land, and it has far surpassed the old method of telegraphing as a guide to the destruction of the enemy’s troops. It is, I think, the most marvellous invention of our times. Quite a glorious adaptation of heaven’s lightning; of inexpressible service in war.”

Just at that moment we heard a loud buzzing in the air, and an aeroplane flew overhead.

“Oh, what is that enormous bird?” cried Mr Rip. “I never saw an eagle half that size!”

"That is only an aeroplane," I said. "We invented that trick of flying over land and sea more than thirty years ago, and now the aeroplanes are common as dirt."

"And can you really fly like birds through the air ?" cried Mr Rip ; "How magnificent that must be ! Mankind has always longed to fly."

"Why, yes," I answered. "We can fly to the Cape of Good Hope in about three days, and we have a regular flying post to India. But the greatest service of this extraordinary invention is to drop explosive and incendiary bombs upon the enemy. Often they are filled with deadly gas, which will choke or poison whole cities within a few hours, so that no man, woman, or child can escape, and victory is assured by the extinction of the enemy's population."

"You fill me with wonder and overwhelming horror !" said Mr Rip. "I thought non-combatants went free even in war."

"Oh, dear no !" I replied. "One of the most useful services to which aeroplanes can be put is the bombing of quiet villages scattered over the enemy's country, though of course great cities like London or Paris or Berlin or Rome make more suitable targets. For the destruction of the enemy is then more complete. A few squadrons of aeroplanes with bombs would burn Berlin to the ground, and lay the whole population dead. This is another of our greatest inventions."

Mr Rip paused in astonishment, and his horror evidently increased.

"Perhaps you would like to hear also of another great triumph over the forces of nature," I went on. "We have invented a boat which can swim far under the surface of the sea."

"That is a queer method of fishing," said Mr Rip. "I suppose you use it for the capture of whales ?"

"Not exactly that," I replied. "We use it entirely for the destruction of the enemy's fleet. You see, the submarines, as we call them, carry largish guns and torpedoes that speed under the water and will sink the largest battleship in a few minutes without chance of rescue. You see, a few submarines, armed with guns and torpedoes and attended by a squadron of aeroplanes dropping explosive bombs will satisfactorily wipe out a fleet twice as big as ours without much effort or expenditure. This also is a marvellous invention ranking with those I have already mentioned."

Mr Rip stared at the fire in amazement. Then he said:

"What you tell me fills me with gloomy apprehension for the

whole of mankind. It seems to destroy all hope of advance and all the slow process of civilisation. But could not the world agree not to make use of these marvellous instruments of destruction?"

"That has been tried," I said, "but hitherto quite in vain. Indeed, I have not exhausted the methods we have devised for killing our enemies. Guns have been constructed to carry explosive and incendiary shells for more than twenty miles. Light tanks are used to run over roughish ground at a speed of thirty miles, and these will shortly take the place of cavalry with excellent effect, and they will in the end be cheaper than horses. And, again, we have invented barbed wire to check the advance of infantry. For the men struggling to cut their way through it are caught and entangled in the spikes, and make an easy mark for the rifles of the other side. I myself have seen scores of bodies hanging in the wires till they rotted away after dying in agony from pain, hunger, and thirst. Barbed wire must be reckoned as one of the most effective military arms. And we must not forget the machine guns, which will sweep down whole companies of men as a scythe cuts grass."

"But all these methods of warfare must cost a deal of money," said Mr Rip, in great perplexity.

"Of course," I answered, "we have to pay a lot. The present Government, for instance, is now issuing a loan for £280,000,000 to fill up the gaps in the nation's defence, and the interest on the loan must be paid by the ordinary citizens of the country, besides the ordinary expenditure of over £100,000,000 for the ordinary services of Army, Navy, and Air. That is the price that we pay for security, and the country must be made secure. All other nations are piling up arms in the same manner, and this vast increase in arms certainly tends to war, for what is the good of such expensive armaments unless you use them?"

"But is not Europe still a Christian continent?" asked Mr Rip.

"I have been told so," I replied, "but the clergy are very patriotic, and when war breaks out they bless the soldiers and sailors. One Bishop at least was brave enough to put on khaki uniform, as though anxious to go to the front in the last great war. We keep up the cemeteries of the men who were killed, marking the graves with little wooden crosses to show we are Christians. About ten million of the best young men in Europe were killed in that last great war."

"But why on earth did they want to kill each other," Mr Rip

asked, puzzled beyond measure. "Why did they hate each other so terribly?"

"Oh, they didn't hate each other at all," I said.

"Then why did they fight?" he asked again.

"That is too difficult a question for this afternoon," I replied, and saying that he would go back and sleep again in his quiet hut, he bade me goodbye.



THOUGHTS ON CO-EDUCATION*

Surendranath Tagore

IN inviting you to follow my line of thought in regard to co-education, I make no apology for putting my case from the viewpoint of the first person singular, because, I take it, in this kind of symposium it is a personal contribution that is wanted from each of us.

Let me, therefore, first set out the things that the word education brings to my mind. As I understand it, education means, in general, bringing out and assisting to fullest growth the faculties and powers with which each individual is endowed and, in particular, it includes appropriate exercises for the strengthening of these, imparting of useful or interesting information, and furnishing with the means of self-expression and inter-communication with fellow-men through language and art. I can see nothing in this list which is not as necessary for one sex as it is for the other, or in respect of which the same methods will not serve for both ; it is only in the case of domestic or vocational training, which are beyond our purview, that the need for sex specialisation at all comes in, so that the nature of the educational process with which we are here concerned clearly does not demand any separation of the sexes.

The problem, consequently, is not one of education, but of sex. It presents itself to me thus: What is there for or against our boys and girls meeting each other, interchanging ideas, being of mutual help in their common studies, while attending an educational institution, that is to say, during the period of their lives when their characters are being developed and formed ?

So far as my own experience goes, there can be no question that beneficent spiritual forces are brought into play in the cultivated human (as distinguished from the natural barbaric) world by reason of sex differentiation. What harm is there in harnessing some of these forces in the cause of speeding up our education ? The mutual stimulation and uplift resulting from a co-operation between the sexes, the zest added both to work and play done by them together, are too well known to need illustration. The soil of educational institutions, moreover, is

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specially suited to the growth of friendship, the fairest flower that blooms in our world, and this loses none of its value, but rather gains in colour and fragrance when occurring between opposite sexes ; and further, in the latter case, the chances are increased of its leading to marriages on the basis of *saha dharma*, a true spiritual mating, by which the society to which such couples belong may shine in fuller lustre, and of which may be born the best specimens of the race.

This picture, to my mind, fits all countries including our own. But I have enough of sympathy in my composition to feel my orthodox opponent's shiver of consternation. "What !" I can hear him exclaim, "You calmly invite us to admire the possibility of the free intercourse of the sexes such as may lead to matrimonial connections without scope for parental choice, devoid of regard for social bars, destructive of the modesty that ornaments our women, subversive of the very structure of our society !" The holy alarm registered by my suppositious opponent warns me that there is some clash of ideals between us. Anent our present subject the clash seems to be of two of these: the ideal of Caste and of Womanhood. So be it. I accept the gauntlet. I will not, however, risk your displeasure by playing the aggressor, but will content myself with a defence of my own position.

As claiming clanship with the ancient rishi Shandilya (may his *gotra* never grow less !) I am a staunch believer in *Varnashrama Dharma*, but, on the other hand, being also the descendant of a modern Maharshi who has delivered his posterity from the trammels of present day orthodoxy, I am equally strong in my detestation of *Jati bheda*. *Varna* means colour,—not colour of the body, but of the character,—namely, temperament ; an *ashrama* is the common refuge of a group ; *dharma* is that which binds together, or upholds ; so that *Varnashrama Dharma* signifies for me the mutual support and power derived from the formation of social groups, in accordance with temperamental characteristics, that is to say, according to similarity of ideals, tastes, manners and, in general, of the mode of life. That is exactly what I expect will be the effect of co-education and of the friendships and alliances resulting therefrom. On the other hand, *Jati bheda*, as now obtaining, amounts to the artificial and permanent segregation of individuals, however temperamentally alike they may actually be, on the ground of the accident of their birth, the lines of demarcation rigidly maintained with all the hostility which orthodoxy has recently displayed. And nothing would please me better than to see not only such, but all lines of irrational separatism, as needless as they are harmful under our

present conditions, obliterated, as obliterated they are bound to be, by any form of education worthy of the name.

As for Woman, she, we are cautioned, will lose her womanly modesty by engaging in equal contest with masculine intellect. I am not aware that the erudite Gargi, of respected memory, is dubbed immodest or unwomanly because she dared to beard the Rishi in his den. So I am inclined to suspect that my opponent's lurking fear really is, that the co-educated girl, when she becomes a wife, may decline to be the humble servant of her lord and master.

Drudging and cooking the livelong day ; pleasurable reading tabooed as waste of time ; going out for an airing rebuked as an excuse for gadding about ; motherhood lauded to the skies, though the mother has no idea of training her progeny to become good citizens, and even though she may lose health and life itself in being made to bear more children than the father has the means of rearing ;—here is a type of ideal womanhood for you, if ideal you care to call it. As for me, I freely admit that if this is to be perpetuated, co-education is the worst possible thing ; in fact, nothing short of no-education will serve.

Do I then propose that our women should be turned into *mem-sahibs* ? Horrid suggestion ! I, with the line of rishis behind me,—Shandilya, Asita, Devala,—am I to be accused of holding a brief for Westernism ? No. I see no reason to go abroad for our ideals when we have good old Vyasa, Editor of the Mahabharata, as our mentor ; and the conception of Womanhood he offers for our edification is what appeals to me.

Said Ganga Devi to king Shantanu, when he made advances to her : “Your fancy leads you to do me the honour to desire me. But I am entrusted by the gods with the mission of bringing certain children into the world under the best possible auspices. I will be your consort in your kingly duties and accept you as worthy to be their father by virtue of your illustrious lineage and your excellent upbringing, so long as by your conduct you do not frustrate the fulfilment of the divine purpose of which I am in charge. Should you ever do so, I shall at once leave you.” And she was as good as her word !

Here, in a nutshell, our sapient Rishi indicates the considerations which should lead a woman to accept a proposal, the conditions on which she should continue to live with the mate of her choice, and finally the contingency in which she should insist on separating from him. I have the pleasure to commend this ancient Aryan ideal to

believers in our old culture. Unless our girls are given an opportunity, such as they can get in the field of co-education, of forming their own pre-nuptial opinion of the mere male, can they ever be expected to think, feel and speak out like Ganga Devi ?

So far I have been thinking and speaking of cultivated human character. There is, of course, always the danger of man's natural animal propensities obtruding themselves where they should not, leading to undesirable manifestations of sorts, such as no one, whatever his ideals of society may be, can view with equanimity. Well, I cannot but admit that the original animal does unfortunately now and again raise its head in human concerns, and is nothing but a nuisance in whatever connexion it may happen to do so. Even rishis like Vishwamitra and Parashara were unable to escape improper sexual entanglements. The question of how to train man's mind, to regulate his social sanctions, so as to enable his natural appetites serve as his friends, not make them work as his enemies for his downfall, is beyond our present scope. But there is this much to be said for co-education, that an educational institution, where other and larger interests habitually occupy the mind, is the last place in which animality is likely to be rampant.

Rather, in this respect, the greater culprit by far is the influence of our usual kind of home life with its persistent over-sexing of woman. On the one hand, she is enjoined to shrink and cower and hide away from men, even in the case of certain members of the family, for fear of the consequences of her sex appeal. On the other hand, she is encouraged to cultivate all the arts and wiles necessary to win her prospective husband and keep him attached to her. In effect, the poor girl is first of all deliberately trained to look on herself and behave as a *kamini* and then for reward she is bracketed with *kanchan* as poison to be shunned by the man who would ascend the religious ladder ! What is still more curious, even *sannyasins*, who are supposed to dwell in the storey above sex distinctions, say the same thing. Can they not have heard of the dark regions awaiting those who thus insult the Eternal Feminine (*Avitya*), of which the Rishis of the Upanishads have warned us ; or is it that they are merely reluctant to preach counter to lay obsessions ?

Alas for the land of Aryavarta, that within its sacred fold both *nara* and *nari* should not be brought up to know how small a part of their significance is concerned with gender,—of which, moreover, the functioning requires to be governed by considerations of hygiene

and economics,—and that the vastly important thing for them is, to realise that they are co-ordinate elements of Narayana and as such their highest duty and joy should be to equip themselves for co-operating, with equal efficiency and in mutual amity and esteem, in the fulfilment of His grand design. It is as a means to this end that I am in favour of co-ordination, conducted with the requisite ideals kept clearly in view.

In conclusion I would like to make it up with my imaginary adversary. It strikes me that our divergence, after all, is not so much in ideals as in experiences. The victim of an environment of sex segregation naturally can have no real idea of what he loses by it, or what is to be gained by its removal. One who has been taught to regard women as perishable goods cannot help being mortally afraid of letting them out of safe custody.

The strange part of it is the blindness of orthodoxy, even when it is nationalist, to the fact that women whose very souls are thus cribbed and cabined can hardly be expected to have any expansive view of nationhood to hand on, but are bound, rather, to perpetuate the unreasoning fears and antipathies, that germinate so profusely in the darkness of the zenana, by planting them in the impressionable minds of their children, as seeds of future communal dissensions and thorns in the way of all attempts at national unification.

The vicious circle that has thus been hampering our nation building enterprises can best be broken by co-education; for, as we who know can assure those who don't, once the sexes have revelled in the enlivening air of their common humanity, nothing can coax them back into the closeness of their old walls of separation.

I am afraid the reading of my speech has detained you too long. I can only hope that my plain speaking has not shocked some of you too much.



THE MYSTERY OF THE MOTHER

How very intricate her workings are
Who is the travail-power of every womb,
She is all heaven opened to a star,
She is all earth unfolded to a bloom.
Her giant mystery is everywhere
Sealed in minutenesses which, when they pass,
Are swiftly gathered to her quiet care :
Bird-notes, blade-tremours, dew-glows on the grass,
Dim-dotted moths, young moonbeams in the black
Of wooded nights whose naked centuries
Of frailest incarnations in whose track
Glimmer her immemorial monarchies.
The Mother's nature is a circling wide
Immensity which sea and sky proclaim
But faintly, as they stretch on every side
In carnivals of water and of flame ;
But would you know her concentrated ? She
Is self-discovered in each cast-away,
Such as an ivory shell, a purple bee,—
Wondrous futilities that live a day.
And yet, I know, although she loves to dwell
Crystallised in small bodies, trivial shapes
And with but little guessing, I can tell
Her trances in the glow-worms and the grapes,
Though each small thing re-write her faery tale
In which no infant heart-throb ever dies,
I feel the smallest thing the darkest veil
Which hides her mystic Beauty from these eyes.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya



PROBLEMS OF BUDDHISM

PROF. DR. M. WINTERNITZ

I.

THE progress of science consists—alas!—only too often in the growing knowledge that what seemed to be established truths were errors. When in the first half of the 19th century Eugène Burnouf published his “Introduction à l’histoire du Bouddhisme indien” (1844) and later Carl Friedrich Zœppen his two volumes “Die Religion des Buddha und ihre Entstehung” (1857 and 1859), people were convinced that they could learn everything worth knowing about Buddhism from these books. But when in 1877 T. W. Rhys Davids published his much-read book on “Buddhism”, which afterwards went through ever so many editions, and when in 1881 Hermann Oldenberg’s brilliant book on “Buddha” appeared, which we all read with enthusiasm in our youth, it was seen that Buddhism was after all something different from what it was formerly believed to be. Now at last we were convinced to have a true and correct picture of the life and teaching of the great Master. In 1882 T. W. Rhys Davids founded the Pali Text Society, and through the indefatigable labours of its founder and his collaborators, foremost among them his wife, Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids, a long series of Pāli texts, soon also of translations, was published, and from year to year our knowledge of what seemed to be the most authentic sources of early Buddhism, as preserved in the Pāli Canon and the non-canonical Pāli books of Ceylon, increased. For a long time it was thought that even in the light of all these new materials the picture of Buddhism as drawn by T. W. Rhys Davids and H. Oldenberg, was correct in all essentials and needed only filling up in details.

Again, while this work on the Pāli texts was going on and is happily still continued to the present day by Mrs. Rhys Davids, especially in the splendid volumes of the Translation Series, there were other scholars—in France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Russia, England, Japan, and of late also in India—at work in making accessible to us ever new texts of different Buddhist sects and schools, in Sanskrit, Tibetan, Chinese, and Central Asian languages.

But with the growth of this vast Buddhist literature, not only our knowledge of Buddhism, that is, of Buddhism as it was at different periods and in different lands, has greatly increased and widened, but also new problems have arisen, and much that had seemed to be certain results of

scientific research, has to-day become an object of earnest doubt, of scepticism and a great deal of controversy.

And it is by no means on minor, secondary details that such doubts and controversies arise. On the contrary, the very fundamentals of our view of Buddhist teaching are shaken. The questions in dispute are such as: Can the period of the Buddha be fixed with any degree of certainty? Was there ever one founder of what we call Buddhism at all? Is the Pāli canon, which has been preserved in Ceylon, but which according to tradition itself has only been written down some centuries after the death of the Master, a reliable source of the original teaching? Will it ever be possible, by an ever so careful investigation of the vast material contained in the Pāli Canon (the only one that has come down to us in a complete form), the fragments of the Sanskrit Canon, the Chinese Tripiṭaka, the Tibetan Kanjur, the Mahāyāna texts of Nepal, Tibet, China, Korea, and Japan, to trace the original teaching of Gotama the Buddha? Was the message of the Buddha an entirely new one, or was it merely a variant of what had been taught in the Upaniṣads and Brahmanical scriptures long ago?

Coming to details, we find ourselves face to face with such great problems as those of the *soul*, of *Nirvāṇa*, and of *monasticism*. Was *anattatā*, the denial of a permanent spiritual self apart from the ever changing complex (*khandha*) of mental and bodily phenomena, the dogma found in so many parts of the Buddhist Scriptures, the teaching of the Buddha himself, or did he teach, like the sages of the Upaniṣads, an eternal divine Self? The latter view is now most emphatically advanced by Mrs. Rhys Davids.

And what is *Nirvāṇa*, the highest goal of the disciple of Buddha? Is it a positive, or a negative end? This question is as old as the earliest period of historical Buddhism, of which we have any written documents. And it has never ceased to be a disputed question. Years ago Adolf Bastian has said: "In my talks with the abbots of Burmese and Siamese monasteries, with Japanese monks and Mongolian Lamas, I have obtained as many different explanations of *Nirvāṇa*, as are found on the last questions in all religions, and as they can possibly be found from the idea of highest Mukti in pantheism down to a city of *Nirvāṇa* (Myang Nibpan) situated in the clouds."¹

A whole library may be filled with books and papers written on the meaning of *Nirvāṇa* by scholars in the East and in the West.

The most irritating, and at the same time the most comprehensive, problem, as in a way the solution of all other problems depends on it,

¹ Ad. Bastian, *Reisen in Birma in den Jahren 1861-1862*, Leipzig 1866, p. 406.

is that of monasticism. In our Buddhist texts, and in those of all sects, the career of the Buddha begins with the "Great Renunciation," with his going forth from the house to a houseless state; he gives up his worldly life and becomes a wandering mendicant, teaching a new method of salvation, with an ascetic ideal; he gathers a following of disciples, and soon becomes the founder of an Order of Mendicants who have vowed to lead the same ascetic life as the Master. And in Buddhist Scriptures, as we have them, the Buddha is generally described as surrounded by mendicant disciples, and what are generally called "dialogues of the Buddha" are as a rule dialogues held with one or more of these Bhikṣus or mendicants.

Besides the words handed down as words of the Master, the Scriptures also contain sayings of certain Bhikṣus or Bhikṣuṇīs (monks and nuns). Moreover, the whole Canon in its final redaction was according to tradition the result of rehearsals and revisions in councils or assemblages of monks.

Now the great question is: Are the ascetic ideal, the monkish world-contempt and negative outlook on life, renunciation and quietism, in fact all the characteristic features of a monastic creed which we find in our Buddhist Scriptures, part of the original teaching of the Founder, or are they distortions and misrepresentations due to the monks who, in handing down these Scriptures, have handled them in such a manner, that the original message of the Master has been quite obscured? The latter is the view most vigorously advocated by Mrs. Rhys Davids in a great number of books and papers, published during the last years.² It is a strange and almost pathetic coincidence that she who has done so much to make Buddhist Scriptures known to us, is now most eager to shatter our belief in the authenticity of these Scriptures and to prove that only scanty fragments of the original teaching of the Buddha, buried under a huge mass of later monkish teaching, are contained in them and can only be discovered by careful "digging".

2.

It is only too true, as Mrs. Rhys Davids says,³ that "there is after all not a single original teaching in any religion which has remained unaltered"—"altered" being used in the sense of "changed and worsened". As Nietzsche has said that there has only existed one true Christian—Jesus, so one might say that there was only one true Buddhist in existence, namely Gotama the Buddha.

² See especially Gotama the Man, 1928; Sakya or Buddhist Origins, 1931; A Manual of Buddhism, 1932; Buddhism, its Birth and Dispersion (The Home University Library), Revised Edition 1934.

³ Sakya, p. 59.

Must we, then, despair of ever getting to know what the original teaching of the Master was?

Even Mrs. Rhys Davids who would go so far as to say "that could you now put into the hands of, say, Sāriputta any portion of Vinaya or Sutta, he would tell you it was hard for him to recognize in it anything that he taught as the right-hand man of Gotama," does not at all despair "of getting at something of original purport beneath these many palimpsests."⁴ The method, however, followed by her in her quest for the original teaching is, I am afraid, rather that of a theologian than that of a historian. She sets up a standard of what a new gospel of a world-religion *must* be, and what sort of man the Helper or messenger who pronounces the new message *must* be expected to be. And according to this criterion alone she means to distinguish the genuine Buddha word from the monkish superstructure, "to winnow, in the Pāli Piṭakas, the older grain from all the later chaff." The result of her "winnowing" is that Gotama the Man, as she sees him, has far more in common with men like Ramakrishna, Gandhi and Tagore, than with the Gotama of the Scriptures, and that the "Sakya" teaching—this is the term used by Mrs. Rhys Davids for the original teaching of Sakyamuni—discovered by her, has much more in common with Rabindranath Tagore's "Religion of Man", than with any of the Buddhist texts known to us. If there were such a gulf between this Sakya teaching and the Buddhism of the sacred books, as Mrs. Rhys Davids assumes, I doubt very much if any historical and philological criticism could ever help us to overbridge this gulf. Historical or philological criticism, however, can never be based on the assumption that a "World-gospel" must be so and so, and that a founder of a world-religion can only be a man of such qualities as we wish him to be. It depends, after all, on our own world-view what we expect from a new message or from the founder of a new religion. Historically, it seems to me, there is nothing so high and nothing so low, nothing so wise and nothing so foolish, nothing so noble and nothing so objectionable, that it could not have been preached by a religious leader at some time or other, at some place or other. There is as great a difference between the "helpers of men" from Moses, Zarathustra, Confucius, Laotse, Buddha, Jesus, and Mohammed down to Mahatma Gandhi, as there is between the different views of life in which suffering mankind has found consolation or on which it has based hopes for future bliss,—whether this future bliss is dreamt of as life in some mythological other world, or as becoming one either with an Universal Soul or with God (Brahman, Rāma, Kṛṣṇa, Allah), or as being merged in the Universe, or may be as, forgetting one's

⁴ Sakya, p. 3.

own self, a future happier state of human society of future generations, without war, without unemployment, without starvation and oppression.

I have shown elsewhere,⁵ that though I am fully aware of the difficulties of the old problems which we have known for long, and of the many new problems which it is the great merit of Mrs. Rhys Davids to have pointed out, I am by no means as sceptical as some scholars are, regarding the possibility of tracing the earlier stages in the development of Buddhism, and to a certain extent even the original teaching of Gotama himself.

The main sources for our knowledge of the personality of the Buddha and for his teaching must always remain the Buddhist texts themselves. From Buddhist monuments, going back to the time of Aśoka (3rd century B.C.) we learn something about the legend and the cult of the Buddha and about the spread of Buddhism, but hardly anything about the teaching of the Buddha. It is astonishingly little we learn about early Buddhism from Brahmanic or Jain sources, still less is the information to be got from Greek writers. Thus nothing remains but to try, by a careful examination of all the Buddhist sacred books, both in Pali and in Sanskrit or "mixed Sanskrit" (including those Sanskrit texts which are hitherto only known through Chinese or Tibetan translations), to distinguish between earlier and later texts or text fragments in these books, and between earlier and later phases of development in the traditions and doctrines handed down in the different sects and schools of Buddhism.

Of course, we too must start with an hypothesis. But our hypothesis is not some preconceived opinion as to what we have to expect a world-religion to be like. It is a far more modest hypothesis. There are certain traits, sayings, traditions and points of doctrine, in the Buddhist texts of all sects and schools and periods, which are *never quite missing*, though they are sometimes more dominating, and sometimes almost entirely pushed into the background and replaced by new views and doctrines. Is it too bold to assume that *these* traits belong to the original picture of Buddhism?

In the Mahāyāna Sūtras the Buddha is certainly more a divine than a human being. He is "a god above all gods" (*devātideva*). Nevertheless we find him there also in conversation with Ānanda, Śāriputra, and Kāśyapa, who are known as the disciples of Śākyamuni from the Hinayāna books. And though he declares in the Saddharmapuṇḍarika that he has existed for an inconceivable number of thousands of koṭis of aeons and never ceased to teach the law, that he has brought myriads of koṭis of beings to full ripeness in many koṭis of aeons, and will never cease to

⁵ Archiv Orientalní I, 1929, 235 ff.; Studia Indo-Iranica, Festschrift für Wilhelm Geiger, 1931, 63 ff.; Orientalistische Literaturzeitung 1933, 665 ff.

preach the Law, yet even in this book no doubt is left about his being Śākyamuni, the Sage of the Śākya race, who was born on earth and entered Nirvāṇa, after having revealed the true law.

It is true that in many places of the Hīnayāna books, too, the Buddha is a superman, more than a god, possessing superhuman powers, whose preaching makes even the gods tremble,⁶ yet there are many more places in which the Buddha is nothing but a human teacher, who taught a new doctrine of salvation. It is certainly far more an improbable hypothesis that what we call Buddhism should have arisen without there ever having been such a man as Gotama of the Śākya race, than the hypothesis that at the basis of all the legendary and mythical elements that have accumulated around the person of the Buddha, there is the living personality of a great teacher and founder of a religion. It is a fact, that the Buddha stands before us as a far more living figure and distinct personality, than the poet Kālidāsa or the philosopher Śaṅkara, who lived ten and fifteen centuries after him.⁷

It cannot be decided, whether the Buddha himself already united his followers into a brotherhood of monks with fixed rules of discipline. But from our sources it is highly probable that such an order of mendicants with strict disciplinary rules was organized already at an early period in the history of Buddhism. It certainly existed at the time of King Aśoka. For in the rock inscription of Bairat the King addresses the Order and gives expression to his great veneration for the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Saṅgha.

Even Mrs. Rhys Davids is forced to admit that Gotama decided to lead the life of a wandering mendicant, but she tells us that he did so only because at that time people would not have esteemed a teacher who was a man of the world. He "only wore the monk's robe because he had to, not because he liked it."⁸ The "Great Renunciation," his going out from the house into houselessness, which for centuries has been a source of edification for pious Buddhists, and of inspiration to many a Buddhist poet and artist, is according to Mrs. Rhys Davids a gross misrepresentation of the books, for he was "a world-man, not an ex-world-man," he was "for work in world-work." It will be difficult to find any support for such a view in the Buddhist scriptures.

⁶ See, for instance, *Aṅguttara Nikāya* IV, 33.

⁷ More about the Buddha as a living person, also about his date, in my *History of Indian Literature*, II, p. 597 ff.

⁸ See Gotama the Man, pp. 22, 89 f., 112, 199.

3.

When we look over the whole of Brahmanical religious literature, we shall never find that on the rise of new ideas older traditions were falsified and replaced by these new ideas. On the contrary, care was always taken, to treat the old traditions, and even the old wordings, with the greatest respect, and to introduce any new ideas only by way of interpretation, putting new wine into old bottles. It is utterly improbable that the compilers of the Buddhist Canon should have done otherwise, that they should have directly falsified the word of the Master and replaced it by their own monkish doctrine. Can we believe that the "four noble truths" which according to our books are the very foundation of the Buddha's teaching, are nothing but "a late monastic gloss", "the monks' Diploma, the sanction of their life as monks?"⁹ The formula of the four truths and the noble eightfold path are not a dogma, but merely a terse statement of what the Buddha's teaching is meant to be, that its aim is to show the way to release from the Evil of the Saṃsāra, similarly as the physician, after the diagnosis, shows the cure of the disease and the remedies.¹⁰

These four noble truths and the eightfold path are never missing in any system of Buddhism. They are found in the Mahāyāna texts as well as in the Hīnayāna books, though in the system of Mahāyāna Buddhism they are of no importance, and nothing would be missing in the system, if they were not mentioned at all.

It may be fairly doubted if any philosophical doctrines in the strict sense of the word were part of the original teaching of Gotama, if not all that is called "Buddhist philosophy" is the result of a later development.¹¹ Yet philosophy was never quite separate from religion in India. The last aim of both philosophy and religion in India has always been to find a way to salvation. It is not likely that Gotama had nothing to say about the soul, life after death and other metaphysical questions which were generally discussed among teachers and thinkers at the time, but these were not the main points in his teaching. It seems that already

⁹ Sakya, pp. 56, 398; Gotama the Man, pp. 47 f., 163 f. The absence of the four truths and the eightfold path as items in the Four-Section and Eight-section of the Aṅguttara Nikāya (s. Mrs. Rhys Davids in *Journal of the R. As. Soc.* 1935, p. 721 ff.) is indeed striking. But a closer investigation of the Aṅguttara will be necessary to find out on what principle items have been included in this Nikāya (and in the Saṅgīti and Dasuttara of the Dīgha), before we can draw conclusions from this omission.

¹⁰ See Yogasūtra 2, 15; Nalinaksha Dutt, *Mahāyāna Buddhism*, p. 206 f.

¹¹ Thus Mrs. Rhys Davids, *Sakya*, p. 431 f.

at an early stage in the history of Buddhism there were differences of opinion on the soul and on the meaning of Nirvāṇa, and we may have to leave it an open question to present what the Buddha himself thought and taught on these subjects.

There were, however, certain things which were common to all, whether we call them "philosophical" or "religious". The belief in the existence of a soul was a vogue at the time, and were simply taken for granted. Such as the doctrine of rebirth and Karman, and the belief in the efficacy of Yoga practice as a training in self-discipline and in the concentration of mind, leading up to the mystic states of trance (*dhyāna*) and to higher knowledge. The belief in what is called *saṃsāra*, the painful round of rebirths and redeaths (*punarmṛtyu*), is at the bottom of that "pessimistic" view of life, which is characteristic of all ascetic sects, one of which is Buddhism. All these sects, whether they are Brahmanic or Jaina or Buddhist, look upon life in this world as worthless and transitory, a life in which all beings are harassed by ever returning old age, disease and death, when hurled about from existence to existence. But they share also the "optimistic" belief that there is an escape from this evil of *saṃsāra*, a deliverance from the round of births and death, and a possibility of reaching a state of bliss, whether it is called Brahman, or Mokṣa, or Nirvāṇa, or abode of Viṣṇu. All sects also agree in declaring, that this state of bliss is attained by a certain knowledge or state of mind, which can be gained through a saintly life of discipline, practically only by the perfect man, the saint and sage, whether he is called Yogin or Arhat or Kevalin, or Buddha, or Jina, but which may be also the distant goal of the common man to be reached, though only in the course of many rebirths, by a *gradual* approach to the saintly life which is the condition of the final bliss.

To deny that Buddhism, from its very beginning, was one of these ascetic sects, means to declare nearly the whole of Buddhist literature as one huge falsification. But this does not mean that the teaching of Buddha had not its own peculiar features, that it was not a new message.

And this also seems to me an indication of our being nearer to the original teaching of the Buddha: When we find ideas and sayings of such a kind as are never found in the sacred books of the Brahmins or of other ascetic sects, and thus give us the impression of a new message.

One of the new things which the Buddha taught, and which is emphasized in all the most authoritative Buddhist texts, is the so-called "middle way", his warning against excessive asceticism, his denouncing all useless and often repulsive ways of self-mortification as no less degrading than a life given up to sensual pleasures.

According to the legend told in the Vinaya Piṭaka, the Buddha after his enlightenment hesitated to preach the truth he had found to the people who would not understand it, and the god Brahman had to come down from heaven to persuade him to wander through the world, preaching his doctrine, and then only he took his great resolution: "*Wide opened is the door of the Immortal to all who have ears to hear.*" It would be difficult to find a similar sentence in any of the Brahmanic or other ascetic Scriptures. In the Upaniṣads the great truths are only communicated to the selected few, never "to all who have ears to hear." The legend seems to indicate that the Buddha's message was really meant for "Everyman," as Mrs. Rhys Davids would say. It is true, that in the dialogues and sermons the monks are generally addressed by the Buddha, but only because he preaches his doctrine *through* them. He speaks to the Bhikṣus, only in order that they may spread his teaching over the world.

The Buddha is said to have addressed to his very first disciples the words: "Go ye now, O Bhikkhus, and wander for the good of many men, for the weal of many men, out of compassion with the world, for the welfare, for the good, and for the weal of gods and men."¹²

Among the words of the Buddha, which have every claim to be considered as authentic, are those in the Mahāparinibbāna-Sutta where he says to Ānanda: "I have preached the doctrine, without making any distinction between within and without, the Tathāgata has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher, who keeps some things back." Can it be clearer said that the Buddha-Dharma is no "upaniṣad", no esoteric teaching for the initiated only, but a doctrine for Everyman? In the Aṅguttara, again, it is said (3,129) that like the disk of the moon and the disk of the sun, the doctrine of the Tathāgata "shines for all to see, and is not hidden." Though the ideal of the mendicant's life is held high by him, the Buddha has also his message for the householder.

I do not mean to say that the Buddha taught a "dual gospel,"¹³ one for the monk and one for the layman. It was one gospel, but it taught a long way to a distant goal to be reached only by many stations, the first of which have to be passed by "Everyman," and only the last by the monk and the Arhat. There are certainly more sayings for lay folk to be found in the Canon than those which are generally pointed out in the known works on Buddhism.¹⁴ The teaching of the Mahāyāna also,

¹² Vinaya Piṭaka, Mahāvagga I, 11; Sacred Books of the East, Vol. 13, p. 112. See also Itivuttaka, par. 84.

¹³ See Mrs. Rhys Davids, A Manual of Buddhism, p. 300 ff.

¹⁴ Mrs. Rhys Davids, l.c., p. 306.

according to which the highest aim—rebirth as a Bodhisattva who will bring salvation to all beings—can be reached not only by the monk, but also by the householder and in fact by every human being, by practising pity and friendliness towards all beings, could hardly have been developed, if in its kernel it had not been rooted in the earliest Buddhist teaching.

4.

One thing is certain. From its very beginning Buddhism must have been what it has ever remained in all the numerous phases of its development: a religion of love and compassion. Even in the latest Buddhist Tantras, in which hardly anything has been left of genuine Buddhism, the preparations for the magic ritual include not only *yoga* exercises and meditations, but also practising of love (*maitrī*) and compassion (*karuṇā*).

During my stay at Darjeeling, in the summer of 1923, I had a long talk with Mr. Ladenla, a prominent leader of the local Buddhist community. When I ventured to say something about Tibetan Buddhism being only a corrupted form of the original Buddha teaching, he remonstrated most indignantly. The Buddhists, he said, are always helpful and honest to one another. They look upon all men, without distinction of race, religion, and caste, as their brothers. Every morning the Lamas in the monastery and every pious Buddhist says the prayer which he quoted fluently: "Homage to the Buddha, homage to the Religion, homage to the Order of Monks! (Three times repeated) Peace, great peace be granted to all creatures in the world who are to me like my mother! May all creatures in the world be free from sorrow and distress! May all creatures in the world be like the ocean (that is, one like the other)!" In accordance with these beautiful words, Mr. Ladenla assured me, Buddhists live even to-day. "No Buddhist," he said, "does anything for himself, everything for others. Even the turning of the prayer wheel and the flying of prayer flags are only for the welfare of our fellow beings. For the *Om padme hum* which is written on the prayer wheels and flags, by being transmitted through the air, serves for the weal of all beings that are touched by the breath of air."

The prominence given to the feeling of love and compassion in Buddhist ethics, cannot be separated from the prominence given to the idea of suffering in the "four noble truths". It is a psychological fact that the feeling of compassion, that is, the sympathy with the suffering of other beings, is strongest in those who suffer themselves. The greater one's own experience of suffering, the keener the feeling for the sufferings of one's own fellow creatures. This causal connexion between self-suffering and compassion is expressed in the Dhammapada verse (129):

"All men tremble at violence, all men fear death : remembering that you are like unto them, do not kill, nor cause others to kill." Compassion is the central idea of Mahāyāna ethics, and it is the ideal of the Mahayana Buddhist, completely to identify himself with the other, so as to think : "My neighbour suffers pain as I do myself, and there is no reason why I should care more about my own suffering than about his." As Śāntideva says at the beginning of his *Śikṣāsamuccaya* :

" If to my neighbour as to myself
Fear and pain are hateful,
In what does my self differ,
That I should guard it more than another's?"

And in the *Bodhicaryāvatāra* the same poet says :

" I must destroy others' suffering,
for it hurts like my own pain,
I must do good to others,
as they are beings like myself."

Thus the negative and pessimistic outlook on life, far from being incompatible with ethics, is a fruitful soil for the growth of the ethical feelings of love and compassion. But it has been said by Dr. Albert Schweitzer¹⁵ that under the influence of the negative outlook on life no ethics of action could arise, that Buddha, unlike Jesus, did not demand active love from his followers. He commands avoiding pitiless action, but not pitiful helping. Every ethics of action is excluded by his doctrine of non-action, according to which all action, whether good or bad, leads to rebirth, and never to emancipation. Even "right action" in the "noble eightfold path" only means avoiding what is evil.

Almost with the same words as Dr. Schweitzer, the Licchavi general Sīha in the *Vinaya Piṭaka*¹⁶ approaches the Buddha saying : "I have heard, Lord, that the Samāṇa Gotama . . . teaches the doctrine of non-action, and in this doctrine he trains his disciples." And he politely asks the Master to explain to him whether this is so or not. And what is the answer of the Buddha? "There is a way, Sīha, in which one speaking truly could say of me : 'The Samāṇa Gotama denies action, he teaches the doctrine of non-action, and in this doctrine he trains his disciples.' And again, Sīha, there is a way in which one speaking truly could say of me : 'The Samāṇa Gotama maintains action, he teaches the doctrine of action, and in this doctrine he trains his disciples.' " And he explains further in what sense he teaches the doctrine of non-action : "I teach,

¹⁵ *Die Weltanschauung der indischen Denker*, München 1935, pp. 77, 86. (An English translation of this book is forthcoming.)

¹⁶ *Mahāvagga*, VI, 31; translation, *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. 17, p. 108 ff.

Sīha, the not-doing of such actions as are unrighteous, either by deed, or by word, or by thought; I teach the bringing about of the manifold conditions (of heart) which are good and not evil," and the doctrine of action, in this sense: "I teach, Sīha, the doing of such actions as are righteous, by deed, by word, and by thought; I teach the bringing about of the manifold conditions (of heart) which are good and not evil."

In the more popular sayings on the Karman and its consequences, and in the numerous popular legends illustrating the good consequences of the "white deeds" and the bad consequences of the "black deeds," there is no talk of non-action, but only of helpful, loving and compassionate action. And the Bodhisattva, the ideal perfect man of the Mahāyāna, has no other end in view but the welfare of others, as it is said in the Dharmasamgīti-Sūtra: "Whatever action the Bodhisattvas perform with their body, with their speech, with their thought, all that is done with regard to other beings, under the dominating influence of the Great Compassion, it is founded on, and occasioned by, the welfare of the beings, it is caused by the desire for the happiness and weal of all beings." And again in the Tathāgataguṇya-Sūtra: "He bends his head before all beings, and does not allow his pride to rise. . . . He gives the best, excellent food to those who suffer from hunger. He gives security to the beings who are in fear. He spares no trouble for the complete cure of the sick, and satisfies the poor with riches. . . . He brings glad tidings to the beings. He shares his possessions with the poor and distressed, and bears the burden of those who are tired and exhausted."¹⁷

It is also well known, that such pious works as digging of wells and providing of rest-houses for travellers, etc., have always been practised by pious Buddhists. Already in the 3rd century B.C. King Aśoka whose edicts breathe the spirit of Buddhist ethics, tells us in his second rock-edict of Kalsi that everywhere in his dominions and even in the neighbouring countries as far as the kingdom of the Greek Antiyoga (Antiochos), he had hospitals established both for men and for cattle. "Wherever there were no herbs beneficial to men and beneficial to cattle, everywhere they were caused to be imported and to be planted. Likewise, wherever there were no roots and fruits everywhere they were caused to be imported and to be planted. On the roads trees were planted, and wells were caused to be dug for the use of cattle and men."¹⁸

I cannot believe that all these expressions of *active* love and compassion are entirely in contradiction with the original teaching of Gotama himself.

¹⁷ Śikṣāsamuccaya pp. 117, 274.

¹⁸ Translation by E. Hultzsch, Inscriptions of Asoka, p. 28 f.

It is true that in numerous passages of the sacred books the Buddhist monk is told to give up all action, both good and bad, to free himself not only from hatred but also from love, including even the love of wife and children, and thus from all bonds of worldliness, in order to reach the highest monkish ideal of perfect peace and indifference to the world. But what the monk is told to give up, is *kāmā* or *rāga*, that is "love" in the sense of "attachment", "worldly desire", "sensual love" or "passion", never *maitrī* (Pāli *mettā*), that is, "love" in the sense of "friendly feeling towards all beings".

There is love also among the monks. When the damsel Rohiṇī, who became a Therī (lady Elder) afterwards, was asked by her father why the recluses are dear to her, she replies :

"From many a clan and many a countryside
They join the Order, mutually bound
In love. Hence are recluses dear to me. "¹⁹

More than that, *mettā*, *maitrī*, or "friendly feeling towards all beings", is an essential factor in the life of the monk. Even though he has retired from the world and given up all worldly activity, it is one of the most important spiritual exercises of the monk to awaken in himself the "Four Moods" (*bhāvanā*, also called *brahmavihārā* "Brahman states", or *appamaññā*, "the boundless ones"), that is, to sit in meditation suffusing all quarters of the world with a boundless mood of friendliness (*maitrī*), of compassion (*karuṇā*), of joyous sympathy (*muditā*), and of equanimity (*upekṣā*). And even with the Arhat who has reached the highest stage of perfection, and the Buddha himself, *maitrī* becomes a magic power, by which even the wildest beasts may be softened and subdued, as we are told in many a legend. In one of the canonical texts the Buddha himself is said to have taught a charm against snake-bite, which consists in suffusing first all kinds and tribes of snakes, and then all living creatures with the feeling of friendliness (*mettena cittena*).²⁰

The "Four Moods" exercise is also found in the Yoga-Sūtras and with the Jainas, though not before Umāsvāti who, according to Digambara tradition, lived about 135-219 A.D. It seems, for chronological reasons, more likely that both the author of the Yoga-Sūtras and Umāsvāti have borrowed it from the Buddhists, than that it is pre-Buddhist.²¹

Now it has been concluded from these passages that this *maitrī*, "friendly feeling" or "good-will", does not belong to the sphere of ethics

¹⁹ Therīgāthā 285, translation by Mrs. Rhys Davids, Psalms of the Sisters, p. 127.

²⁰ Aṅguttara Nikāya IV, 68. See also Mrs. Rhys Davids, Sakya, p. 221 ff.

²¹ See Yoga-Sūtra I, 33 and H. Jacobi, Ueber das ursprüngliche Yogasystem : Sitzungsber. Preuss. Akademie der Wiss., 1929, p. 607.

(*śīla*) at all, but only to that of meditation, that it is to be looked upon rather as a magic force than as a moral quality, and that, therefore, it is something entirely different from "Christian love".²²

H. Oldenberg was the first who emphasized the difference between that Charity or Love, of which the Apostle Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians (I Cor. 13) so exultantly writes : "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal", of which he says that it never faileth, though prophecies may fail, tongues may cease, and knowledge may vanish away, and that it is greater than faith and hope. The judgment of Oldenberg that Buddhist *maitrī* lacks the warmth of the Christian love, that it springs not from an overflowing heart, but from cool reflection and passive contemplation, that the suffusing with the "four moods" is nothing but "one exercise among other exercises of soul gymnastics"²³ has often been repeated.

It should not, however, be forgotten that in our texts we find the *maitrī* not only in this spiritual exercise of the "four moods", but also by itself. R. Pischel²⁴ has first drawn attention to the beautiful praise of *mettā* (*maitrī*) in the Itivuttaka (Nr. 27) where it is said that all pious works, by which one may acquire merit, are not worth the sixteenth part of the emancipation of heart consisting in love (*mettā*), that it outshines all other pious works, just as the autumnal sun and the morning star transcend by their brightness all other lights. Here we read also : "Well it is with him who, with a guileless heart, shows friendly feeling even towards one living being only : but the noble one who shows pity with all living creatures, acquires abundant religious merit." It seems unfair, not to see the warmth and genuineness of the feeling of love also in the *Mettasutta*,²⁵ certainly one of the most popular, and probably also one of the earliest devotional texts, where it is said : "As a mother, even at the risk of her life, watches over her own child, her only son, thus let him cultivate a boundless feeling (of friendliness) towards all beings."

That this *mettā* does not belong only to the "soul gymnastics" of meditation and contemplation, is shown by those passages in which the friendly feeling is said to be expressed in *deeds*, words and thoughts towards one's fellow beings.²⁶

²² Friedrich Weinrich, *Die Liebe im Buddhismus und im Christentum*, Berlin 1935.

²³ H. Oldenberg, *Buddha*, 7th Ed., Berlin 1920, p. 335 ff; *Aus dem alten Indien*, Berlin 1910, p. 1 ff.

²⁴ *Leben und Lehre des Buddha*, 1905, p. 76 ff.

²⁵ *Suttanipāṭa* 143-152 = *Khuddakapāṭha* 9.

²⁶ *Aṅguttara Nikāya* V, 105; VI, 11.

I agree with Mrs. Rhys Davids who is of opinion that the "Four Moods" exercise, though going back to an early period of Buddhism, is a later production, while the first mood, love or friendly feeling towards all beings (*maitrī*), "is a true attribute of Gotama".²⁷

As the apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Romans (I, Rom. 13) says : "For he that loveth another has fulfilled the law", and adds that all the commandments are briefly comprehended in the old Hebrew saying of Leviticus (19, 18), "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself", thus a Buddhist might well say that all the four principal commandments, enjoined for laymen as well as monks—refraining from killing and hurting any living being, from stealing, adultery, and lying—are briefly comprehended in the one word *maitrī*. And what is the Mahāyāna ideal of considering oneself as perfectly like one's neighbour (*parātmasamatā*) and even of identifying oneself with him (*parāīmaṣarivartana*) else, but the strongest expression of the "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"?

If Buddha did not demand from his followers that they should love their enemies, bless those that curse them, do good to those who hate them, and pray for those who persecute them (St. Matthew 5,44), yet early Buddhism, and I believe, Buddha himself taught them not to hate their enemies. Such verses as those found in the Dhammapada :

"Not by hatred does hatred ever come to rest,
By non-hatred only does it cease :

this is an everlasting rule."

"By non-wrath let him conquer wrath,
By goodness the wicked shall be overcome,
The stingy shall be conquered by a gift,
Let him conquer by truth the teller of lies,"²⁸

may not be the very words of the Master, but it is highly probable that similar words came from his mouth.

One of the most beautiful legends in illustration of the rule of not hating one's enemy is the legend found already in the Vinaya Piṭaka, of prince Dīghāvu, whose father and mother have been killed by king Brahmadatta of Benares, who has long prepared to avenge the murder of his parents, but at the last moment when the king was given into his hand and he had already unsheathed his sword, he spared the king's life, remembering the words spoken by his father in the hour of his death :

²⁷ Mrs. Rhys Davids, *Sakya*, pp. 216 ff., 229.

²⁸ Dhammapada 5 and 223.

"Not by hatred, my dear Dīghāvu, is hatred appeased ; by not-hatred, my dear Dīghāvu, hatred is appeased."²⁹

One might, of course, find fault with this teaching of not-hating and not-injuring as being mainly negative, but it has been truly said by Mrs. Rhys Davids,³⁰ that even this negative rule, if generally introduced into our lives, would insure "a very Paradise on earth." How far removed are we to-day from this earthly Paradise !

But is there any meaning at all in speaking of "active" and "passive" love? Can love ever be anything but active? Is not any feeling that binds us to our fellow beings, any state of mind that implies a clear consciousness of a close community with all that lives, bound to be active ? Can love ever do anything but work for some good ?

There is no denying that there is a contradiction between the monkish or ascetic ideal of "sacred indifference" and perfect quietism on the one hand and acting in love and pity on the other hand : but happily religious teachers have never been mere logicians, but have always made free use of the privilege of inconsistency.

²⁹ Mahāvagga X, 2 ; Sacred Books of the East, Vol. 17, p. 291 ff.

³⁰ Sakya, p. 215.

SHALL WE LOOK BACKWARDS OR AHEAD?

PROF. DR. STEN KONOW

WE do not know when a real theatre came into being in India. Terms such as *naṭa*, *nāṭaka*, etc., point to a development from popular beginnings. If the theatre had evolved independently within the higher classes, we should certainly expect good Sanskrit words.

We know that *naṭas* existed in Pāṇini's days, and there was even a *naṭaśāstra* by Silālin (IV. iii. 110). Kātyāyana and Patañjali are silent about the *naṭaśāstra*, but they know Silālin, for in the commentary on VI. iv. 144 they teach the formation of *Sailāla* from Silālin, and in the Mahābhāṣya on IV. ii. 66 mention is made of *Sailāliṇo naṭaḥ* 'Naṭas who study Silālin.'

There are also indications to show what the word *naṭa* meant to Patañjali. No importance can be attached to passages such as *sarvakeṣi naṭaḥ* (II. i. 69) ; *naṭasya bhuktam, naṭo bhuṅkte* (II. iii. 67) or to the lax morals of the Naṭas' wives (VI. i. 2). More important are the remarks *agāsīn naṭaḥ* 'the naṭa sang' (II. iv. 77) and *rasiko naṭaḥ* 'the naṭa understands the *rasas*' (V. ii. 95), because we learn that the naṭas were singing and thus expressing various *rasas*. And this is confirmed by the Mahābhāṣya on I. iv. 29 *ākhyātopayoge* 'when there is an application the teacher (is *apādāna*).' The question is raised why the word *upayoge* is used, the answer being that that is done in order to avoid the ablative denoting the *apādāna* in sentences such as *naṭasya śṛṇoti* 'he listens to the naṭa.' It is objected that this is not correct because there is also an *upayoga* in such cases, 'and for this reason I say *upayoga*, because the *ārambhakas* (i.e. *śrotṛṇāṃ madhye mukhyāḥ* according to Kaiyaṭa, *gītayatnena pravṛttimantaḥ* according to Nāgoji) go to the stage (*raṅga*) in order to listen to the naṭa.'

It is of course not possible to be confident, but we are left with the impression that Patañjali did not know a theatre and actors in the higher sense, and that his naṭas were rather mimes and singers. And there is absolutely nothing known which invalidates that impression.

On the other hand, we know that a fully developed drama existed in Aśvaghoṣa's time, i.e. probably about the beginning of the second century A.D. We should then have to assume that it gradually developed between the middle of the second century B.C., which I believe was the time of Patañjali, and the second century A.D. And it is tempting to

assume that the contact with foreign peoples which was so prominent just in that period has played a certain rôle when the popular art of the *naṭa* was lifted up into a higher sphere. It is even possible, though I do not think it is necessary or even probable, that foreign models have been at play. The originality of a people does not only consist in the ability to create everything independently, but just as much in the faculty to enable and spiritualise what they may develop under the stimulus of foreign impulses.

In making these remarks I have not in any way meant to minimize the creations of India. Even if there should finally prove to have been some foreign influence at play, the Indian drama is entirely Indian and appeals to us just because it is Indian. I have only wanted to point to what I am convinced is a fact, that the Indian genius has created something new in comparatively late times. And I have done so because I have the feeling that there is a tendency in certain circles in India today to trace every cultural achievement back to the most remote past. I have read papers and books where the authors have tried to prove that civilization had reached its zenith in India at a time when all other nations were barbarians, though some people maintain that India is the original home of the human race on the whole, even of the foreign barbarians. The discovery of the ancient Indus Civilization has here played a great rôle. Many people in India are convinced that it represents the oldest known stage of the Aryan people, much older and far above anything that other nations have produced in such ancient times.

It is not my intention to discuss such questions. I am convinced that the Indus civilization preceded the coming of the Aryans into India, and I think it possible that its disappearance was due to the Aryan invasion. And I agree with those scholars who think that very much of what we are accustomed to consider as Aryan and, still more, as Hindu, can be traced back to the pre-Aryan population of the Indus valley.

But just because such is my view, my admiration of the achievements of the Aryans in India has increased. The excavations at Mohenjo Daro and Harappa make us acquainted with a high development of everything connected with comfort and easy life. But nothing has been found which leads us to think of that high spiritual culture which fascinates every student of Indian literature and art. And I am convinced that the high flight the Indian spirit took in later times is partly the result of the mixture of different racial elements.

If the old Indus civilization had remained undisturbed during the ages, there is every likelihood that it would have stagnated and lost its vitality. That was perhaps already the case when the Aryans entered

on the stage. And the danger of stagnation is always there where the current of life flows quietly without any disturbance.

Some people will think that the period of the Brāhmaṇas shows traces of such a stagnation, while the Upanishads, Buddhism and Jainism bear witness to high spiritual faculties, perhaps as the last and highest stage of a long peaceful development. And it is possible to maintain that the fresh current which fertilized Indian civilization in the first centuries of the Christian era was to some extent due to the influx of new, foreign nations.

But India conquered her new conquerors, and gradually we seem to observe how the initiative is lost, and the high faculties of the Indian mind deflected towards the past, intent on preserving and perfecting the achievements of the forefathers and less on opening new ways.

Then came the Muhammedan invasion. And again we see India waking up, and new and glorious spiritual conquests are made, this time through the medium of the vernaculars.

The Muhammedans fared like their predecessors. They were more or less Indianized. And, at the same time, the Indian spirit gradually seems to have lost much of its vitality.

Again there was a new conquest, and new awakening. And this time it is still going on.

But then I ask myself: can we learn something from the past about how we should try to meet the future? And I think we can.

Every time when India has been conquered in the past, she has been stimulated to new activity and has returned to her past with a widened outlook and wider aims. It is only in being faithful to our inheritance that we can hope to make life harmonious and happy.

But it is fatal to rest in the consciousness of having inherited something precious, something grand. The inheritance must be increased or, to use a commercial term, be invested in new undertakings. We must not only look back and accept in thankfulness and with pride what our ancestors handed down to us. We must also look ahead, to new starts, new achievements.

In India, as in other ancient countries, mythology places the golden age in the beginning of the development. The consequence is a mental attitude which leads us to think that our time and the future can never reach the level of the past. But does not that mean that we are unworthy of those whose inheritance we have taken over? Just the belief, the conviction, that what they did was the right thing should make us try to be worthy heirs and to do still greater things, which they have enabled us to contemplate and to undertake. To try to surpass them is to honour them.

And is it impossible to surpass them? Is Jagadish Bose inferior to the thinkers of the Upanishads, and was Kalidasa so much greater than Rabindranath Tagore?

We may ask and ask, and our answer will probably depend on our varying attitude of mind. It is perhaps because I am a European that I have no doubt in my mind. We must honour our forefathers and be thankful for what they gave us, but we must not rest content with our inheritance. We must try to reach still higher aims.

And there is still one thing I think we can learn from India's history. We must not try to shut ourselves off from impulses from other peoples and civilizations. The more manifold and varied the conflux of nations and ideas is, the richer the life will be. Just in these later times we see barriers being built between country and country, and continent preparing to fight continent, as if the aim were a huge armageddon. The leaders of the nations of the world seem to have given up thinking of the past and seem not to care for the future. The present day takes all their interest.

That is, I am convinced, an attitude of mind which is hardly worthy of the civilized man. Taking our footing in the past we must look forward to a future much better than what was formerly. And such a future is only possible if all the nations of the world tune their instruments to a real concert.

MOSLEM CALLIGRAPHY

M. Ziauddin

II

The Position of a Calligraphist

BEFORE we proceed to discuss the other styles of Calligraphy, it seems to me desirable that a few words should be said on the position of a calligraphist and his art in the Moslem Society.

In the days of the Abbasides, with the introduction of paper,¹ and the spread of culture among the masses, the institution of education and the art of book production gained supreme importance. What was then called *warāqat*, consisted of the profession of transcribing manuscripts, of book-binding, gilding and the business of selling books.² *Warāqat* flourished as an honourable pursuit for literary men and scholars of every description. The great demand for quick work in the copying of books had produced a class of prolific scribes who combined the merit of speed with that of a beautiful hand-writing and were specially called *warrāq*. The learned as well as the officers of the government employed them as secretaries and amanuenses.

In those days the publication of a book was an event of great social importance. It meant business to the calligraphist as a class, reputation to the author with a hope of immortality and enrichment of knowledge to students. An author either delivered his work as a lecture from the pulpit of a mosque, or read out from his notes with commentary in extempore, while scribes and students dispersed among the audience noted down his words with incredible speed. Dictation (*imlā*) ran for days, months, even years, according to the extent of the thesis.³ Scribes then compared their texts with each other, and corrected their copies according to the one certified by the author as correct and reliable. These texts were then copied again and sold in the book-market. Authors wrote scores of volumes and it is difficult to believe today how they managed to write single handed such encyclopaedic works as they have produced.⁴

1. Fihrist, p. 32.

2. Ibid, p. 169 ; Ibn Khaldun, Cairo, I, pp. 349, 350, 351.

3. Ibn Khallikan, II, p. 228 ; Fihrist, p. 299.

4. Ibid., I, p. 297 ; Nafkhut-Tib, II, p. 884.

Authors had no rights of royalty over their works. Once broadcasted among students and scribes and through them to the world, the author lost every connection with his work. Any body

could copy and sell it as his own property. There was a time when misappropriation of authorship was common. Authors, in order to save their authorship, took the precaution of mentioning their name in full in the text, as many times as they could manage. Poorer authors wrote their works, copied them and sold them at the door of their house or by auction in the streets of the town.¹



Fig. 76.

A panel of Nasta'liq calligraphy by Pir Muhammad (Kala-i-Islam Museum, Santiniketan).

Book-shops generally clustered round the principal mosque of the locality and formed the book-market. Baghdad had about three hundred bookshops. Bookshops were the principal resort of the learned. Book-sellers being generally scholars and authors of repute were the centres of attraction for all seekers of knowledge. Here in the midst of polished and gilded manuscripts squatted the respectable and

the learned and discussed poetry and religion till midnight.

Speed in the transcription of a text was a matter of keen contest between scribes. The calligraphist of the court of the prince Bayasan-ghar is reported to have written three thousand lines of poetry in one day and night. During the time he was performing the feat, hundreds of people had gathered round the palace at Mashed, and drums were being beaten in full fury to stir up the excitement that the occasion had created.² Yahya bin Adi was such a fast hand that he could write one hundred pages in twenty-four hours.³

1. Ibn Khallikan, I, p. 63.

2. Tazkira-i-Khushnawisan, p. 47.

3. Tarikhul-Hukama, p. 369.



Fig. 77.

Portrait of a Moroccan calligraphist, by E. Dinet

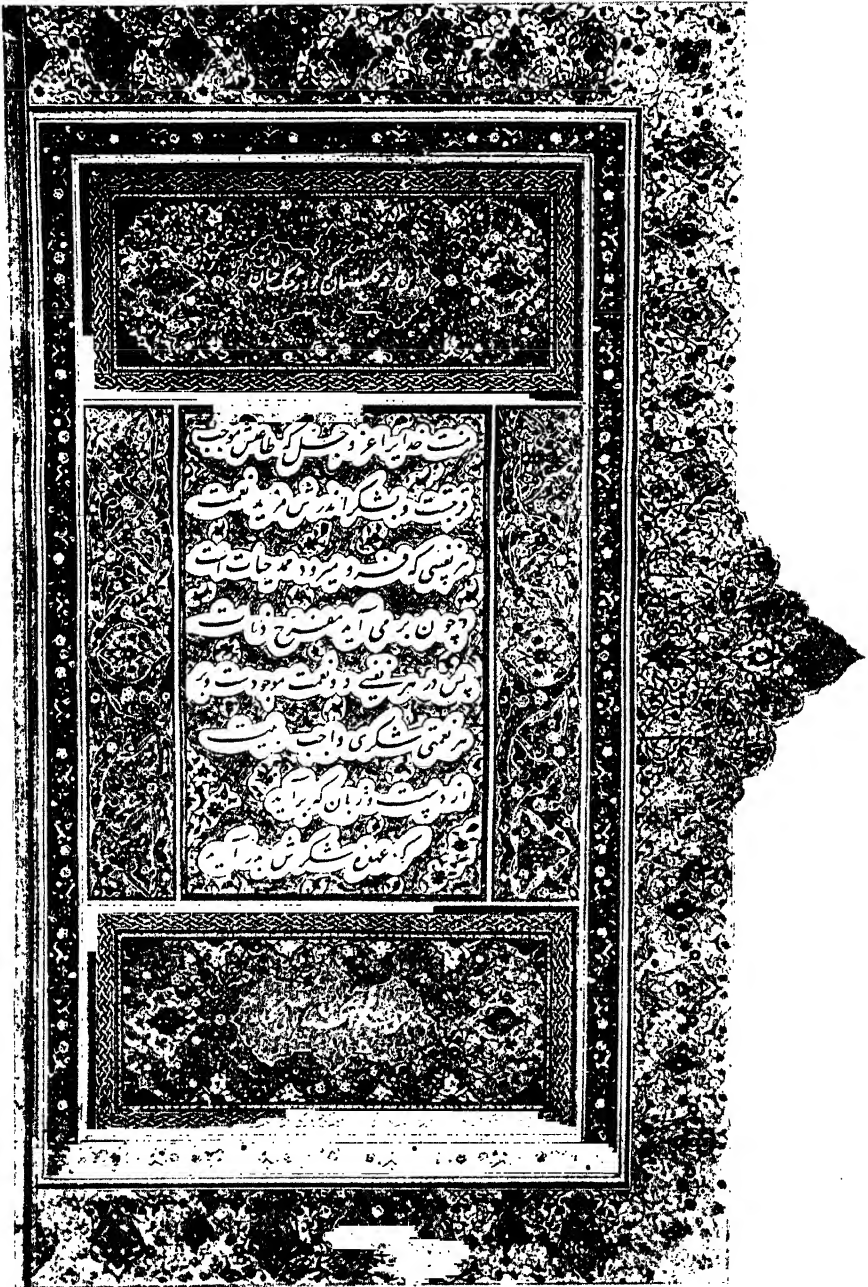


Fig. 78.

Front page of the *Culistan* of Sa'di, calligraphed by Mir 'Ali for Shah 'Abdul 'Aziz Bahadur of Bukhara, in 950/1543 (*Monuments et Memoires*, 1918—1919, p. 189, Pl. XV ; the fringes have been, unfortunately, omitted by the block-maker).

The profession of a copyist being fairly profitable, literary men and scholars adopted it. Normally, their daily income through copying saleable books was three to four rupees.¹ They were also employed in libraries for transcribing books and were paid regular remuneration. They were appointed as teachers, the most reputed among them being selected for instructing princes, princesses and sons of nobles. Often a prince had more than one teacher in calligraphy, each being in charge of the particular kind of hand he specialized in. Calligraphists were given charge of libraries where their duty was to supervise the work of subordinate scribes engaged in copying books and look to the quality of their handwriting. Remuneration of a scribe depended on the quality of his hand, the average of his mistakes and his speed. Mullah Muhammad Amin of Kashan, the superintendent of the library of 'Abdur Rahim Khan Khanan (who was a remarkable penman himself), was paid a monthly salary of four thousand rupees.² But the Khan Khanan's liberality was proverbial; most of his artists enjoyed *jagirs* too. In the library of Banu 'Ammar, at Tripoli, one hundred and eighty scribes worked, of whom a group of thirty could always be seen at work day and night.³ In the royal library of Bayasanghar, who was a calligraphist himself, forty scribes worked under the supervision of Maulana Ja'far.⁴

Scribes were very often scholars of recognised status and while they served as copyists they could do their own creative work too. For example, Ibn Sa'd was a copyist of Waqidi and has written a stupendous biography of the Prophet.⁵

Every nation, at the height of its culture, has given proofs of its love for knowledge by founding public schools and libraries, but with Moslems the desire had amounted almost to madness. Nothing satisfied their vanity so much as the number of books in their libraries. Books were often written at the request of Kalifs and nobles who paid huge amounts of money for their labour. Mansur the Andalusian had received five thousand coins of gold for his *Fusus*.⁶ Part of a Kalif's palace was always a library. Princes, courtiers, nobles and the rich gloried with the scholars in possessing

1. Yaqut, III, pp. 85; refer also to p. 105.

2. Islamic Culture, Oct., 1931, p. 627.

3. Transactions of the 7th A. I. O. Conference, 1933, p. 1032.

4. Tazkira-i-Khushnawisan, p. 45.

5. Fihrist, p. 145.

6. Nafkhat-Tib, II, p. 728.

rare manuscripts in their libraries. The palace of a Kalif was a library as well as the debate house of the empire where men of talent of all religions and nationalities were brought together to solve religious and intellectual problems, with the king as their president.

Adjoining the halls of the library were studios where hundreds of calligraphists copied books, while painters illustrated them with mini-

atures, binders bound them in leather and gilders and illuminators finished them as pieces of artistic production. Scribes were often grouped into separate rooms according to subjects of their transcription. The calligraphists of the Koran were grouped together and so were the copyists of books on tradition, biography, history, law and medicine, etc. Some of them were appointed to go through the copied manuscripts and add short vowels and diacritical marks.¹

Never was there so great a demand for beautifully written manuscripts as in those days of the Abbasides. The standard and the style

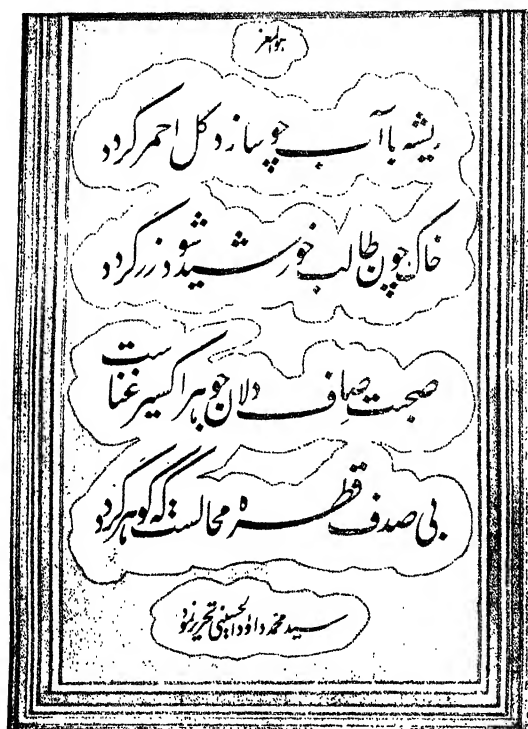


Fig. 79.

A beautiful and delicate specimen of Nasta'liq calligraphy by Sayyad Muhammad Da'udal-Husaini of Kabul.

set up by the Kalifs was followed by their subjects. And most of the profit accruing on the pious work of educating the masses and of collecting libraries for public or private use, went to the class of the calligraphists.

The amount of work the scribes had on hand in the Capital towns of the empire is not possible to guess. Yet an idea may

1. Ibn Khallikan II, p. 334 ; T. Atibba, II, p. 234—236 ; Almagrizi Khitat, I., pp. 409, 458 ; Yaqt, V, p. 447 ; Ibn Khaldun, IV, p. 146 ; Ibn Khallikan, I, p. 144.



Fig. 80.

A panel of modern Nasta'liq calligraphy, by Muhammad
Ya'qub of Kabul.

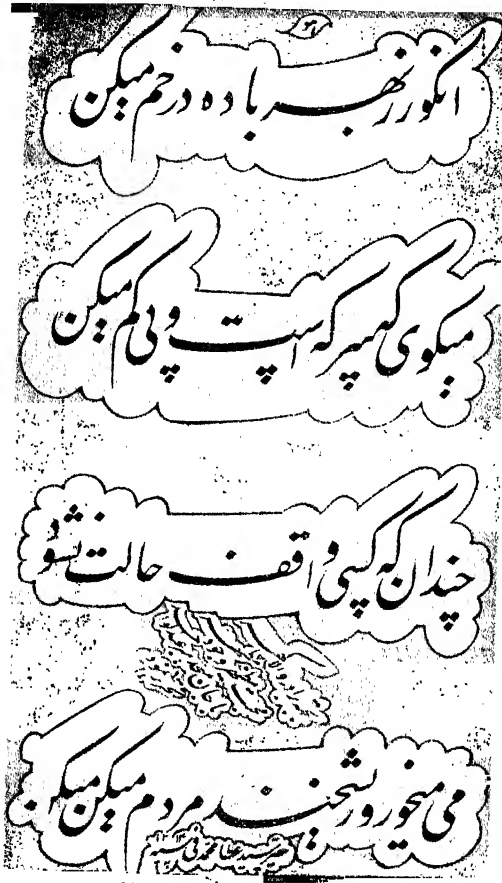


Fig. 81.

A panel of modern calligraphy, by Sayyad 'Ata
Muhammad of Kabul.

be formed of the briskness of their business by looking over the number of books that some of the libraries are recorded to have contained. Harunar-Rashid's library at Baghdad, called *Baitul-Hikmat*, that is, "The Abode of Wisdom," contained ten hundred thousand books. To this library was also attached a department for translation in which scholars translated books from the Indian and Greek languages into Arabic. These translations were weighed in gold and the amount paid to the translators as wages.¹ It had separate rooms for calligraphists. This library was plundered by the Moghals. The library of Shapur bin Ardskir, the minister of Bahaud-Daulah, contained ten thousand manuscripts. This one was burnt to ashes by Tughril Baig in 447 A. H.² In Egypt 'Aziz Billah had collected sixteen hundred thousand works (365 A. H.). These were destroyed by Kurds.³ The Fatiimid library at Tripoli, founded by Banu 'Ammar, was the biggest that Moslems ever collected. It contained thirty hundred thousand books. It was destroyed by Christian crusaders in 502 A. H. ⁴ Granada had seventeen big and hundred and twenty small schools which had libraries attached to them, comprising four hundred thousand books. Eighty libraries were open for public use day and night. The royal library at Cordova occupied a whole palace.

Those who could afford sent agents to different countries for buying and copying books. Faizi had his agents in Persia. Hunain bin Ishaq had his agents in Roman countries who bought or copied for him books on Greek sciences and arts.⁵ The monthly salaries he paid to his translators alone amounted to £250.⁶ Muhammad bin 'Abdul Malik paid £1000 monthly to his translators. Hakam II, the Spanish king, was a great lover of books. "Never had so learned a prince reigned in Spain," writes Prof. R. Dozy, "and although all his predecessors had been men of culture, who loved to enrich their libraries, none of them had sought so eagerly for rare and precious books. At Cairo, Baghdad, Damascus and Alexandria, Hakam had agents who copied or bought for him—grudging no cost—ancient and modern manuscripts. With these treasures his place overflowed ; on all sides,

1. Fihrist, p. 243 ; Abul-Faraj, p. 146.

2. Ibn Asir, II, p. 145 ; Yaqt, I, p. 799.

3. Ibn Khaldun, IV, p. 81.

4. Gibbon's Roman Empire, VII, p. 505.

5. There was a regular profession of book agents or brokers of book, who were called *Dallalul Kutub*, Ibn Khallikan, I, p. 63.

6. Tabaqat ul-Atibba, I, p. 187 ; Fihrist, p. 243.

too, were to be seen copyists, binders, and illuminators.”¹ And this description would also hold true for most of the houses of the literati and the rich of those days.

The standard of literacy at Baghdad was higher than that at Granada, Cordova or Nishapur. The annual expenditure of the Nizamiyyah school at Baghdad, where education was imparted free, was six hundred thousand *dinars* (£ 300,000).² Here education was also common among women. Among the slave girls of Zubaida, the wife of Harunar-Rashid, there were one hundred that had had proper education.³ According to Dr. Sprenger's estimate, the number of such outstanding personalities among scholars whose lives have been recorded in biographical works (the *Rijāl*) is about five hundred thousand.⁴ The number of ordinary literate men and women must be, therefore, about a thousand times greater. While most of the literate people strove to acquire a good handwriting, an equipment very commonly desired by Moslems, how keen must have been the competition among calligraphists and how high the standard of excellence in penmanship ?

Professional artists of various branches of arts and crafts had to learn calligraphy which formed part of their decorative schemes. The gold-smith, the jeweller, the copper-and iron-smiths, the seal engraver, the wood and stone engravers and the potters were often experts in several styles of calligraphy, and they wrought their wares with inscriptions that gladdened the heart of a calligraphist.

Among innumerable scribes, the calligraphist was one who specially devoted himself to developing penmanship as an art in itself. And they were always the selected few. They copied works not so much for reproducing a text as for writing it beautifully. They displayed their art on panels of paper, called *wasli*, which fetched them handsome price. These panels were papers, mounted on card-boards containing a poem, generally a quatrain, in bold hand, very often illuminated ; these were bought by lovers of art as works of art and students of calligraphy kept them as models for exercise.

The work of a calligraphist was always costly and greatly prized by admirers. Five hundred pounds for a book of four hundred pages was not a rare price. These artists pursued their profession with a

1. Spanish Islam, R. Dozy, p. 454; see Al-Maqrizi, I, p. 408.

2. Sirajul-Muluk, p. 267.

3. Abul-Mahasin, I, p. 632

4. Mazamin-i-Shibli, p. 35.

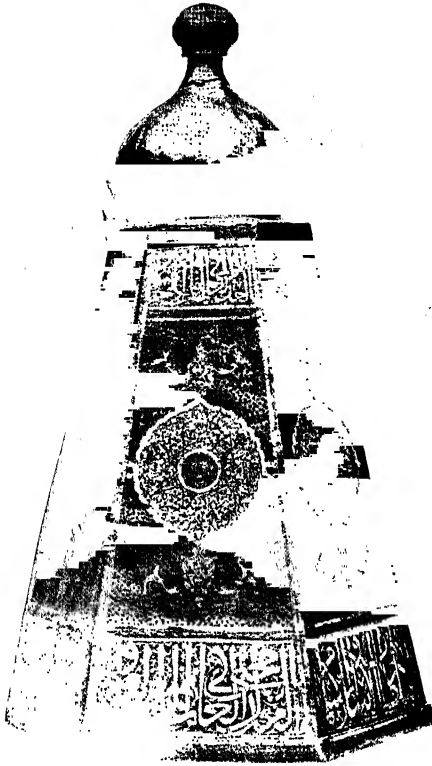


Fig. 82.

Bronze chandelier inlaid with silver, with the name of Qait Bay ; inscriptions are in decorative Nusk, XV century (Victoria and Albert Museum).

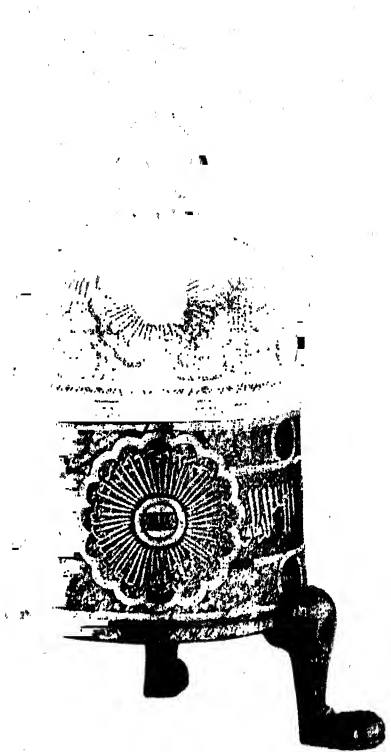


Fig. 83.

Bronze incense-burner inlaid with silver, bearing the name of Muhammad Ibn Qalaun ; the inscriptions are in decorative Suls style ; XIV century (Victoria & Albert Museum).

devotion almost ascetic and imposed on themselves strict discipline. We often read that such and such a calligraphist never omitted his daily exercise of writing a few pages till the very day he expired. They were in fact revered in their society as saints and were often men of strong moral purity and religious character.

Ghulam Muhammad, Haft Qalami (i. e. 'the master of seven styles') was particularly keen on visiting calligraphists personally. His meeting with another calligraphist and the love with which they talked about their profession should be of interest here. The Haft Qalami, on hearing the fame of Hafiz Nurullah, went to see him. Even on his first visit he found him extremely well-mannered, unassuming, just and absolutely devoid of pride. "The Hafiz," writes the Haft Qalami, "showed me his papers of exercise. He had, by then, transcribed the *Haft-band-i-Kashi*, at the request of Asafud Daula Bahadur. How

would I put in words the miracle the Hafiz had performed with his pen ? It was verily a garden in full blossom ! No body would ever be satisfied by looking at it. A long time passed in looking and enjoying these papers . . . without any exaggeration I may say that this noble heart, notwithstanding the greatness he has attained in his art, has no pride whatsoever. . . .”

They then talked of Shahjahanabad, and the Hafiz asked : “I have heard, Sir, that you have brought with yourself the calligraphy of Aqa ‘Abdur Rashid. Would you be indeed so kind as to allow me to illuminate my eyes by having a look at them ?” Next time the Haft Qalami took the specimens of the Aqa’s writing with him. “The

Hafiz was extremely delighted by seeing both the bold and the fine varieties of the Aqa’s penmanship. From morning till after the noon he looked at them. . . .”¹

Their art absorbed all their attention and they were generally respected by all, alike by kings and the people. And calligraphists, too, were well aware of their importance, and were not always so very humble and unassuming as the Haft Qalami found the Hafiz to be. A few examples illustrative of the honour they enjoyed would not be out of place here.

Mir Khalilullah Shah was greatly honoured in his days. He copied the ‘*Nau-Ras* with great care and made a present of it to Ibrahim ‘Adil Shah, the king of the Deccan. The King was extremely pleased with the gift and the accomplish-



Fig. 84.

A specimen showing how an artist practises strokes and curves, by ‘Abdur Rahman of Herat.

ment of the artist. He bestowed on him the title of “The king of the pen”, and as a mark of extraordinary honour made him sit on his throne. After this ceremony was over, he bade his courtiers to accompany him to his residence.²

1. Tazkira-i-Khushnawisan, pp. 45, 46.

2. Ibid, pp. 79, 80.

The Haft Qalami writes that an admirer of Khalilullah Shah's calligraphy wanted to buy some of his papers for seven hundred rupees, but the owner would not sell. After much haggling the bargain was struck for an Arabian horse. The customer procured one and bought the papers.¹

Yaqut Musta'sami (1203 A. D.) has been considered the greatest of Naskh writers. His reputation was so great that even in his lifetime books copied by him had spread all over the Moslem world. Each of his copies of the dictionary *al-jauhari* was sold at hundred *dinars* (£ 50).² He once copied the *Shafa* of Avenenna and sent the same to Muhammad Tughlaq (1324 A.D.) in India. The King appreciated the work greatly and sent to the calligraphist a gift of two hundred million *misqals* of gold in return. But the artist refused the gift considering it beneath his dignity to accept such a meagre sum.³



Fig. 85.

A panel of Mir 'Imad's Nasta'liq calligraphy

Mir 'Imad-al-Husaini of Qazwin, the unapproachable master of the Nasta'liq style was almost a martyr to the pride he had in his talent. He cared little for the money and honour that was lavished on him so abundantly. Shah 'Abbas Safawi (1587/1629 A.D.) asked him to copy the *Shah-Namah* of Firdausi, that stupendous epic, and along with the request he sent him the meagre sum of seventy *tumans*. After the lapse of a year, the king sent for the book. Mir 'Imad handed the messenger seventy lines from the beginning of the book, and told the messenger that for the gift of the Shah this was all he could offer. This remark offended the king, who sent back those seventy lines to the calligraphist, and demanded his gold back. The Mir was

up to the occasion again. He took a pair of scissors and neatly cut those lines into seventy pieces. Each piece he gave to a disciple of his, who went home and brought back a *tuman* with him. Mir 'Imad then counted up seventy *tumans* in the palm of the messenger. He

1. Ibid, p. 81.

2. Ibn Khallikan, p. 207.

3. Les Calligraphes et les Miniaturistes, Huart, p. 85.

was murdered shortly after this event, in 1615 A. D. ; the crime is said to have been committed at the instigation of the king himself.¹

Mir 'Imad's calligraphy was very much admired by Shah Jahan. He gave the title of *Yak-sar'i* (centurion) to every one who presented him a specimen of his writing.²

Among the last of the great penmen the work of Aqa 'Abdur-Rashid was most dearly valued by the lovers of the art. He was a cousin and a student of Mir 'Imad. He came to India in Shah Jahan's time and was appointed a teacher to the prince Dara Shikoh, whom he instructed in the Nasta'liq style. Most of his life he passed at Akbarabad and was also buried there after his death. His calligraphy came to be so highly valued and so rare that those who possessed specimens were afraid of exhibiting them, lest they lose them.

The name of a renowned calligraphist meant money to forgers and they have exploited some great names, in particular the students of renowned artists. For example, a pupil of Aqa 'Abdur-Rashid, named Amir Razwi, imitated his style and signed his own writings by the Aqa's name. The Haft Qalami remarks, it required a very careful examination to decide which was which. The death anniversary of Aqa 'Abdur-Rashid was regularly observed in the month of Muharram, at Akbarabad. Calligraphists of all the important towns in the neighbourhood, specially those of Delhi, attended it, and benefited by exchanging their views on their art and other professional matters. A more lively gathering, however, was held on the fourth of every month at the house of Shah Waris 'Ali. He was a good calligraphist and specialized in the decorative style called *Gulzar* and also in the Shikasta hand. He was a lively soul and by no means over religious. In the monthly meetings that were held at his place, he entertained his visitors with music and dance by dancing girls. The Haft Qalami says that this meeting was always a great success. Shah-Waris 'Ali died in 1227 A. H.³

Maulana Khawja Muhammad too had the same habit of signing his writings by the name of his master, the celebrated artist Mullah Mir 'Ali. Few People could detect the difference. His master was aware of the havoc his student had done and was still doing. He has complained of this misfortune of his in a poem, wherein he says :

1. Tazkirah-i-Khushnawisan, pp. 9, 93.

2. Ibid, p. 93.

3. Ibid, p. 131.

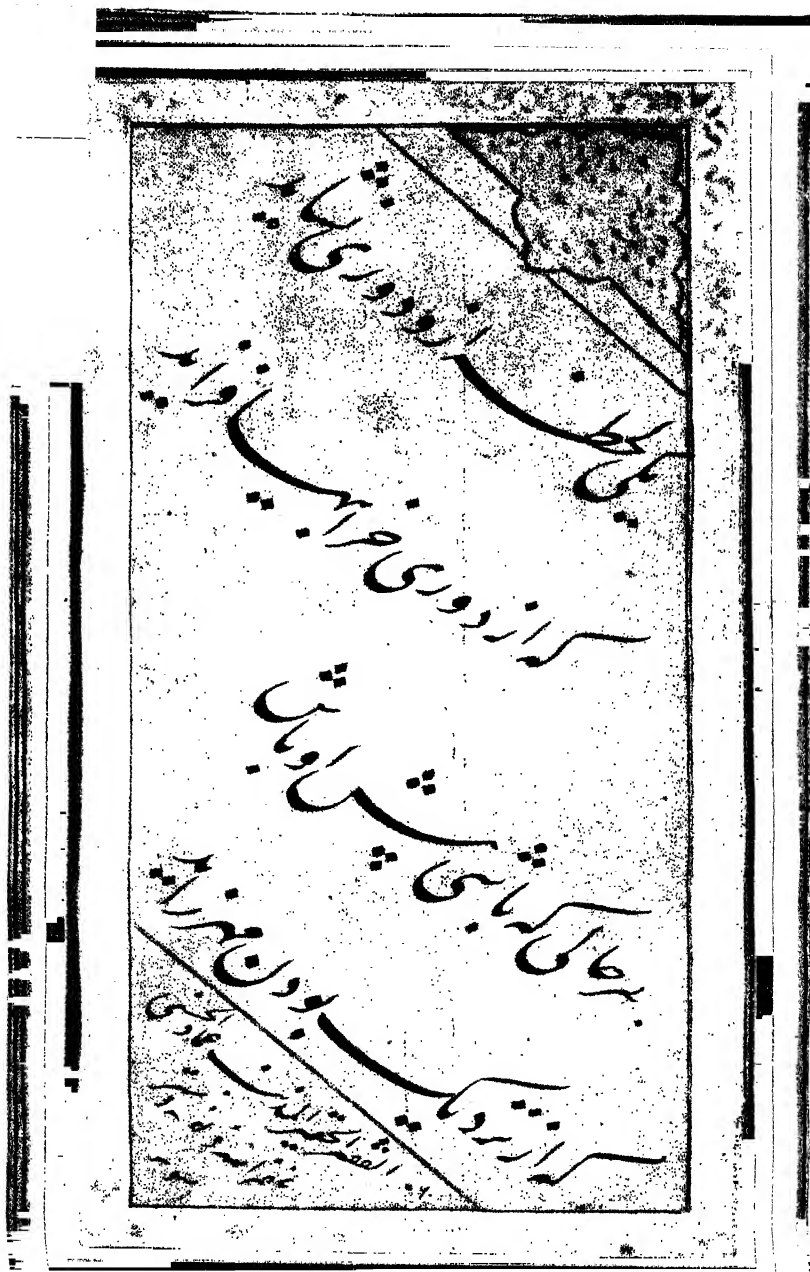


Fig. 86.

A panel of the calligraphy of the celebrated 'Imadal-Husaini of Qazwin
(reproduced with gratitude from the Moslem Review of April 1936).



Fig. 87.

An extraordinarily beautiful specimen of Aqa 'Abdur-Rashid's calligraphy
(reproduced with gratitude from the Moslem Review).

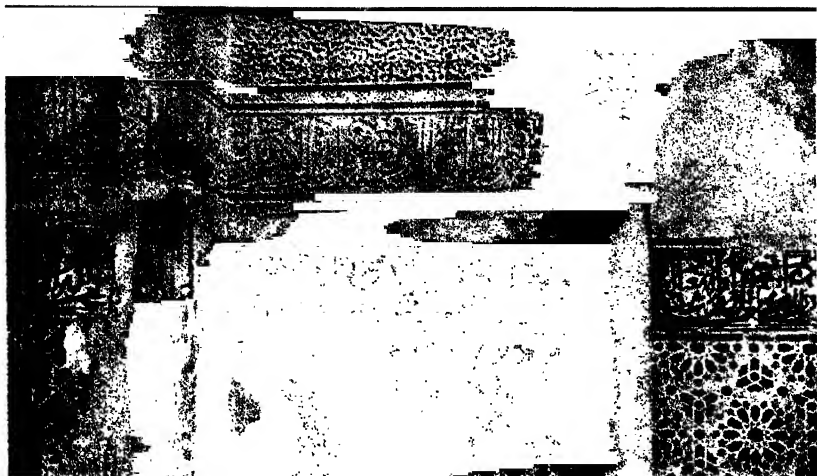


Fig. 88.

A band of inscription in the decorative-Suls of the western variety, in mosaic faience, Madrasatul-'Attarin, Fez.

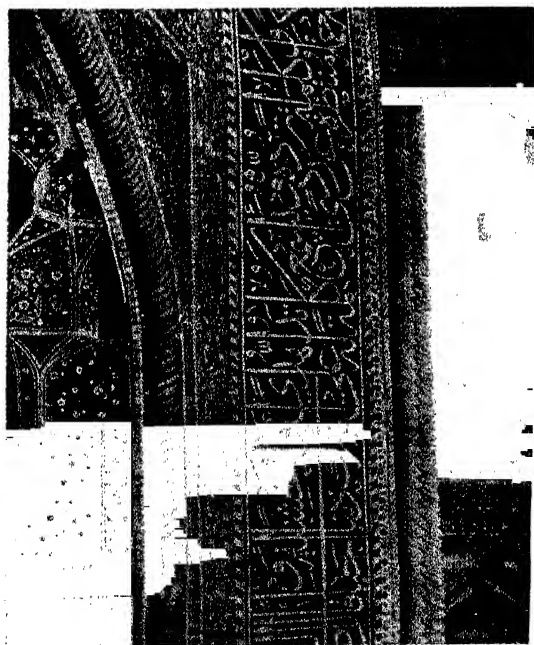


Fig. 89.

Architrave of the Masjid-i-Shah, Isfahan ; the inscription in the decorative Naskh style, done in mosaic faience.

"Khawjah Mahamud was my disciple for sometime, and I tried my best to instruct him, till his handwriting developed a feature. I have done him no wrong, nor does he do me any, save that he writes good or bad as best he can and signs the lot in my name."¹

Jahangir was an admirer of Mullah Mir 'Ali's hand ; the Mir himself was conscious of his talents and he has made no secret of it. In his poems he has often referred to the superiority of his art. A poem of his, of which I give a translation here, is remarkable in the sense that it describes that subtle point in the art of calligraphy where it touches pure art :

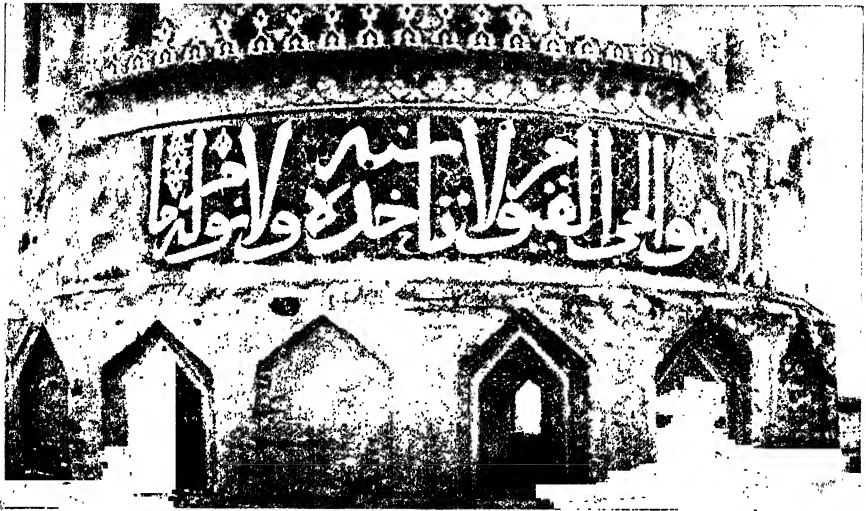


Fig. 90.

Mausoleum of Princess Tughai (d. 1348), the drum of its dome, with the inscription in Suls style of the Western variety, in mosaic faience, Cairo.

"My pen works miracles, and rightly enough is the *form* of my words proud of its superiority over its *meaning*. To each of the curves of my letters the heavenly vault confesses its bondage in slavery, and the value of each of my strokes is eternity itself."²

1. Tazkira-i-Khushnawisan, p. 80.

2. Ibid, p 52.

THE SIMILES OF DHARMADASA-

Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya

30

जामदग्न्यवत् ॥ p. 471.

Like the son of Jamadagni.

The son of Jamadagni was able and proud. Twenty-one times he denuded the earth of all the Ksatriyas (क्षत्रिय) by his cruelty. Very rare is, therefore, to be found a man who is able, yet not proud ; and very rare is a man who is proud and yet kind. So said the Blessed one: "Rare is the man who goes from light to light."

31

तिताडयिषुमेषवत् ॥ 471.

Like a ram wishing to strike.

As a ram anxious to strike does not turn back even if he were at a long distance, so one who wants objects of senses cannot give them up even though they may be avoided.

32

गुरुवत् ॥ p. 471.

Like a superior.

As a superior person is to be saluted always and one should behave carefully while near him, so wealth is produced always by meritorious acts and is to be protected always from kings and others. How can then that which is to be protected always be one's own?

33

दुहितृविवाहवत् ॥ p. 472.

Like the marriage of a daughter.

A certain man went to Yavana country. He saw there a Yavana. The Yavana after kindling a fire made it say (by means of his magic): "Your daughter will become your wife." That man was intoxicated,

while his young and beautiful daughter was living in his country. He requested the Yavana to teach him his science and received it from him with great difficulty, after having parted with a good deal of his wealth. Then he came back to his country and with a view to making his daughter his wife wanted the fire to declare it. The fire, however, said that the custom of his country was different. So the people (*loka*) are greater even than the law (*dharma*).

34

कम्बोजभैक्ष्यचरणवत् ॥ p. 472.

Like roaming for alms in Kambojas.

A religious mendicant was roaming for alms in the Kamboja country. A man said to him to serve his own purpose: "Don't utter any word, or you will be derided for wandering about in search of food. This is the custom of this country !" The simple mendicant did accordingly, being trustful. The people thought: "It is a machine made by that man who is our rival and is sent to us by him. How the eyes twinkle, (and so on). Everything is done to personate a man." Saying so they praised every limb of his body. Then they, too, made similar machines and sent them to that man. Then he said to the mendicant: "Please speak now !" He did it, and uttered words praying for general welfare. The people were surprised and said: "It is impossible for us to do. Indeed we are delighted¹ by him !" The deceitful and untrustful mendicant fell in disgrace when his true nature was known. And so what purpose would be served by good that is attained by such means as ought to be avoided ?

1. Original *ranjita* (रञ्जिताः), but should it not be read *vancita* (वञ्जिताः) 'deceived' ? Tibetan version reads *pham-par-byas* which means in Sanskrit *nirjita* (निजिताः) 'defeated'.

35

मातृसपत्नीदासीवत् ॥ p. 473.

Like the mother, the fellow wife, and the maid servant.

A man had two wives. Of them one lives with her mother, the other having no mother to live with. Now, when the mother sees her daughter she is content ; but the fellow-wife seeing the same woman becomes sad ; while the maid servant is indifferent. So objects of love, etc., have no defined form of their own.

36

अयिशिरःकपालवत् ॥ p. 473.

Like the skull of the head of one absorbed in meditation.

While engrossed in meditation, a person began to have mental illusions. He thought: "A skull is attached to my head !" Another person caused a different skull to fall from his head, saying, "Here it has fallen from your head !" When he came to know this, the man returned to his natural state, his hallucination having disappeared. Thus the unwise do their work somehow or other owing to illusion.

37

कृष्णावदातबलीवर्दसंयोजनवत् ॥ p. 474.

Like the harnessing together of a black and a white bull.

As a black bull is not for being harnessed together with a white bull, nor a white bull with a black one, even though there be two holes for yoking them together, so the organs of the senses are not for the objects (of senses), nor the objects for the organs of senses, even though there be the excitement of love which binds them together.

38, 39

शर्करामोदकवत् ॥

शलाकामुद्रावच्च ॥ p. 474.

(i) Like some sweetmeat made of sugar.

(ii) And like a little splinter and a seal.

The man who has no devotion towards law (*dharma*) which is so helpful and causes such prosperity is foolish and shows thereby only his stupidity, even like *some sweetmeat made of sugar, and a little splinter and a seal* : One is offered some sweetmeat made of sugar which deserves to be tasted in its entirety, but he did not do it. A man attained mastery over two branches of science ; by one he removes all kinds of diseases, after reciting a spell over the little splinter ; by the second science, too, he does the same thing by stamping with the seal. Now, once he told one of his friends: "Take these two sciences ; they will be of help to you." He did not accept them and he suffered from a most troubling disease (leprosy) which would not be treated, and of which he died.

40

चेल्लकपेयप्रेषणवत् ॥ p. 474.

Like sending forth a disciple for a beverage
in the night.

A disciple was always sent forth in the night by his spiritual guide for some beverage. Once the disciple said: "It is not right for a religious mendicant to take beverage in the night; how could you drink it?" He replied: "Because it is water." Another day the novice brought him only water. He said: "Why have you brought quite a different thing?" The novice rejoined: "Where lies the difference, if you drink it (beverage) thinking it to be nothing but water?" So, if things are in their nature void, why are we taught that there exist living beings and their places of residence?

41

बिलप्रवेशवत् ॥ p. 475.

Like entering a pit.

No benefit is derived from entering a pit, and all activities towards it are to be given up, for no purpose is served thereby. In the same way all worldly activities from which nothing substantial can be gained should be abandoned by the wise.

42

मृगतृष्णावत् ॥ p. 476.

Like mirage.

Mirage produces the notion of water but it is not itself water, and whoever feeling thirsty wants to quench his thirst at such a place he is in danger. So there is only the notion of soul *atmasamjna*, (आत्मसंज्ञा) in the five aggregates *skandhas*: form, sensation, perception, co-efficient of consciousness, and consciousness).

43

आचार्यसङ्गसेनबटुवत् ॥ p. 476.

Like the young student of Acarya (आचार्य) Sanghasena.

Only those who have perfect equanimity and whose attachment to the world has been completely severed may realize the highest

bliss, *nirvana*. Nobody reaches this stage as long as there is in him very strong passion or repugnance just as in the case of the young student of Acarya Sanghasena. A young student wanted to hear scriptures recited by Acarya Sanghasena. One day he was asked by him (Acarya Sanghasena), 'Become a lay devotee.' Another day he came and said to the teacher, 'Teacher, I have become a lay devotee.' 'Why so?' asked the teacher. He replied, 'Because I want to kill Brahmins whenever I may see them!'

44

वध्यमानप्रार्थनावत् ॥ p. 477.

Like the request by one about to be killed.

A man condemned to death was being taken to be killed. He was to be slain immediately, and yet he asked for a vehicle. Even so desires of worldly people never cease.

45, 46

(i) पेयपीतशयितवत् ॥

(ii) पेयौषधसन्देहवच्च ॥ p. 477.

(i) Like one fallen asleep after having drunk his fill.

(ii) And like doubt about medicine to be taken.

There are men who having suffered from disease or by separation from (dear ones) throw themselves down a precipice feeling no love for themselves. Had they completely given up their love for themselves after having convinced themselves that the world is full of sorrow, they could have come near the bliss of *nirvana*, like *one fallen asleep having drunk his fill, and like doubts about medicine to be taken*. A person drank different kinds of drinks, fell asleep and felt still more afflicted. Thus the more the foolish want to be happy the more they are aggrieved. Again, a person saying to himself, 'I shall take medicine' gets himself prepared for it, and then becomes doubtful as to whether this medicine or that is to be taken. Thus he does not get rid of his disease. In the same way foolish people, notwithstanding the pain, being suspicious about taking medicine in the form of detachment from the world, do not adopt any remedy for the pain. In consequence they are not free from disease or miseries, nor do they realize the highest bliss, *nirvana*.

47, 48

- (i) यक्षप्रेतप्रव्रजितधर्मपानीयप्रदानवत् ॥
 (ii) यक्षप्रत्यवस्थितदर्शनवच्च ॥ p. 478.

- (i) Like the Yaksa's offering of water and law to the monk and the ghost respectively.
 (ii) And like the act of seeing the Yaksa who stood opposed.

There were three brothers. One of them became a monk, the second a Yaksa with great supernatural powers, and the third a fire-mouthed ghost. The last two went to a monk who, with a view to making the Yaksa understand the cause of arrogance, showed him the evil consequences of wickedness. As regards the ghost, in order to make him know the cause of misery, he first mitigated his unbearable pain of burning by water and then explained to him the evil results of jealousy. In this way there are various ways of teaching the good law according to the various dispositions of the minds of the people.

A father requested a man of a different country to give his daughter in marriage to his son. Unfortunately the father died and the mother said to her son: 'Go and see the bride. There is a Yaksa named so and so ; he is a friend of your father ; ask him to help you. He did so. The Yaksa went across the sky taking him in an aerial car and he saw there a man coming towards them. He told the son, 'Go and frighten the man.' He did it and asked him (the Yaksa) why the man had to be frightened. He said, 'He is a monk. I cannot tolerate his power.' Now the Yaksa took him to the town, and having kept him in one corner of it, he himself entered it in order to search for the bride. Having seen the bride, the Yaksa felt passionate love for her and took her as his own wife. Meanwhile the son, thinking about what the Yaksa might be doing so long, went to make enquiries and saw that the girl was taken away by the Yaksa himself. He then informed him, 'Give up the girl, for she is your daughter-in-law.' Such is the teaching of the Good Law.

49

इभ्यकुलचौरासद्धर्मनिमन्त्रणवत् ॥ p. 478.

Like a thief's invitation for an evil act when he has entered the house of a wealthy man.

A thief often came to a monastery and was told by a monk : "Accept from us a present." He inquired : "What kind of present ?" The monk said : "Accept as a present moral precepts in the form of Law." The thief rejoined : "I cannot turn back from killing living beings, from taking what is not given, and from falsehood ; but I can desist from adultery." Turning away from it the thief entered the place of a king with a view to committing there a theft. He was invited there for an evil act which he did not like. He was, however, known to the king who honoured him by giving him a woman adorned with all kinds of ornaments.

In the same way it is taught with reference to spiritual meditations that their consequence, *nirvana*, is inevitable. For, if one owing to some cause or other does not realize it in this life one is sure to get it in the next one, without any effort.

50

आन्नभक्षणरोपणवत् ॥ p. 479.

Like the act of eating and of planting a mango.

The man who having eaten a mango plants its seed does not get the fruit immediately ; but he invariably gets the fruit at another time. So one who knows truth will realize *nirvana* in another life, if not in the present one.

51

चाण्डालीफाललेहनवत् ॥ p. 479

Like the licking of a shovel by a Candala waman.

As a Candala (चाण्डाल 'an outcaste') woman accused of theft does not dare to lick a shovel, in spite of her being innocent, owing to her fear that how she, who belongs to a Candala family and is therefore inferior, could lick the shovel before the lord. But if she does it, she is at once freed from the accusation. Similarly some foolish men, thinking themselves unfit, do not courageously attempt to attain Buddha-hood, but if they attempt it, according to the law, they must realize it.

52

चाणक्यसुवर्णपरित्यागवत् ॥ p. 479.

Like Canakya's (चाणक्य) giving up gold.¹

1. The Sanskrit is here mutilated and defective. The explanation is given with the help from the Tibetan version.

Canakya has learnt to prepare with a certain medicine one *māṣa* a particular weight) of gold. A *kākinī* (a weight equal to quarter of a *māṣa*) of gold was already made by him, and now he throws it away thinking, 'I am able to prepare even greater quantity of gold by that means.' In the same way a yogin follows the same path for the complete annihilation of his attachment and other passions by which is effected his momentary disappearance of attachment to body that perishes, though nourished with different enjoyments, just like an ungrateful one. He thinks he can do so following the same means.

53—56

- (i) दीपवत् ॥
- (ii) भृष्टतिलवत् ॥
- (iii) विहायसपख्वाजकवत् ॥
- (iv) वृक्षवच्च ॥

- (i) Like a lamp.
- (ii) Like fried sesamum.
- (iii) Like a sky wanderer.
- (iv) And like a tree.

As long as there are its causes, so long there is a lamp and not otherwise. Seeds of sesamum when fried do not grow again. A sky-wanderer goes through the sky when he mutters a spell upon a piece of realgar ; but if it is stolen he falls down. And when the roots of a tree are taken out it does not grow again. So when causes (i.e. strong adherence to things) are lost there is no *raison d'être* for sorrows, like strong desire, etc.

THE PLACE OF ART IN EDUCATION *

Nandalal Bose

OF the several means devised by man for adding to his knowledge and enjoyment, the most important is language, the vehicle of his literature, science and philosophy. But, as an instrument for receiving and transmitting messages of joy, language has its limitations, and so it has to be supplemented by the arts,—of figuration, music, and dance,—each of which has its own special methods. And, in order to cultivate the understanding and communication of the messages of the outer world through the senses and sensibility of man, it is necessary, for the completion of his education, for him to have a sufficient acquaintance with these different methods of expression. Just as one sense-organ cannot function as another, so also it is not possible for literature alone to do the work of pictures, music and dance. So that, if our ideal of education be a comprehensive one, it must include these latter in its programme, on the same footing in regard to pride of place as the other usual subjects of study.

The place so far given to the arts in our Indian universities is far from adequate. This is perhaps due, as it seems to me, to the idea that these are the monopoly of a special set of professionals, and that outsiders need not concern themselves therewith. There are otherwise highly educated persons who do not feel it derogatory to admit their inability to understand Art; as for the others, they can see no distinction between a photograph and a picture; the outrageous aniline dyes of German coloured stuffs do not revolt them; they gape at a baby doll of Japanese manufacture as the acme of oriental art, and have no qualms in discarding their own inexpensive and shapely earthenware vessels for makeshift tin utensils on the score of their serviceableness.

For this state of things the apathy of our educated men, as well as of our university authorities, is responsible. Though, on a superficial view, we may take pleasure in the apparent advance of our learning, the progressive decline of our aesthetic faculty is appalling to contemplate. The obvious remedy is to insist on the cultivation of the arts as a part of the education of our so-called cultured classes, for

* Translated from the original Bengali by Surendranath Tagore.

it is they who set the standard for the people in general. Loss of the sense of beauty not only cuts off a large source of emotional uplift and enjoyment, but leads to an impairment of mental and even physical health. It is indifference to ugliness that is responsible for the prevailing uncleanness of body and clothing, the accumulation of rubbish and dirt in courtyards, streets and conveyances, the indiscriminate spitting on floors and walls and fouling of public places,—bad example at the top resulting in the spread both of disease and disease-breeding habits throughout the community.

A section of our people look down upon aesthetics as a hobby of the luxurious rich, to be shunned by hard-headed practical men of affairs. They forget that beauty, not expensiveness, is the test of true art. The poor Santal villager keeps his mud cottage neatly plastered and clean, his tattered coverlet and the few earthen vessels he owns, tidily arranged, in marked contrast to the slovenly disorder that pervades the comparatively palatial hostels in which our students live, in whose rooms I have often seen the very picture frames used for hanging cast-off garments, their study tables littered with a medley of tea cups, mirrors and combs, and perhaps paper flowers stuck in a cocoa tin ; showing that while the Santal has a living sense of beauty as part and parcel of his daily life, the hearsay aesthetics imbibed by our candidates for high education are only for occasional erudite display. The same deficiency remains in evidence in their later life as householders ; on their walls hang the loudly coloured portraits of *beauteous mem-sahebs* supplied with calendars and other advertisements, side by side with good pictures where there are any ; in their apparel is displayed an open-breasted coat of European cut surmounting a *dhoti*, while their ladies think nothing of wearing high-heeled shoes of western fashion with their *sarees*. Everywhere, even where there is no question of money, there is betrayed the same lack of a sense of beauty, harmony and proportion.

Then again, another section ask : "Is Art going to fill our bellies ?" Here, again, they should remember that a dual purpose is, as a matter of fact, served by an artistic, as by a literary, training. On the one hand, proficiency in either adds to our joy and wisdom ; on the other, it enables us to earn our livelihood. The two divisions of art activity which perform these different functions are known as arts and crafts. The fine arts rescue us from the drabness of every-day life by lifting us into realms of joy, while the aesthetic sense gives to the objects of our every-day use the touch of beauty which not only makes them

pleasurable, but adds to their commercial value. In fact, our present day poverty may largely be ascribed to the deterioration of our craftsmanship. In any case, there can be no question that the omission of art from culture leads to economic loss.

Lastly, the national importance of art culture cannot be ignored with impunity either. Apart from individual losses due to the ugliness that has crept into our lives, our eyes untrained to beauty are no longer able to appreciate the true worth of the superb works of art,—pictures, sculptures, architecture,—left to us by our aesthetically endowed forefathers, and we thus fail to be borne up by a real, first-hand feeling for our national glories ; in fact experts from foreign lands have to come and explain their beauties to us ! To our shame it must be added that the same is also the case with our modern works of art which so often have to await appraisal abroad before they receive our own recognition.

Now let us think of the means to be adopted.

The stimulation of the aesthetic faculty requires at the outset a reverential approach to, and constant touch maintained with, Beauty, wherever found, in Nature or in Art ; and a deeper understanding of Beauty can be acquired by intimate intercourse and interchange of experiences with those whose aesthetic sense is more highly developed. In regard to these matters, the Universities can help by reserving a place for an Artist in the teaching staff of every affiliated school, and by including in their examinations tests for artistic proficiency. It is not to be supposed that such inclusion of art in the university curriculum will lead to the creation of so many artists, any more than the inclusion of poetry has resulted in the creation of poets. Nevertheless the Universities will have ample reason for satisfaction in the indirect results ; as for example, in the intimacy with Nature and the power of observation gained by the pursuit of pictorial art, which cannot but have their reactions in the fields of literature, science and philosophy as well.

As for the teaching institutions themselves, let us consider in some detail what they can and should do.

Firstly, schoolrooms, reading rooms, and hostels under the control of the school and college authorities should be adorned with good pictures, sculptures and other objects of art, or where such are not available, with good photographs thereof.

Secondly, good art books written in easy language, profusely illustrated, and with historical and critical notes, should be furnished

to the pupils ; and here the universities could help further by offering inducements to get such books written and published.

Thirdly, lantern lectures should be arranged showing properly selected specimens of art, with explanations of their features and merits.

Fourthly, periodical excursions to the nearest museums, picture galleries, and architectural relics should be provided. If in the interest of sport the travelling expenses of teams of players can be paid, why not the expenses of such excursions ? A first-hand acquaintance with art objects is worth ever so many lectures on art. Constant touch with things of beauty needs must gradually give rise to critical discrimination, and awaken and stimulate the aesthetic sense.

Fifthly, seasonal festivals should be held in order to bring about an intimacy of the pupils with nature. In this connection exhibitions of flowers and fruits peculiar to the season should be organised, as far as possible by the pupils themselves, and art productions as well as literary selections, specially referring to the same, should be brought to their notice.

Sixthly, the pupils should be taught to enjoy the seasonal festivals which Nature herself provides,—in the ripening cornfields and blossoming lotus ponds of Autumn, the flaming *palash* and *simul* woods of spring,—more especially in the case of town institutions, by arranging holiday picnics to suitable spots, appropriately clad, with an accompaniment of suitable games and merry-making. Once a love for Nature is implanted in the mind, the source of aesthetic joy can never dry up, for it is Nature that, age after age, has kept man supplied with artistic material.

Seventhly, there should be an annual function concerned with creative art to which the pupils should be made to contribute each his or her own creation, however trivial it may be. Such contributions of original work should be kept on exhibition, while processions with music and dance are added to the function so as to make it an event of general rejoicing. The time of the year chosen for such festival will naturally vary with local conditions. For Bengal, autumn would seem to be the most suitable season.

So far as I know, only our Rabindranath has given a fitting place to such all-round cultivation of art in his scheme of education. In this endeavour he has met and is meeting with repeated obstructions. It is because of the neglect of our Universities of this vital side of education, that our parents and guardians look on it askance, as an

unnecessary expenditure of time and energy. Even the very pupils who in their younger days showed a remarkable aptitude and inclination for Art, seem to be overtaken with a suspicion of its uselessness as they approach the time for their matriculation, whereupon their interest in it begins to wane, if not die out altogether. All the more reason why I say that it is high time for our university authorities to bestir themselves in the cause of Art, and thus give a lead to the country.

Coming lastly to our illustrated papers and magazines, I will say nothing more about the very inadequate pictures they sometimes publish than this, that if they cannot get new pictures done by artists of sufficient merit, it is better that they should be content with the reproduction of really good old pictures ; if necessary, taking the advice for this purpose of those who have a true understanding of Art. They should bear in mind that it is not a matter of favouring a contributor or pleasing a friend, but that a great responsibility lies on them in the matter of a proper guidance of the public in regard to art appreciation.

There can be no doubt, I may sum up in conclusion, that on the educated community and the University getting rid of their own apathy towards Art depends the reawakening of the sense of Beauty and the growth of the critical faculty of our countrymen at large.



GOODBYE

'GOODBYE' you said, and turned as if to go ;
Yet I, all knowing, could not understand.
My heart chilled, for 'goodbye' seemed to echo
In the angry hiss of the stinging sand,
Through the storm-racked waste of the seething sky,
And in the frantic fanfare of the seas.
'Goodbye' flung the fierce waves, as they foamed by
The knife-sharp teeth in the rocks ; and in the trees,
And frenzied sobbing winds, I heard again
'Goodbye' . . . With the whole mad world assenting,
Hope held his little frozen hands in vain,
To plead love wasn't dead, but only sleeping.

H. Colville-Stewart

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY *

Rabindranath Tagore

THE advice of our sages of old was to build up the character by leading a life of ascetic discipline during the period of studentship. This, many now-a-days object, is a counsel of hardship fit for producing only a narrowly efficient man ; or, at best, such suppression of the natural affections may result in a saintly man ;—but what about literature and the arts ? In order to have a complete man, the cultivation of his emotions, of his sense of beauty, cannot be neglected.

Quite true. Beauty cannot be ignored. Not self-suppression, but self-development must be the aim of any system of culture. But, as a matter of fact, ascetic discipline during the period of character-building does not imply the cultivation of callousness only. The peasant does not till his field to make a desert of it. When, with his plough he pierces the vitals of the earth, harrows down the clod, and rakes out the weeds, emptying the ground of all content, it may appear, at first sight, a process of devastation. But that is the way to make the field fruitful. Similarly, the proper cultivation of the emotions for ensuring the fullest understanding of Beauty requires at the outset a severe preparation.

During the process of their cultivation, the emotions of man are apt to lead him astray, whence the need of disciplined endeavour for the disciple who would attain the goal, and overcome all obstacles ; it is for gaining eventual fullness of life that he must go through initial privation. But man's evil destiny makes the means tend to overshadow the end. He would learn to sing, but merely acquires vocal skill ; he would be wealthy, but his miserly hoard only makes him an object of commiseration ; he would serve his country, but gets used to remaining content with the passing of resolutions. Similarly we observe that injunctions and prohibitions come to usurp the whole of the disciple's attention, causing him to believe discipline itself to be the *summum bonum*, and so hanker after it for its own sake. And such avidity becomes, like anger, greed, and the other passions, one of the chief enemies in the way of man's progress towards humanity.

* Translated by Surendranath Tagore from the original Bengali (*Sahitya*—1907).

This is but a sign of the inertia in man's nature. Once he starts gathering he goes on and on. We hear of men in the West who have a mania for collecting stamps of the different countries with the post-mark on them, spending any amount of money and toil in this pursuit. A like mania impels some to gather chinaware, others to go hunting after old shoes. The one thing they cannot do is to stop. It would almost seem that the glory of such performances is to be measured by the amount of time, trouble and money wasted.

In the same way the votaries of discipline get into the habit of estimating their gains by the amount of suffering endured. If a beginning is made by sleeping on a hard bed, that is followed up by laying a blanket on the bare floor, and then by dispensing with it altogether. Such progressive privation ends in self-immolation. This is nothing but allowing the pursuit of *freedom from desire* to become itself an overwhelming desire, like strangling oneself by trying forcibly to tear away the noose round one's neck. No doubt, by thus cultivating discipline for its own sake, by piling austerity on austerity, all sense of beauty can be effectually tortured out of one's system. But, by undergoing a properly adapted course of discipline, with the aim of arriving at fullness of development kept steadily in view, no human faculty need be hurt, but each one, rather, will be nourished and strengthened in the process.

In other words, the foundation which has to uphold must be firm. That which is to give and maintain the shape of the variegated superstructure, must itself be simple and unyielding. The human body is soft and pliable, but without its rigid frame of bones it would have been a mere lump of flesh. So, likewise, must the foundation of wisdom, of joy, be severely hard, else wisdom would end in fanciful dreams, and joy in senseless intoxication. This foundation is discipline, which includes discriminate approval and pitiless rejection ; like the gods it bears boons in one hand, and in the other a thunderbolt ; it must be as firm in building up as in breaking down, whichever may be necessary. Discipline is essential if Beauty is to be enjoyed to the uttermost, otherwise, like a child left to itself with a platter of food, who scatters about, and smears its body with, the most of it, getting but little into its stomach, we wastefully wallow in most of the things of beauty presented to us, hardly gaining anything of real joy therefrom.

Coming to the creation of Beauty, that also is beyond the competence of undisciplined imagination. One cannot light one's room by setting it on fire, but only by bringing the flame under proper

control. The same is the case with our desires. If allowed to flare up uncontrolled, they would burn to ashes the beauty to which it should be their function to give colour and radiance. On the other hand, it is also true that whenever our desires sit down to a feast, Nature contributes thereto her decorations of beauty. The fruit not only satisfies our hunger, but delights our senses with form and colour, fragrance and taste. In spite of the fact that our need for nourishment would have impelled us to eat it even without any of these accompaniments, we are nevertheless treated to this feast of beauty, over and above our bare requirements.

To what end is this superfluous gift of Beauty shaping us? Its purpose seems to be to prevent our animal appetites from ruling us as sole masters, to loosen the noose they would cast round our mind. The Demon of Hunger roars out its behest : *eat you must, you have no choice but to obey*. Whereupon the Goddess of Beauty, with her gracious smile that rejoices our hearts and hides from our sight the frown of the Demon, relegates to the basement the hunger of the body, and spreads on the upper floor her decorated feast of joy. Necessity, which humiliates man, is repaired by beauty that is beyond necessity.

It is because of the higher tone that beauty gives to the satisfaction of our appetites that the creature who was once an unmitigated animal, knowing no law beyond the urge of his senses, has now become human, acknowledging the claims of love. Now, even when we are hungry, we cannot gorge ourselves anyhow like an ogre or an animal, but lose our appetite if the food be not decently served ; that is to say, hunger alone no longer sways us, but beauty must be there to temper it. We caution our children not to eat like gluttons for that is ugly to look at. Thus has beauty brought discipline into our lives ; and, over and above mere satisfaction, it has given us joy. In necessity is our poverty, it makes of us slaves : the joy of beauty comes to liberate us.

So we arrive at this, that ultimately beauty makes for discipline. It gives man to drink of the nectar that strengthens him to withstand the onslaught of his rude appetites. He who feels restive when asked to control his passions because they are *bad*, cheerfully does so when he finds they are *ugly*. And as Beauty thus softly leads us towards discipline, so does discipline, in turn, make us more deeply conscious of Beauty. We cannot taste of the honey at its core unless we poise ourselves into stillness before it. It is the chaste and devoted, not the light and flighty woman who achieves true love.

Chastity is the calmness of steadfast devotion that enables us to penetrate to the mystic depths of Beauty. If our quest be not chaste, we do no more than keep flitting about it, mistaking intoxication for joy, and so fail to attain that tranquillity of satisfaction that follows the gain of the real.

Let me remind you of the ancient story of Utanka, the hermit's son, who wanted to have a sight of the Queen. On coming to ask the King's permission, he was told he would find her in the inner apartments, but when he went there, he could not see her, because he was then unclean. The Queen of Beauty, who dwells in the secret chamber of all that is glorious in the universe, is ever before us, but she is invisible if our hearts and mind be not clean. When we are distracted with dissipation, turbulent with intoxication, the radiantly robed Queen of Beauty vanishes from our sight.

I am not saying this as a moral lecture from the standpoint of Ethics but speak from that of Aesthetics, of Art. In our scriptures we are likewise told that not only for the sake of the Good, but in the pursuit of happiness also, must we be continent. That is to say, if you want the fulfilment of your desires, you must keep them in check ; if you would enjoy beauty do not let loose your passions ; be tranquil ; be chaste ; else you will confuse the objects of your desire with real beauty ; you will vainly try to possess by grabbing and pawing with your hands that which belongs to the realm of the spirit.

People of the kind that are not so easily taken in, will rise in protest, complaining that all this is undiluted poetry. Has it not been seen, they will ask, that skilled artists, the successful creators of beauty, have not usually led lives reputed for their continence ? Their biographies, rather, are often unfit to be read. So let us stop poetising, and confine our discussion to the facts. To which let me ask in reply, are we to pin our faith upon so-called facts alone ? Most "of what may be called facts about men are never obviously before us. We think we see the whole when only a small part is presented to our gaze. That is why, in discussions about men, we feel lightly let off indeed if what one calls white, another only calls grey, for the chances are he will call it black ! Napoleon is a demi-god to some, to others a demon. Some claim that the caste system has saved Hindu society, others assert that it is proving ruinous. And yet both sides refer to facts.

There is no denying that we come up against opposites at every

turn in the concerns of men. What, however, appear as contradictions on a superficial view, are sure to have their reconciliation somewhere in the depths. So that it cannot be said that truth is to be found visibly floating on the surface of things ; it must be sought where it lies immersed out of our sight ; whence arise all these differences and quarrels, in which both sides rely on the same historical documents. Thus you see, that in discussing the apparent inconsistency in the lives of some great artists, my plea cannot be summarily put out of court on the ground of facts.

It is manifestly absurd to say that the power of creating beauty arises out of weakness or instability of character, out of indiscipline. Even if the testimony of one set of facts favours this view, we shall simply conclude that other necessary facts are not before us, that, in fact, the principal witness is absconding ! If a band of robbers happens to be flourishing, that does not lead to the conclusion that robbery is a means to prosperity. On the contrary, we hardly find it necessary to labour the point that such success as they are temporarily achieving is due to the honour they maintain amongst themselves, and that their eventual downfall will be brought about by their failure to respect the rights of others. We often find the same person calculating in his business, but spendthrift in his dissipations. This does not mean that those who have unbridled passions become successful business men. It is enough to say that in the making of money he is more careful than the ordinary run of men, but that in his private life his business instincts are overpowered by his still greater passion for dubious pleasures.

Where the person, whose pursuit is art, is really an artist, there he is ascetic. There laxity will not do. There mind and heart needs must be disciplined. It is, however, given to but few to be strong enough to discipline themselves all round. Some parts of their characters, therefore, remain in a state of laxity. That is because man is on the way from a lower to a higher level, but has not yet reached the top. My point is, that whatever of permanent value we achieve in our lives, is due to the strength given us by the binding force of discipline, what we call *Dharma*, and not to any departure therefrom. In creating immortal works of Art, artists have proved that their character has its strength ; if they have spoilt their own lives by dissipation they have but shown where lies its weakness ; there passion, the enemy, has brought them nothing but tribulation by driving them to disloyalty against their own ideal of beauty.

Then, my opponent will claim, we see that the sense of beauty and lack of discipline can co-exist in one and the same person, the wolf and the sheep drinking at the same spring. Yes, the cub and the lamb may gambol together, but no longer when they are full-grown. It is only so long as the sense of beauty is not fully developed, that these aberrations are possible. When it fills the whole being, then indiscipline cannot survive along with it, for the two are mutually exclusive. Let me explain why.

We are told that the sage, Viswamitrā, in a fit of rebelliousness made a rival world in opposition to that of the Creator. That was a creation of his anger, of his pride and so it proved to be incompatible with the rest of the universe, remaining isolated in conflict therewith, and eventually destroying itself after causing and suffering sorrows innumerable. Our unchecked passions thus try to create a world of their own, out of tune with its surroundings. Our anger, our greed, bring about distortions that make the small appear big, the big small ; transient things take on the guise of permanence, the eternal remains invisible. That which we lust after is so magnified that it obscures for us all greater truths. And thus do such creations of our passions come into conflict with those of Providence.

Consider the river. Each wavelet separately raises its head, but all of them move on singing to the self-same sea, none obstructing the others. But when an eddy is set up, it becomes a whirl which stays where it is, madly careering round and round, impeding progress and dragging everything downwards, its contrariness preventing it from keeping still, as well as from moving forward. That is what happens when any of our desires get out of hand. They keep us tied to a point, unable to follow the concourse of the universe. Our being, wandering round and round this centre, empties its all, and seeks to draw others too, into the abyss.

Some profess to see a kind of beauty in such frenzied dance. It sometimes seems to me that the literature of Europe takes a special delight in picturing this kind of mad revel, without aim, without end, devoid of peace. But we cannot look on this as the perfection of culture ; it appears to us as a deviation from human excellence. What may have charm when viewed within a narrow frame, discloses its lack of beauty when seen against a larger background. The libertine, oblivious of the world around him, deems the scene of his drunken carousal with his boon companions to be the seventh heaven ; but to the sober spectator who views it amidst the world at large, the

spectacle is disgusting. When the fire of any raging passion casts an unnatural glare all around, its ugliness is easily detected on a comparative view with what is outside it. Only one who has not the power to take such a view, of part against whole, of small against big, is liable to mistake intoxication for joy, distortion for beauty. That is why, for the complete understanding of beauty, it is necessary to cultivate tranquillity, a state that is impossible for a distracted, undisciplined mind to attain.

Let us now see what the full understanding of Beauty implies. What the uncultured admire as beautiful, the cultured man may reject as ugly. The reason is that the cultured mind is not restricted within the limitations of the untutored mind,—it is larger within and without, in space as well as in time, and its content is much more varied. That is why there can be no measure for appraisal common to both.

An ignoramus about art will be delighted with a canvas displaying a plump, highly-coloured figure. He has no mental background against which to view a picture ; he has no higher criterion than sensual appeal to judge it by ; he surrenders to the first thing that arrests his attention. The understanding man is not so overcome by external features. He looks for a harmonious whole, taking the principal with the subsidiary, the centre with the sides, the foreground with the background. What he wants to see is not a matter for the eye alone, but requires penetration by the mind ; whence the deeper satisfaction that he, in turn, receives. For the same reason, many artists do not indulge in wealth of detail, their classic dignity admits of no finery, in consequence of which there is a severity about their creations, which the ordinary man will pass over for their bareness, but the austerity of which will add to the pleasure of the connoisseur.

So we come to this, that the eye-sight must be supplemented by the insight of the mind, in order to see Beauty in its greatness. The attaining of this insight demands special culture.

The mind, again, has many levels. The field of vision, open to our intellect alone, is extended as it is carried deeper by our emotions. It is further enlarged by our moral discrimination, and becomes infinite to our spiritual vision. The human face attracts us more than the prettiness of the flower, because in the former there is not only form and colour, but the light of consciousness, the play of intelligence, the charm of emotional expression ; so that it appeals alike to our senses, our mind and our heart, and thus occupies

a vast field not easily to be exhausted. And those who are saints among men, who come to us as embodiments of the goodness of God, they attract our whole being so powerfully, that we ourselves can assign no limit to their influence. The son of the king who left his kingdom in order to find surcease for the sorrows of humanity,—the radiance of his beauty has drawn forth from the hearts of men poems and songs, pictures and sculptures ; numberless creations of beauty, in unending profusion.

There you are again, the careful people will exclaim, making use of beauty as a moral text ! Why insist on mixing up the two ? What is good is good, what is beautiful is beautiful ; the one attracts us in one way, the other in a different way ; and the difference of their appeal has caused them to be given different names. That which is good pleases us because it conduces to our welfare ; but why beauty pleases us is more than we can fathom.

What I have to remark is, that it does not amount to the whole truth to say that the Good pleases us because of what it does for us. That which is really good is both useful and beautiful, that is to say, it has a mysterious attraction for us over and above that of such purposes of ours as it may serve. The moralist declares its value from the ethical standpoint, the poet seeks to make manifest its unutterable beauty.

The Good, I repeat, is beautiful to us, not merely because of any purpose it may serve. Bread is useful, clothes are useful, and so are shoes and umbrellas ; nevertheless these do not thrill us with their beauty. But the fact that Lakshmana insisted on accompanying his brother Rama in his exile, makes our heart-strings vibrate in music. It becomes a theme fit to be sung into permanence with beautiful words set to a beautiful tune. I am not saying this because it is good for society that the younger should devotedly serve his elder brother, but because devotion is a beautiful thing. Why beautiful ? Because what is good is in deep harmony with all creation, and consequently finds a response in the hearts of all men. Whenever we find the Good and the True in harmony, their beauty reveals itself to us. Pity is beautiful, forgiveness is beautiful, love is beautiful ; like the full moon, like the full-blown lotus, they are not in conflict within themselves nor with the rest of the world. They help in the progress of the universe, the universe is of help to them. Lakshmi, our Goddess of Wealth, represents not only beauty and power, but also goodness. Beauty is the picture of the Good ; Goodness is the reality behind Beauty.

Let us now discuss the points of resemblance between Goodness and Beauty.

We have seen that Beauty overcomes necessity, wherefore we regard it as power, a power that liberates us into love out of the penury of self-seeking. We find that same power in Goodness. Wherever we come across a brave man giving up all self-interest, even life, for the Right, we catch sight of a wonderful manifestation that is more to us than our individual joys and sorrows, greater than our self-interest, grander than our very life. The vision we get is of the power by virtue of which Goodness counts not sorrow nor privation as loss ; nor does any injury to self-interest injure it. So like Beauty, Goodness also impels us towards voluntary self-denial.

Beauty displays God's majesty in the midst of His creation ; Goodness does the same in the lives of men. Goodness not only shows beauty as a thing to be seen by the eye, to be understood by the mind, but brings it home in a larger, a deeper connection ; it makes of an attribute of God an attribute of man. It is because of its intimate nearness to our humanity that we do not always see goodness as beauty. When we do realise it as such, our whole being overflows like a river in flood. Then we know that nothing in the world can be more beautiful.

We have a shastric saying that clemency is an ornament of the strong. But not everyone has the vision to see in mildness the manifestation of strength in its beauty ; the average person is more impressed by its depredations, for then does its might extort his respect. Modesty, again, is said to be the ornament of woman. But who is it that can see the beauty of modesty as superior to that of woman's external embellishments ?—only he whose view of beauty is not narrow. For realising the vast calmness of the whole expanse comprehending what appear as waves in immediate vicinity, it is necessary to get a broader view from a higher standpoint. In order to achieve such largeness of vision, culture conducing to intimacy of understanding and tranquillity of inward poise is essential.

Our ancient poets had no qualms in appreciatively dwelling on the beauties of a pregnant woman,—a subject that would make a European poet shrink with a sense of false shame. True, the radiance of pregnancy offers but little of a feast for the eye ; yet the figure of a woman on the eve of the fulfilment of her womanhood is invested with a glorious expectancy. Whatever deficiency there may be in regard to features ordinarily accounted as making for beauty, is more

than made up by the less obvious charm revealed to the discernment of the reverential mind.

When the clouds of Autumn have exhausted their showers and wander aimlessly in fleecy lightness, the riot of colour lavished on them by the setting sun dazzles the eye. But when, on the break of the rainy season, the new-formed clouds, tense with their impending gifts, like the bursting udders of a great black cow with calf, disdain to show in their bellying masses of dark moisture the least play of flickering colour, their beauty none the less satisfies our mind so completely that no corner of it remains unfilled ; for, over their grateful shade is spread the promise of relief for the stifling world below, revival of the thirsting soil of the cornfields, replenishment of the attenuated streams and dried up pools. They hang motionless over the earth with the entrancing grandeur of bounteous fulfilment.

Wherever beauty thus achieves completion, it discards all profusion of external display. The flower sheds its superfluity of colour and scent to attain the richer sweetness of the fruit. In fruition Goodness and Beauty become one. And whoever has once been privileged to witness their union, can never again confound Beauty with the satisfaction of sensual desires. His life will become simple, not owing to the loss of, but by virtue of the perfection attained by, his sense of Beauty.

Where was Asoka's pleasure garden ?—we find no trace of it amidst the ruins of his palace. But the pillars and stupas, of no mean architectural merit, erected by him near the Bodhi tree at Budh Gaya, are still standing. On the ever-memorable sacred spot where Lord Buddha came by the realisation of the way to the cessation of human suffering,—just there the Emperor Asoka raised aloft his offerings of beauty. In this India of ours we thus find in many a mountain fastness, on many a lonely sea-shore, temples and other works of art expressive of religious emotion, but seldom any relic of a scene of royal revelry. Why is it that no abiding tribute was offered by our kings of old to what gave pleasure to themselves during their lifetime, but that they raised such deathless memorials in out of the way places, away from towns and capitals ? The reason is, that in these secluded retreats they were moved to pay their homage of wondering adoration to something beyond themselves. Man's own creations of beauty stretch forth their arms in worship to that which is still more beautiful ; what is great in man prostrates itself before that which is still greater. The soundless language of his art proclaims: Look, oh look at Him who is



SANGHAMITRĀ (Asoka's daughter)

Nandalal Bose

The original is on silk—length 6 ft.

Beautiful, who is Great ! It has never tried to say: Behold how beautiful are the objects that gave me pleasure.

In the union of the Good and the Beautiful, of Vishnu with Lakshmi, is true perfection. This is the underlying idea in all civilisations. The day will certainly come when Beauty will no longer be monopolised by selfishness, scarred by envy, exhausted by greed. Beauty can never be realised in its purity, unless viewed apart from our sensual desires. What we gain by such uncultured glimpses of it does not give us full satisfaction, but merely increases our thirst ; it does not serve to nourish us, but like indulgence in intoxicants, it destroys our healthy appetite. It is for this reason that puritan moralists warn us to beware of the lure of Beauty ; in dread of the risks of its incomplete worship, thy consider it safer to abjure it altogether. But the proper counsel is to cultivate, from the outset, that self-restraint which will enable it to be pursued and won without danger. That was the reason why discipline was enjoined by our sages of old,—never for depriving life of its joy.

Let us now come back to and finish with the question of whither this quest for Beauty leads us ; for what purpose the sense of beauty has been vouchsafed to us ?

When beauty is apprehended only by our sense organs, a sharp distinction stands out between what does and what does not appear beautiful. When our mind joins in, this distinction ceases to be so immediate, for what attracts the mind may not appear pleasing to the eye at first sight ; where some relation or harmony between the beginning and the end, the prominent and the implicit, the part and the whole, is the source of our pleasure, we are not overpowered by mere external appearance. Further, when our moral sense adds its contribution, the opposition between beauty and ugliness fades away to our enlarged perception. Then goodness appears not merely as pleasurable but as beautiful. When Shiva, in disguise, sought to test Uma's love for himself by pointing to the lack of attractions of age, of features and social qualities in her betrothed, Uma replied : My heart steadfastly reposes in Him who is my ideal. For, in the realm of the ideal, joy does not depend on physical ingredients, and the rigid line separating the beautiful from the non-beautiful is obliterated.

What about the distinction between good and bad ? While these opposites still remain we can arrive at no finality, for the true goal can be but one, not two. So long as the river current flows on, it has need of its banks, but no longer when it has reached its journey's end in

the boundless sea. The current involves the opposites ; its cessation their reconciliation. Wood has to be rubbed on wood to kindle a fire, but no further rubbing is necessary when the fire flames up. When our sense of beauty, sparkling out at each conflict of good and bad, pleasurable and painful, finally bursts into flame, all separateness of parts and their friction is set at rest. What happens then ? Then Truth and Beauty become one. Then we perceive that in the realisation of Truth is Joy, that therein is supreme Beauty.

In this world of fleeting forms where do we find any taste of Truth ? Wherever our mind can find its repose. The people in the street come and go, they are but shadows to us, our realisation of them is feeble, so that they give us but little of joy. But we intimately feel the truth of a friend, who gives repose to our mind, and to the extent he is true for us he gives us joy. The foreign country which to us is but a geographical name, is so true to those who belong to it that for it they are willing to lay down their lives. So we see that wherever there is a realisation of truth there is joy. Where joy is absent, there the truth may be known, but not felt, not obtained as one's own. Understood in this way, the realisation of Truth and the realisation of Beauty are found to be one and the same.

Towards such realisation of Truth all our literature, all our arts are consciously or unconsciously tending. Truth, and nothing but Truth, is what they have been trying to make more and more manifest. That which we were unable to perceive, and which therefore was untrue for us, the poet brings before our vision and thereby enlarges for us the field of truth and joy. Things that escaped our attention as seemingly petty, are being day by day discovered in their truth by literature and art, by whose hall-mark of beauty they are converted from stranger to friend. Things that were only objects for the senses become attractions for the mind. The modern poet has said : Truth is beauty, beauty truth. The Upanishads tell us that all appearances, from the speck of dust at our feet to the stars in the heavens, are manifestations of His immortal joy.

It is the purpose of literature and art to realise and communicate this essential joy and immortality of Truth. The wonder and joy of man's discovery of Truth is recorded in words, forms, colours and sounds by the impulse of his emotions. It is a revelation followed by man's own creation. Thus were the pyramids placed as admiration signs on the vast expanse of the desert ; or, when an island harbour was found to be specially pleasing, an overhanging cliff was carved

into the Elephanta caves of Bombay; and immense stones were carried from long inland distances to the lonely East-facing sea-beach for raising the Konarak temple in permanent salutation to the sun rising out of the sea. In the same way, literary works arise out of and give rise to the different epochs.

Thus along the banks of the fleeting world, wherever man's mind has once found rest, it has put up sign posts of beauty; indicating landing places whereon it may dwell and whence it is invited to gaze on the face of Truth. These records of man's literature, art, history, and other creations, are ever growing more and more voluminous. We can hardly imagine to-day how narrow our world would have been for us, but for these sign posts, marking on either side the discoveries of truth, discoveries that have converted the objective world of our senses into a world subject to our heart.

That the universe is a series of causes and effects, of events connected in space and time, other branches of knowledge are there to teach us. Literature and Art bring home to us more and more what the Rishi of the Upanishad has declared, that we also live, move and have our being in the immortal joy which is Truth in its beauty.

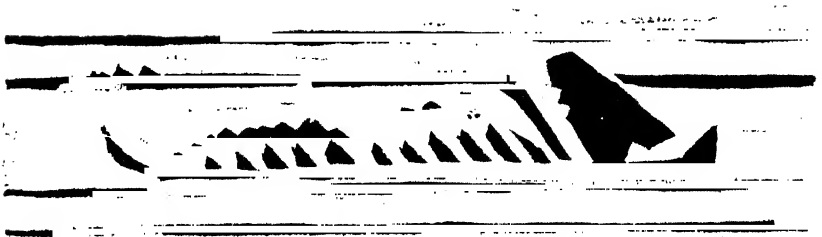


OLD HARBOURS

THEY pass you by, full-breasted, slow they sail
Those splendid ships you once hailed as your own ;
Forsaken now, on your unlistening shore
Only the sullen waters groan.

Far on your battered ramparts Evening brings
Brave tales of yon trembling upon her lips,
While to your time-forgotten harbours steal
Bewildered ghosts of ancient ships.

E. Helen d'Alvis



A BEGGAR'S DREAM !

AND what is Art but a beggar's dream
To catch the splendour of the gleam
That trembles on the tipsy stream,
Demented by the broken light
Of a far off indifferent moon—
That works the supersensuous swoon !

And what provokes the lover's plight ?
Is it the blaze of the brazen noon
That works the supersensuous swoon
Of love betrayed by the self-same gleam
Troubling the self-same beggar's dream
And dancing on the drunken stream ?

K. K.

REVIEWS

The Briton In India

By Prof. T. J. George—Published by the Associated
Printers, Madras.

THE book is a study in racial relations, and is, as such, a pioneer effort. The author rightly claims that it is "the first systematic attempt that has been made by any writer, Indian or English, on the problem of racial relations."

The object of the book is "to draw the immediate attention of the English people to the unfair and irritating nature of the racial situation at present and to appeal to them to revise their views and opinions on the whole problem, in the light of the profound political and other changes that are taking place around them."

With this object, we candidly confess, we are in no sympathy. A sentimental appeal to the Briton to look upon the Indian as a brother is worse than useless. We would even go so far as to say that we consider such an appeal to be degrading. Tagore's beautiful line :
পরের পায়ে ধরে মান ভিক্ষা করা সকল ভিক্ষার ছার। "To beg for honour is the worst of dishonours" holds good for all time. It is an incontrovertible fact that the Britisher is in India by right of conquest, and not on sufferance. It is not easy for him to forget this fact, surrounded as he is by invertebrates. He will of himself change his racial outlook, when it suits his book to do so. A display of inferiority complex on the Indian's part is not, we are afraid, likely to hasten the progress.

After all it is a truism that one always gets the treatment that one deserves. When Vasco da Gama knelt before the Zamorin of Calicut, or when Sir Thomas Roe bowed before the imperial throne of Jehangir, the foreigner never thought it either expedient or safe to display any arrogance towards the children of the soil. No doubt a few decades later Tavernier wrote contemptuously that a single French brigade under Condé or Turenne could smash up the whole army of the Great Moghul; but that was obviously no more than an unmeaning piece of Gallic bombast. For, the astute jeweller was subservient enough to the Moghul as long as he resided in India. In fact, all European adventurers, great and small, had a wholesome regard for constituted authority, until Paradis, a French commander in the South broke the spell on the field of St. Thomé. With a

small body of sepoys equipped in the European fashion and drilled by European officers he put to flight a huge native army as brave as any to be found in India in those days. Then set in a period of land grabbing. The Briton, the Frenchman and the Hollander rushed into the struggle for acquisition of territory ; adventurers who had come out to India as peaceful quill-drivers in trading companies developed into gallant and swaggering swashbucklers. The Portuguese had set up as rulers in Goa long before this, but their power was now on the wane, and they were no longer looked upon as serious rivals by these latter day adventurers.

The Portuguese in India had always attached far greater importance to the spread of Christianity than to the acquisition of either wealth or of territory. They mixed freely with the people of this country and inter-married with Indian Christians without any compunctions whatsoever. We get a very good idea of their dealings with different classes of Indians from Du Barrie's *Histoire des Indes Orientales* written about the commencement of the seventeenth century. There can be little doubt that the European in India did not develop racial arrogance till a much later period.

It is interesting to trace the growth of this complex. Certain events occurred in the middle of the eighteenth century which had an important bearing on this growth. The year 1757 saw the Briton established in Bengal : Plassey was fought and won by Clive during that year. As a military achievement, the battle was insignificant. But from the political point of view its effects were very far reaching indeed. It provided the British Company with definite status, and a safe base of operations. When at Panipat in 1761 the Pathan dealt a wellnigh fatal blow to the Marathas, the Briton was in a position to take full advantage of the situation. Within ten years of Plassey he was able to crush completely his two Europeans rivals—the French at Wandewash and the Dutch at Bidura.

It is for the historian to judge whether the ultimate success of the British in India was a case of survival of the fittest, or whether the British had more luck than their rivals. Clive and his colleagues were selfish and dishonest to the core, though it must be admitted that their standard of honesty was no lower than the general standard in Hanoverian England. It is worthy of note that the same Britisher who was so eminently successful in India made a complete mess of things in America. How was this ? The historian Malleon in his book, *Our decisive battles in India*, has shown how fortune favoured his

countrymen throughout in this country, how their intrigues prior to every decisive battle were invariably successful and how even the good qualities of the Indian races helped them forward. Be that as it may. But since India was destined by Providence to go under foreign rule, she could choose no better master than the Briton—none that we know of from the ancient Roman to the present day Jap. He may be insular, he may be pigheaded, he may be lacking in imagination, but there is no gainsaying the fact that in the main he is a gentleman.

To pick up the thread of our narrative, we do not find even in Warren Hastings' time any pronounced signs of racial arrogance. Hastings himself had far reaching ambitions for his people, but he was a man of letters, cultured and refined, and he did not look upon the native of India as an inferior being. It is easy enough to cite numerous instances to prove this. I shall be satisfied with only two or three. One of the best friends that this Proconsul had in India was the Maratha Bramhin Beneram of Gwalior. He himself described this Pandit in a letter to his wife, "as one whom you know I reckon among my first friends." A second instance is the high regard in which Hastings held the great Mahratha ruler Mahadji. When Ahmed Shah Abdali was ill-treating and torturing the Emperor at Delhi the Shahajada came to Hastings asking for succour and redress. The reply that the Governor-General gave to him was: "Go to Mahadji Sindhia, he is the one man in India who can save your father." Hastings used to smoke the *hooka* by choice. He used to confer for hours with Pandits and Maulvis; when he went out in the street he surrounded himself with a gorgeous Oriental equipage. He was a Nabob in the true sense of the word without any meanness or narrowness. His employment of Indians in some of the highest jobs was a clear index of the absence of any racial complex.

We have mentioned before how Paradis demonstrated the efficiency of a disciplined and drilled Sepoy force. The lesson of St. Thomé was learnt not only by the European powers but by every ruler of note in India. We find in the latter half of the 18th century, that every native state possessed at least some regiments trained up to the European standard of efficiency by European officers. And such officers were not wanting. After Wandewash French adventurers flocked to native courts burning with a desire to get even somehow with the Britisher who had supplanted them. The notable names are Lally and Bussy at Hyderabad, De Boigne and Perron at Gwalior, Merkara at Monghyr and, later on, Avitabile and Court at Lahore.

The presence of these European adventurers in native courts tended if anything to prevent the growth of racial estrangement. Up to the end of the 18th century racial feelings continued to be in much the same condition as in Hastings' time. The Indian had not yet developed inferiority complex to any large extent. He still hoped to hold his own against the foreigner. One ruler went so far as to enrol himself as a citizen of the French Republic. Tipoo Saheb certainly did not suffer from any feeling of inferiority. The lordly and super-arrogant way in which he received Englishmen in open Durbar is well-known. On one occasion he made a raid into Portuguese territory, carried off a number of captives to Seringapatam and forcibly converted them to Islam.

The beginning of the 19th century saw a definite improvement in the political status of the Company. After Wellesley's Maratha and Mysore Wars, Great Britain became the paramount power in India, without any serious rivals to fear. Already in Cornwallis' time the policy had been instituted of excluding the native of India from all important posts. The whole administration passed into the hands of a well organised covenanted service. The institution of this ruling caste, exclusive and superior, had a most important bearing on the racial relations in this country. The attitude of the then enlightened Briton towards the Orient and its culture is summed up in the writings of Macaulay. Bentinck's administration marked the stage when the work of reforming and educating the native was taken up. A new type of educated Indian came into existence with a parasitic mentality, who looked up to the Briton as a sort of Messiah, sent to this country for his deliverance from ignorance and superstition. The Briton, on the other hand, was trying to convince himself that he was in India on a Providential mission—a mission to civilise the benighted children of the soil. Dalhousie's policy of annexation, his disregard for treaty rights and for the feelings of the natives concerned was but a natural sequence of this belief. Then came the Sepoy Mutiny. It was the direct result of the policy of annexation and of the various innovations made by government in order to civilise the native. It had no connection whatsoever with the newly created educated middle classes who were quite content to continue and thrive under the enlightened rule of a western nation. Neither the atrocities of the Mutineer nor the subsequent reprisals of the Briton affected him in any way. When the new regime was inaugurated he faithfully took his place as a humble satellite of the Briton. But things could not long remain where they

were. The Universities came into existence and large numbers of Indians began to receive higher education. In the meantime important events were happening in the world. The emancipation of Italy, the unification of Germany, the rebirth of Japan as a modern power, the political struggles of Ireland, all these had their influence on the neo-Indian. The time soon came when he began to dream golden dreams about the future of his own Motherland. A national political organisation came into existence and very soon the Briton became seriously scared. What ! were these cultural hybrids whom he had brought into existence seeking to supplant him ! In newspaper and periodical, in poetry and in fiction, he heaped insults and ridicule on these unfortunate children who were crying for the moon. They did not deserve this treatment, for they were not as yet disloyal to the British connection : their only fault was a lack of humour—want of a sense of proportion. They took themselves far too seriously. A little more of kindness and sympathy from the Britisher at that critical stage would possibly have saved infinite trouble in the future. But that was not to be. Wounded in vanity, disappointed in their hopes, these unhappy products of an alien civilization at last turned their eyes on the past history of their own country, and took their stand on their own ancient culture. Indian politics assumed a new and a definite shape. Its leadership passed into the hands of men whose ideals were diametrically opposed to those of the West and who loudly proclaimed the superiority of their own ancient culture. A demand for autonomy, absolute and unequivocal, formed the basis of the new political creed. It could hardly be expected in reason that the Britisher would concede this and gracefully retire from the dominant position he had created for himself. The political struggle therefore continues and is not unnaturally accompanied by a considerable amount of bitterness and acrimony. But this is not all. A few desperate souls have drifted into the morass of revolutionary politics. Their activities had added substantially to the feelings of racial rancour. We do not see how this rancour could have been avoided. A philosophic calm is not easy to attain where one's own vital interests are at stake.

There was an interval when things certainly looked more hopeful. From 1914 to 1918 when the Arab, the Indian and the African were holding the trenches in three continents side by side with their white comrades, to many it appeared as if our race and colour problems had vanished for good and for all. But prejudices die hard and pious platitudes have never swayed this very sordid world of ours. It is not

that the British politician has not attempted to apply salve to the growing sore of racial bitterness in India. But the treatment has so far not been very successful, and we hear complaints that the application of the salve has never been timely.

We have no desire to be drawn into a discussion of current politics. But a full consideration of racial relations is impossible without going deep into the political and economic interests of the two races that face each other in India today. In the book under review the author has in the main avoided going into politics but occasionally one comes across passages such as this—

"From one point of view there appears to be no more dangerous foe for the British Empire than some of the members of the Conservative Party. By their intemperate views and insulting pronouncements and provoking language, they have helped in drawing together the bonds of unity among the different ranks and groups of politicians in India. Racial and political suppression will only serve to inflame the spirit of resistance of the people of India. It is hardly possible to dwell too strongly on the futility of force and coercion in the whole matter" (p. 583).

So far one can understand, though an Indian would ordinarily welcome anything that helps to draw together the different groups of politicians.

On the same page, however, there is another passage very much more difficult to follow.

"This attitude of superiority is inextricably woven into the very texture of English institutions. * * * It seems evident in the dealings of the English clubs and hotels towards the Indians."

We fail to understand how any community can be debarred from having their own clubs and hotels. Surely it would be grossly unfair to thrust unwelcome outsiders on any group of people who wish to live together or spend their evenings in a congenial fashion! We wonder if the learned professor would even presume to dictate to private persons whom they should receive in their houses, and whom they should not.

If an Englishman says : "We take no interest in Indian culture or philosophy. Why should we? We are not made that way, and are not here for that purpose. But if you ask us to be candid, we say downright, that taken as a whole they are an inferior race. Their company gives us no pleasure, nor ours them. We have nothing in common with them. We don't want them near our women, and the

only way to avoid trouble and friction is to do our job as laid down, and when not doing it to keep to ourselves", he is only telling the truth according to his lights. The Indian need not agree with him, but he is bound to admit that the statement is honest and frank.

The author likewise quotes Kipling's famous couplet :

"Oh, East is East, and West is West

And never the twain shall meet."

with disapproval and calls Kipling's sentiments mistaken and mischievous. We think he is rather unfair to the famous poet ; for who can gainsay that East is East, and West is West ? We go farther and say that the East should remain East and the West should remain West. As to the twain meeting, they will meet often enough when self-interest dictates it. Do we not see the race-proud but shrewd Scotchman walking arm in arm with the Marwari everyday on the Stock Exchange, like two long lost brothers !

In Chapter VI Professor George gives us a glowing picture of the "happy period of free intercourse" between the European and the Indian when "not only the military adventurers who unreservedly adopted Indian manners and customs and style of living, but even the ordinary English merchants and administrators, imitated with varying degrees of success Indian habits and practices." The reader should go over this chapter carefully and ask himself if he would really like this "happy period" back. We confess we have no use for these eighteenth century Nabobs with their native harems and their gorgeous oriental entourage.

It might be urged that the ultra-modern oriental who has discarded his own coat and struts about in plumage borrowed from the West is equally incongruous. No doubt he is: East and West seldom meet with very happy results.

The author in his preface says that his "fundamental aim is not to establish the principle of racial equality in the abstract ; but to plead for a spirit of greater charity and reasonableness in the racial outlook."

This is remarkable moderation. But it is not likely that the virile and masterful Briton will feel any real respect for a people who "plead for a spirit of greater charity." We are sure the learned author understands this quite as well as we do. Possibly he wants to be politic and tactful.

The Briton, we are afraid, does not understand tact. Why not assert absolute racial equality ? Why not tell the Briton that he is, as

the ruler of this land, entitled to our homage. Let him have it to the full. But what is the use of pretending that we consider him to belong to a race superior to our own !

The British Empire in India is a remarkable achievement. But it has not yet lasted more than 150 years. It is difficult for the Indian to forget that for five thousand years prior to the coming of the European, his people, Dravidian and Aryan, Pathan and Moghul, had founded vast and mighty empires in this country ; that their contribution to the world's culture was no less than that of any nation on the face of the earth. We have fallen on evil days. It does not behove us to talk too glibly of our past history. But it is permissible to assert that the blood that flows through our veins is as noble as anybody else's.

In referring above to a passage from the preface we have called the author tactful and politic ; but unfortunately he has not been able to keep up this attitude throughout. Some of his remarks on pages 648, 649, 652 and 689 are by no means gentle, and look uncommonly like threats.

In fact, there is a great deal of strong language employed in the book. Macaulay, Vincent Smith and Katherine Mayo have been very severely dealt with. They may or may not deserve it ; but the use of words like ignorant, malicious, flippant, philistine, mountebank, charlatan, never helps one's cause, especially if conciliation is intended. The book would have been really valuable if there had been less of journalistic exuberance of language and more of a true scientific spirit.

The learned author's patience and industry are remarkable. The exhaustive bibliography at the end of the book clearly indicates that there are hardly any writings, books, journals and reports bearing on the subject that he has not studied assiduously. There are numerous quotations from these writings on almost every page. These quotations refer mainly to the Briton's iniquities in thought and action, but every British "friend of India" has had his meed of praise. The names of Edwin Arnold, William Jones, Thomas Munro, Elphinstone, Malcolm and even satraps like Warren Hastings and Shore have been cited with gratitude and respect over and over again.

Professor George's analysis of racial relations is thorough enough, but the book we are afraid lacks any synthetic and suggestive value. Its effect on the average Indian reader is likely to be undesirable.

When he has finished reading the book he will in all probability feel very little indeed against the Briton.

The British reader will wonder why all these old grievances against his forbears have been raked up. Whatever Lord Cornwallis may have said in the eighteenth century, Indians now occupy the very highest posts. Indian aspirations with regard to dining and dancing in the different Government Houses have been partially satisfied. Planters and Tommies do not go about knocking down natives all over the place as they used to do in the good old days. Racial relations are distinctly on the mend.

What has hurt the learned writer most seems to be the silent contempt of the Briton towards the Indian. We may be pardoned for reminding him that contempt is almost always well deserved. It can come to an end only when the object of contempt makes up his mind that it must end. The efficient looks down on the inefficient, the intelligent looks down on the unintelligent, the strong looks down on the weak. It is but human. Why feel bitter about it ! Why feel bitter at all now when the rosy light of the dawn has already appeared on the eastern horizon ?

Our own view is that today hatred has largely taken the place of the old-time contempt. Vested interests are threatened. Briton stands face to face with his would-be supplanter, angry and menacing. And angry and menacing his attitude will continue to be till certain vital questions between him and the subject race have been solved. That is a politicians' job. A mere student can express no opinion.

C. C. Dutt

Rajatarangini, or the Saga of the Kings of Kashmir.

Translated from the original Sanskrit of Kalhana with introduction, annotations, appendices, etc.

By Ranjit Sitaram Pandit, with a foreword by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Published by the Indian Press, Ltd., Allahabad, India.

Price: Rs. 18/- pp. I-XXXV and 1-645. 28 full page plates.

To say that translation cannot retain the beauty of the original is to reckon without Ranjit Sitaram Pandit, the latest translator into English of the *Rajatarangini*, the historical epic of Kashmir. Undoubtedly this beautifully and powerfully translated book is an outstanding book of the year.

This great saga of the kings of Kashmir, made out of elemental virtues and vices and spiced with incidents which never can fail to instruct as well as to entertain, has been the subject matter of translation since the days of Zain-ul-Abidin of Kashmir (1421-1472 A. D.). There is something enthralling about the book and once you begin to read this great epic you cannot give it up. This vast panorama of ancient life is essentially a human document and as such cannot but raise an echo in a human heart.

None of us can afford to be ignorant of the history of Kashmir. Strategically it is the key to India and historically it is the meeting point of its various cultures. Sir Aurel Stein's translation of Kalhana's work is essentially archaeological and topographical and by his own admission he does not deal with verses which, according to him, are in "Kavya style", and which "contain rhetoric descriptions or didactic matter of a wholly conventional type, practically unconnected with the narrative proper." But Kalhana who wrote his book in verse demands to be regarded as a poet first and then as a historian. To him poetry was not only the speech of which the soul was 'rasa' but also the art of life. While dealing with dissolute Kings and deep-dyed villains, he does not forget the glory of sunrise or the dying glow of sunset. While he paints a picture which is violent and filled with a teeming and hideous chiaroscuro, he does not forget the entrancing natural aspects of Kashmir which to him always is a land of consistent loveliness, with pretty girls who make life attractive and gallant gentlemen who make life worth living.

Kalhana revels in characterizations,—even occasionally at the expense of historical fidelity. He does not view his subject calmly, coolly and dispassionately. He loves his people too much to do it. Indeed, he seems to be a part of whatever he writes. A political observer of great shrewdness, he watches and studies the political machinery from the inside. He knows that it is made up of cogs, belts, gears and wheels within wheels, and that these behave with a certain habitual regard for the laws of physics and mechanics.

Pandit Jawaharlal in his foreword says : "It is a story of mediaeval times and often enough is not a pleasant story. There is too much palace intrigue and murder and treason and civil war and tyranny. It is the story of autocracy and military oligarchy here as in Byzantium or elsewhere." But Panditji pauses there, and a little after remarks : "Sometimes we get intimate glimpses of human relations and human feelings, of love and hatred, of faith and passion. We read of Suyya's

great engineering feats and irrigation works ; of Lalitaditya's distant wars of conquest in far countries ; of Meghavahana's curious attempt to spread non-violence also by conquest ; of the building of temples and monasteries and their destruction by non-believers and iconoclasts who confiscated the temple treasures. And there were famines and floods and great fires which decimated the population and reduced the survivors to misery." The book is thus a polychrome, the author using the colours suitably and calmly.

Kalhana wrote his book about 1148 to 1150 A. D. and since those days there have been critics who have variously charged him with credulity to miraculous stories and legends, want of critical estimate as to his source, silence as to specific authority, gradual effacement of historical details, inability to distinguish heroic legends from history, want of perception of historical changes, lack of critical judgment in dealing with chronology, liability to fall into errors of Kashmirian superstition and want of proper knowledge of the outside world and an exaggerated opinion of the importance of his country.

But in judging a writer we must not forget the time and the country to which he belonged.

Finally let us add that the present translation is a valuable addition to the scanty historical literature of India. The merit of Mr. Ranjit Sitaram Pandit's achievement becomes all the greater when we remember that the work was carried out during his period of political incarceration. He has devoted himself to his subject with a thoroughness which does credit to his patience. The book contains learned annotations and appendices and illuminating plates which display the masterly grasp of the subject by the translator.

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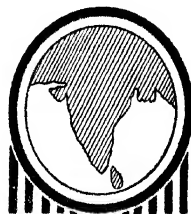
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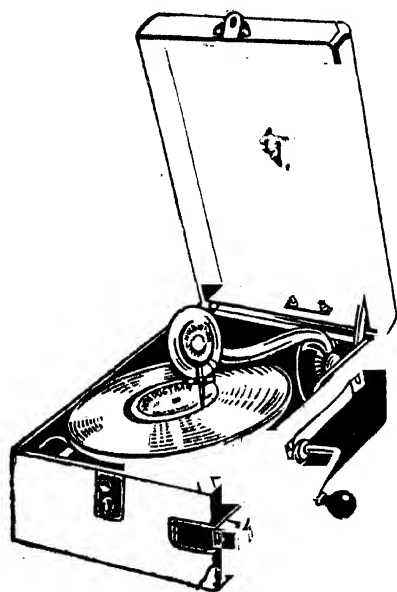
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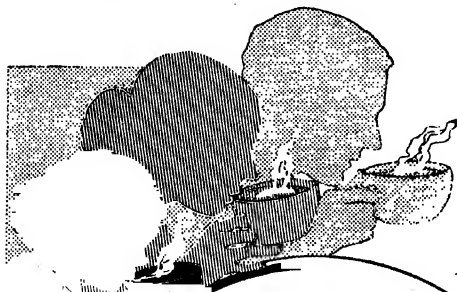
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